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TRIVENI



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LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY

Founded by
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU



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Editors
Dr BHAVARAJU NARASIMHA RAO
C. V. N. DHAN

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May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him Who is the source of the TRIVENI — the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power.

— * —

THE " TRIVENI " SYMBOL

Padma (the Lotus) represents the purity of Love, Jyoti (the Flame) the light of Wisdom, and Vajra (the Thunderbolt of Indra) the splendour of Power.

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THE LIMITS OF HAPPINESS

B. P. R. VITHAL

The increasing happiness of an increasing number is often taken to be the marker of progress in human history. Yet when it comes to the concept of happiness there is no general agreement as to what its elements are. Pleasure and pain are easier to define because they both have sensory origins, but few would equate happiness with pleasure or even with an algebraic sum of pleasure and pain. Though some pain may actually give rise to happiness as in the case of martyrs, in general, a reduction of pain results in a direct increase of happiness. The relationship between pleasure and happiness is, however, more complex. None would deny a causal relationship between pleasure and happiness but few would insist on a one to one relationship. All pleasure is not, in equal measure, happiness as would be evident from the extreme case where pleasure may actually cause unhappiness due to some socially determined moral considerations. How much of pleasure results in happiness is socially and psychologically determined.

Happiness, however, has an element in it which is more than this complex and transformed input of sensory pleasure and pain, an element which may be called cerebral. The cerebral element, as the term itself indicates, arises in the brain and should not be confused with a "spiritual" element. The cerebral component of happiness may itself have had a sensory origin initially. To adapt Wordsworth's definition of poetry, it may be the mental residue or impression of an original sensory pleasure that is then "recollected in tranquility". But the cerebral component may also arise out of the interplay of entirely non-sensory inputs such as ideas or concepts.

We may put these relationships in the currently fashionable algebraic form :

$$H = K PL - P + X.$$

where H is happiness

PL is pleasure, P is pain and X is the cerebral factor. K is a constant which determines how much of pleasure will result in happiness and is socially determined for a given society and psychologically determined for a given individual. It is a function of Social Mores and Individual Psychology, while Individual Psychology is itself a function of the social mores and personal history.

Having laid this conceptual framework we are now in a position to examine the effect science and technology have had on human happiness. Science has helped reduce human pain dramatically while technology has had an equally dramatic effect in increasing the range and complexity of human pleasure. If the relationship had been merely $H = PL - P$ then there would have been no doubt at all that Science and Technology have had the direct result of increasing the total quantity and quality of human happiness. In the case of pain the relationship is straight forward because P always has a negative sign and reduction of pain will always have a positive effect on Happiness. But the position regarding pleasure is complicated because of the K factor. While Science and Technology have increased PL the social configurations necessary for their growth and impact have been historically such that K has been simultaneously reduced. That is, Technology affects K and PL inversely so that KPL remains constant.

We can illustrate this point by two examples - the impact of technology on Sex and on Music. Sex is the most basic, most complex and deepest of all human sensory pleasures. The human sexual cycle, unlike that of other mammals, is not seasonally restricted but is a perpetual one whose pace was set only by its procreational consequences. The technology of contraception and the consequent social mores of modern societies have removed the restrictions on this pace. The abandon and frequency with which technology now permits Sex should have resulted in an unqualified increase in happiness if sensory stimulation were its only source. Yet this has not been so. The excitement of frequency and variety have not compensated for the disillusion of satiety. Music is a good example to illustrate the way K PL and X work. Music has both a sensory and a cerebral impact, pop music having more of the former and classical music more of the latter. Technology has dramatically increased the sensory stimulation caused by music through devices such as technological music. The happiness that music gives rise to is however a cerebral phenomenon and this requires that the KPL factor be converted into the X factor. It is doubtful if technology has made much contribution to this

aspect, with the result that, while the drug like - stimulation music may give may have increased pleasure through the KPL factor, the happiness that music gives through the X factor is no more in modern society than it was in earlier societies.

Thus, although technology has dramatically increased the opportunities, scope and depth of sensory pleasure available to human beings, the extent to which sensory pleasure gets reflected in human happiness, viz. KPL, has remained constant because of technology affecting K and PL inversely. Human happiness has thus increased only to the extent science has reduced pain. In our equation, the cerebral factor has been given a "+ or —" sign. However, we have so far managed our society in such a manner as to result in this factor also being, negative so that the sum total of this equation has been to keep H constant; i.e. the sum total of human happiness has not increased.

Pleasure and pain being sensory phenomena are objectively discernable. Therefore when we look at societies as a whole we get an impression that the human condition has improved because at this level $H = KPL - P$. But, when we go down to the individual level the factor has to be reckoned with and once this is done it is not possible to say that the sum total has increased. Here again, if we take an individual at a point of time it may well be that H has increased but if we add up the sum for the entire life span H remains constant. Therefore at points of space or time H may increase or decrease but over a span of time or of space the sums even out and we get a constant factor. This is the law of the Indeterminacy of Human happiness or it may also be called the law of Determinacy, depending on the point of view one takes. At individual points it is not possible to determine human happiness but in the totality of a human life or of human societies it is so determined as to remain constant. This is the fundamental verity the Buddha proclaimed when he said that the basic fact of human existence was Dukkha, which is the obverse of the fact that Sukkha cannot be increased. This riddle can be solved only by addressing ourselves to the cerebral factor, the X factor, which is the one indeterminate factor capable of increasing H in the totality in our equation.

This is not meant to be a revised version of the Karma Theory leading to the pessimistic conclusion that human endeavour is therefore futile. What is intended to be shown is that linking human progress to increase in human happiness through increase in pleasure is a self defeating endeavour that leads to disillusionment and loss of faith in science and progress itself. The fact that Los Angeles is suffocated not only by smog but

divorcees and schizophrenics while Calcutta can be a City of Joy substantiates our formulation here but the wrong conclusions can be drawn from this. In our equation while KPL is constant what makes the equation open ended and positive is the X factor. This is the domain of moral and intellectual values such as the pursuit of Truth through Science and of Justice through Social action. If this formulation is therefore not to be a counsel of despair then the goal of human endeavour ought to be linked not to the increase of happiness as pleasure but to the pursuit of moral values through individual action.

* X *

WORLD - REFLECTION OF THE DIVINE

REBBAPRAGADA VENKATA RAJESWARA RAO.

What! O! Lord! Is this World false?
 The World, which Thy greatness ever displays
 I see Thy Unique Power through Lightening peeping
 And Thy Majesty in the shape of mountains standing

Thy glory reflects in the Golden Effulgence of the Rising Sun
 And Thy Beauty rains from the Full Blossomed Moon
 Thine activity runs along the ever-flowing rivers,
 And plants speak of Thy sweet doings in whispers

The Sweetness of Thy Heart echoes through the notes of birds
 And Silence; Thy very nature lies in the ocean beds
 Everything in the Universe manifests Thine own existence
 And Everywhere is felt Thy Sweet Presence.

THE END OF HISTORY ?

ELGIZ POZDNYAKOV

I am not going to dwell here on the threat of self-destruction by nuclear missiles, on the pollution of the environment, on human rights violations. I'd like to discuss something else.

Have all these things appeared of their own accord? No, we have only ourselves to blame for them. Now we are sounding the alarm over the danger to mankind's very existence. A seemingly trivial but characteristic detail: all are talking about the threat "hanging over" us, as if someone from another planet has "hung it over" us. This is a case of false modesty. Why not say, in so many words: we have created this threat and "hung it over" the world; by "we" I meant the Soviet Union, the United States, Western Europe - in a word, the whole of mankind; politicians, scientists, designers, factory workers, public speakers... All those who have contributed, each in his own way, to the creation of unheard-of means of mass destruction.

Whither the world ?

The slogan of survival sounds most convincing and attractive to many. What kind of survival? For the sake of what? For the sake of going on making ever more monstrous and sophisticated means of self-destruction and turning the earth into a latrine? Has anything indeed happened in the world to give us reason to believe that given a guaranteed survival it will change and beat swords into ploughshares rightaway?

It is not survival that matters actually, there is something bigger. The end - to survive at all costs - does not secure survival because as long as we are what we are the threat to our survival will haunt us like our own shadow, since it is an integral part of our existence.

I am ~~not~~ infallible at all, I admit; I may misunderstand things, or be altogether wrong. I am ready to hear out the arguments of those who insist that our world is on the ascent, that it is steadily climbing up from less to more advanced social forms,

and that in the process man himself is improving, becoming kinder, more humane and attaining moral perfection...

Somehow, those who used to hold forth about "progress" have now quietened down; the word "crisis" has come into prominence. A scared man in the street hears voices shouting from all quarters about the crisis of morality, society and civilization. What past generations used to regard as moral and cultural values is steadily depreciating before our very eyes, but no other values have been created instead. As a result, man is losing the ground under his feet; he doesn't know any longer what he and the world around him are all about.

Physical existence, however, is not all there is to our being. The crisis of ideals, of faith is perhaps the most dangerous crisis of all. Who are we, whither are we, what are we living, working and procreating for?

If there are no ideals or faith, if there is nothing to live for, won't there appear a more formidable threat than the threat of war - the threat of losing our spiritual identities? Won't we slide down to negating morals and virtues? In this case survival is frightening...

Who will give us the answers to these questions, show us the road to embark upon, and illuminate it with the light of faith and hope?

I don't know whether mankind is no longer capable of producing great brains, or whether it has spent too much strength and energy working its way out of the dark it has been in for ages. Anyway, having reached the "promised land" of civilization, of milk and honey, it has probably considered its great historical mission fulfilled.

Having skyrocketed to the transnebular heights of reason and conceived the idea of kingdom of justice on earth, human thought is now no better off than at the start, buried deep in mundane affairs, superstition and prejudice - a fantastic evolution. Is that the big idea? Is having enough to eat, being well dressed and having enough to eat, being well dressed and having the roof over one's head and a job all there is in life? Does it really make any difference what to do for living—to put together nuclear warheads or coffee grinders, to design a new deadly missile or a recreation centre, to grow a culture of cholera germs or grain? Any occupation is useful and respectable.

What is it—a sign of human progress, or a symptom of crisis? Who knows?

One of the likely answers is to be found in the article under the meaningful title "The End of History?" by Francis Fukuyama, an American political scientist and diplomat, which

has created quite a stir in the West. This is a serious attempt to find out what mankind is in for and what the future has in store for us. Fukuyama's paradoxes help us discern what otherwise might have been concealed from view.

Back to Hegel

To Fukuyama, history is the Hegelian embodiment of the World Spirit, of the Absolute Idea. Having embodied in world history, the "life-giving" Hegelian spirit brings its self-development—and, consequently, history—to completion. According to Fukuyama, the "end of history" began in 1806 when Napoleon's troops defeated feudal Prussia—and, as a matter of fact, the whole of old Europe—at Jena. Hegel regarded that victory as a sign of the liberal—democratic idea spreading all over Europe.

Since then and until the present day this idea has been steadily spreading all over the world. Many revolutions and wars, unleashed for the sake of the ideas opposed to liberalism (such as fascism and communism) have roared past but now, according to Fukuyama, we witness full triumph of liberal democracy. Although not all the countries have embarked on this road yet, the idea of liberal democracy will prevail sooner or later. Therefore, history has come to an end, Fukuyama proclaims. The posthistorical age has begun.

In accordance with this scheme of things, Western Europe, North America, Japan and other countries have already happily landed in the posthistorical period, with the rest of the world still stuck in the quagmire of history. However, other countries have also started moving towards liberal democracy, in Fukuyama's opinion. He claims that the political reforms launched in the Soviet Union and China go to bear his concept out.

"All this is very interesting, but what is so sensational about it?" some may ask. I recall Ecclesiastes: that which hath been is that which shall be, there is no new thing under the sun. Therefore I repeat, without any enthusiasm, just out of habit, Feuerbach's question: where's the man? We keep talking about history, but we forget all about the man. Fukuyama—just as Hegel of whom he is a faithful follower—loses sight of the man, the very man who, for all his weaknesses and whims, remains the only and unique maker of history.

It would be stupid to deny the fact, of course, that man is often powerless vis-a-vis the stream of history. I mean man as an individual. But what about man as a species, as the Man? Dostoyevsky, who hated any formulas, schemes, rules and ultimate objectives mankind's "luminaries" seek to confine it to, wrote the following: "...But why does he also love so passiona-

tely to bring about general ruin and chaos? It may well lie in the fact that he has an instinctive dread of completely attaining his end, and so of finishing his building operations... Besides, who knows... that the aim which man strives for upon earth may not be contained in this ceaseless continuation of the process of attainment (that is to say, in the process which is comprised in the living of life) rather than in the aim itself, which, of course, is contained in the formula that twice two make four? Yet, ... this formula is not life at all; it is only the beginning of death!"

Let us give Fukuyama his due: the end of history, he concludes, is a most gloomy and uninteresting time; in it, there will be no room for philosophy, the arts and new ideals. Sheer utilitarianism, material and economic calculation will reign supreme then. Fukuyama is not at all happy about the triumph of the idea of liberal democracy he has proclaimed himself; he is prepared to forgo posthistorical "paradise" and would like history to repeat itself all over again.

Bubbles on the surface of prosperity...

Such is man — unfathomable, contradictory, split, integral... He always gravitates towards the state opposite to the one he is in, be he a Hegelian, like Fukuyama, or an ordinary man in the street with all his weaknesses and his inherent distrust of any "twice two make four." Therein, perhaps, lies the guarantee of history never coming to end for as long as man exists. He may advance, stagnate or suffer crises — this is what history adds up to. He will go on marking it even when, in his opinion, he has reached the end of the road. As Dostoyevsky put it, "You may heap upon him every earthly blessing, you may submerge him in well-being until the bubbles shoot to the surface of his prosperity as though it were a pond, you may give him such economic success that nothing will be left for him to do but to sleep and to eat dainties and to prate about the continuity of the world's history," yet he will end by playing you some dirty trick, for the only purpose of proving that he is a man, not a cog in a machine someone else has invented. For that very purpose he'll break it and start afresh.

There is no denying that liberal democracy is really quite an achievement of man and mankind. An achievement, but not an end. The very triumph of the liberal democratic idea does not look so triumphant, after all, even when it prevails beyond all doubt. This is to be regretted, but failure to admit the obvious would amount to lightmindedness. Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish philosopher and publicist, maintains that liberal democracy has proved too refined for the volatile, crude and varied human

nature. There is nothing surprising about the fact, he says, that mankind is prepared to give it up—the experience has proved too complicated and difficult to strike root. If only it were as simple as all that! A liberal democracy with a nuclear missile stuffing, with rampant drug addiction and crass consumerism... Is that the culmination of human history?

The prospect of society coming back to its "natural state"

As I followed the reasonings of Fukuyama, I recalled those of the Soviet scientist Alexander Bogdanov relegated by us to undeserved oblivion. He formulated (for the first time, it seems) the so-called "law of minima." If, for instance, you have a chain consisting of unequally strong links, the overall strength of the chain will depend on that of the weakest link. The speed of a squadron consisting of ships moving at different speeds will depend on that of the slowest ship. In the same way, the efficiency of a number of interconnected factories is determined by the least efficient one.

Consequently, any functioning system tends to take the line of least resistance, and depends for its strength and stability on its weakest and the least stable component. The movement of any system governed by the "law of minima" actually amounts to regress.

Whereas ascent, or progress, calls for continuous and enormous efforts on the part of many generations, and advancement is the line of the greatest resistance, which involves the overcoming by man of his own inertness and that of his environment, the destruction of what has been achieved in the process takes no special effort—suffice it merely to stop overcoming negative inertia. The road from barbarism to civilization is long and hard, while the "return journey" is quick and easy.

If we now look at Fukuyama's idea from the angle of the "law of minima," we shall have to admit that the progress of civilization is determined not by the societies which are well into "posthistory," but by those still in the "quagmire" of history. This is the greatest danger for our civilization: a quagmire sucks in those who get caught in it. Even those who are already in the "post-historical" stage have to make truly heroic efforts to stay there. Otherwise they might end up relapsing into stagnation and, finally degradation. And this is a direct route back to "history."

The road to harmony

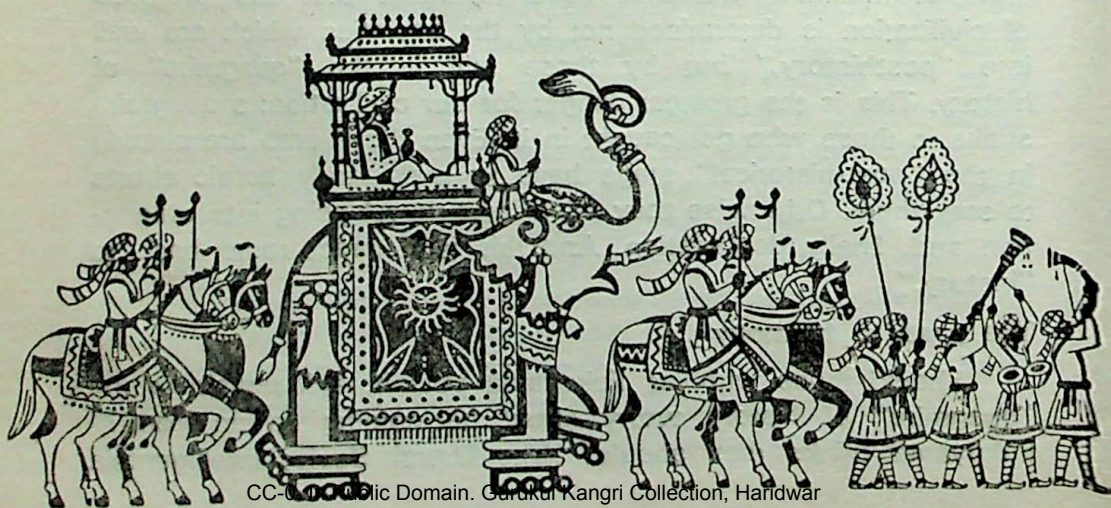
Should those who, as Fukuyama puts it, still remain in the "quagmire" of history worry about its coming to an "end?" Fukuyama thinks they should. "The liberal Soviet intelligentsia

rallying around Gorbachev," he writes, "has arrived at the end-of-history view in a remarkably short time..."

Well, it has indeed arrived at the end-of-history view, but in an entirely different sense. We have our own end of history, not hypothetical but perfectly real. It has taken up long seventy years to reach it. This is the end of a history prescribed in the shape of a formula, the end of an attempt to build a "crystal palace" designed by great thinkers — on the selfsame good old "twice two make four" principle, as it has turned out. The people in it—as in Fukuyama's "history"—were not creators but mere "piano keys" for someone Great to play an inspired symphony of his own composition on. Actually, great plans and designs materialized in barracks, and the inspired symphony sounded to many like a funeral march. This is not the end of history full of premonitions of a satiated, drab and dull vegetation. This is the beginning of a new history, the history of Man and for Man. We hope so, at any rate.

Fukuyama's article sets one thinking about many peculiarities of our life and unpredictable whims of history. On reflection, I personally am inclined to think that if history ever comes to an end at all, this will happen not due to the triumph of the liberal democratic idea. More likely than not we shall bring it about ourselves— just look at all the nuclear missiles we have stock piled, and at all the damage we are doing to the environment.

Let us face it—"history" and "post-history" are, after all, as abstract and metaphysical opposites as socialism and capitalism, matter and spirit, good and evil... Harmony lies in the unity of all the aspects of life. Let us bear it in mind that by destroying the unity of opposites, we sow chaos and destruction.



THE WORLD IN HALF A CENTURY FROM NOW

ANDREY SAKHAROV

Anyone who starts pondering over what our world—or rather the world of our grandchildren and great grandchildren—will be like in fifty years from now cannot but be gripped by strong and mixed feelings. These feelings are despondency and horror in the face of tragic dangers and problems mankind is certain to be beset with in its immeasurably complicated future—and, at the same time, a hope for the force or reason and humaneness in the souls of billions which alone can oppose the imminent chaos. Add to this admiration of, and a lively interest in, the all-round and steady modern scientific and technological progress.

What determines the future?

Almost all agree that the indisputable and indubitable factors in changing the face of the world in the next few decades are:—population growth (by the year 2024, there are going to be over seven billion of us); the depletion of natural resources—oil, natural soil fertility, pure water and the like; a serious upsetting of natural balance and violations of the man's environment.

These three indubitable factors make the outlook for the future seem gloomy. However, there is another factor, as indisputable and as weighty—namely, scientific and technological progress, which has been gaining momentum over the millenia of human civilization's growth, and which is just beginning to reveal its fantastic potentialities.

It is my profound conviction, however, that for all the extraordinary importance and necessity, the enormous material possibilities offered by scientific and technological progress do not decide in themselves the fate of mankind. Scientific and technological progress will bring no happiness unless accompanied by deep-going changes in the social, moral and cultural spheres. The inner spiritual life of men, the inner impulses to their activity are the hardest to forecast, although it is precisely they

that may prove, in the last analysis, the salvation or the end of civilization.

The chief unknown in our forecasts is the possibility of our civilization, and mankind itself, perishing in the flames of a big thermonuclear war. For as long as there exist thermonuclear missile weapons and antagonistic states and groups of states mistrustful of each other, this horrible danger remains the most ruthless reality of the present day.

Even if it succeeds in avoiding a big war, mankind may perish nevertheless, sapped by "minor" wars, inter-ethnic and inter-state conflicts, rivalry and lack of coordination in the economic sphere, in environmental protection, in adjusting population growth, and by political adventurism.

Mankind is threatened with a decline in personal and national morals, which already manifests itself in many countries in a profound disintegration of the fundamentals of law and order, crass consumerism, a universal rise in crime, in the international scourge of nationalistic and political terrorism, in the destructive spread of alcoholism and drugs. The causes of these phenomena differ somewhat from country to country. Still it seems to me that the root cause lies in deeply ingrained materialism, with man's personal morality and sense of responsibility ousted and suppressed by the abstract and essentially inhuman authority alienated from the individual (whether this is the authority of the state, a class, a party or a leader hardly makes any difference, because all these are nothing but varieties of the same bad trouble).

In the current world situation, where the gap between various countries' economic development levels is enormous and keeps widening, where the world is divided into groups of states confronting one another, all the dangers threatening mankind are growing to a colossal degree.

The socialist countries are largely responsible for that. I must say it here because I as a citizen of the most influential socialist state also bear part of this responsibility. Party and state monopoly in all the spheres of economic, political, ideological and cultural life; the persisting legacy of the hushed up bloody crimes of the recent past; the permanent suppression of dissidence; a hypocritically self-praising, dogmatic and often nationalistic ideology; the closeness of these societies preventing their citizens' free contacts with citizens of any other countries; the formation in them of an egoistic, immoral, conceited and hypocritical ruling bureaucratic class — all this goes to create a situation not only unfavourable for the population of the countries in question, but dangerous to the rest of mankind.

People in these countries are largely cast in the same propaganda mould, though, of course, have certain successes to their credit; they are partly corrupted by the lures of conformism but at the same time suffer from and are irritated by a permanent lag from the West and an inadequate use of the opportunities offered by material and social progress. Bureaucratic leadership is not only inefficient by its very nature in dealing with the current problems of progress; it is always concerned with short-term clanish interests and concentrates on immediate reporting to the higher-ups. Such leadership actually does little by way of looking after the interests of the generations to come (protecting the environment, for instance); it prefers to talk about that in formal speeches.

What are the factors that oppose (or can and should oppose) the destructive trends of modern life? I attach special importance to preventing the disintegration of the world into antagonistic groups of states, to the process of the capitalist and socialist systems drawing closer together (convergence), accompanied by demilitarization, international confidence building, the protection of human rights, law and freedom, profound social progress and democratization, and the assertion of basic human values.

The way as I see it, the economic system to emerge as a result of this convergence process should be a mixed economy, combining maximum flexibility, freedom, social achievements and possibilities for worldwide regulation.

A vital role should be played by international organizations, such as the U.N., UNESCO and others, which I should like to see as a prototype of the world government pursuing no objectives apart from all-human ones.

However, it is necessary to take as soon as possible substantial intermediate steps, which are within our reach already now. I mean, specifically, the broadening of the economic and cultural aid to the developing countries, especially in solving their food problems and in building up an economically active and intellectually healthy society; the setting up of international consultative bodies authorized to see to the observance of human rights and to the protection of the environment in each country. The most elementary and urgent thing to do now is to stop everywhere such impermissible practices as the prosecution of dissidents; granting the existing organizations—the Red Cross, the World Health Organization, Amnesty International and others—access to where human rights violations are suspected, chiefly to places of confinement and psychiatric prisons; a democratic solution to the problem of the freedom of movement (emigration, re-emigration, private trips).

The solution of the problem of freedom of movement over the planet would go a long way towards ending the closeness of socialist societies, building up the atmosphere of international confidence, levelling up the legal and economic standards of various countries.

I don't know whether those in the West realize what freedom of tourism, now proclaimed in socialist countries, is really all about, and how much window dressing, red tape and regimentation is involved in it. For the few trusted ones such trips are, more often than not, just a welcome chance to conform, to dress "Western style" and, in general, to join the elite. I have already written much about the absence of the freedom of movement; this is the Carthage to be destroyed.

I wish to stress once again that the fight for human rights is actually the real fight being waged today for peace and for the future of mankind. Therefore I believe that all the international organizations should base their activity on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights; this applies, in particular, to the United Nations which proclaimed this Declaration 25 years ago.

Hypotheses on the technology of the future

In the second part of the article I shall set forth certain futurological hypotheses, chiefly of the scientific and technical character. Most of them have already been published in this or that form, so I am not coming out here as their author or an expert. My purpose is to try and sketch a picture of the technological aspects of the future. Naturally enough, this picture is most hypothetical and subjective, sometimes fantastic even. It is not necessarily tied up to the date 2024—what matters to me is not the time, but the trends I believe likely. The forecasters of the recent past often pushed their deadlines too far off; modern futurologists may expect their visions to materialize all too soon.

I conjecture that territories of two types, a "Work Territory" (WR) and a "Protected Territory" (PT), will emerge gradually from the overpopulated industrial world ill-suited for human habitation and pernicious to the environment. This process is not at all likely to come to a completion by the year 2024. The "Protected Territory" will be larger of the two and intended for maintaining natural balance on earth, for recreation, and restoring man's equanimity. In the smaller and much more densely populated "Work Territory" people will spend most of their time, engage in high agriculture; the environment has been fully geared to practical needs; concentrated in this territory is the entire industry with its huge automatic and semiautomatic plants; almost all its inhabitants live in "megapolises" dominated by

skyscrapers, in air-conditioned apartments complete with automated kitchens, holographic landscape-walls, etc. The skyscrapers will be concentrated in the centre, the rest of the megalopolises constituting suburbs sprawling for tens of kilometres. These suburbs, as I see them in my mind's eye, will be much like what one finds in the more prosperous countries today: family cottages with front lawns and vegetable and fruit gradens, child care centres, sports grounds, swimming pools, everyday service shops, modern city comforts, quiet and convenient public transport, pure air, arts and crafts stalls, free and varied cultural life.

Despite a rather high average population density, life in WT's can be as healthy, natural and happy—given a clever approach to social and interstate problems—as that enjoyed by the middle class in modern industrialized countries, i.e., much healthier than the overwhelming majority of our contemporaries can make it. I hope, nevertheless, that the man of the future will be able to spend part of his time, even though a smaller part, in the still more "natural" conditions of the PT's. Those living in PT's will also have a social mission to fulfil—they do not only relax, but also do manual and brain work, read books and meditate. They live in tents or in homes they have patterned after their ancestors' abodes. They listen to the murmur of a mountain creek, or simply delight in peace and quiet, feast their eyes on wild scenic beauty, the woods, the sky and clouds. Their chief preoccupation will be conserving nature—and their own selves.

Just a few statistics. The WT will be 30 million square kilometres large, with an average population density of 300 persons per square kilometre. The PT will be 80 million square kilometres large, with an average population density of 25 persons per square kilometre. The earth's total population will be 11 billion, and people can spend about 20 per cent of their time in the PT.

"Flying towns"—artificial earth satellites discharging important production functions—will be a natural extension of the WT. Concentrated on them will be solar power plants and, possibly, a substantial proportion of radiation-cooled nuclear and thermonuclear plants, which will help prevent the overheating of the earth; besides, the satellites will carry vacuum metallurgy plants, greenhouse farms, space research laboratories and intermediate stations for long-distance flights. Under the WT and PT alike, there will be a ramified network of underground towns comprising dormitories, places of entertainment, underground transport service facilities and mines.

I visualize the industrialization, mechanization and intensification of agriculture (especially in the WT) which is to employ not only classical types of fertilizers, but also artificial super-productive soil and profuse irrigation. In the northern areas greenhouse farming will be practised on a large scale, with artificial lighting, soil heating and electrophoresis and, possibly, other physical methods used. Genetics and selection will certainly keep their crucial role, and even gain in importance. Consequently, the "green revolution" of the past few decades is to continue and to make further progress. New forms of land farming — marine, bacterial, microseaweed, mushroom, etc. — will appear. The surfaces of the oceans, the Antarctic, and later, possibly, of the Moon and other planets will be gradually drawn into the orbit of agriculture.

Protein deficiency which hundreds of millions of people suffer from is now an acute problem in the field of nutrition. It is impossible to solve this problem through increasing the volume of livestock breeding for fodder production already now absorbs about fifty per cent of farm produce output. Besides, livestock breeding will probably be curtailed for a number of reasons, such as the need for environmental protection. I think that the next few decades will see a swift rise in the production of animal protein substitutes, such as artificial aminoacids serving chiefly to enrich vegetable products with, which will lead to a sharp cutdown on livestock product output.

The industry, power engineering and everyday life are also to undergo dramatic changes. To begin with, the need to protect the environment calls for a universal changeover to closed production cycles causing no environmental pollution at all. The enormous technical and economic problems involved in such a changeover can be solved only on an international scale (just like the problems of restructuring agriculture, demographic problems, and the like).

Another distinguishing feature of the industry — and of the entire society of the future as well — will be a much more extensive use of cybernetic equipment than is the case now.

I conjecture that the parallel development of semi-conductor, magnetic, vacuum-tube, photoelectronic, laser, cryotronic, gas dynamic and other types of cybernetic equipment will lead to an enormous rise in its economic and technological potentialities.

The industry is probably to acquire a higher degree of flexibility and "readjustability," i.e., will be able to respond more readily to shifts in market demands and society's requirements in general. Such readjustability of the industry is bound to have far-reaching consequences. In the long run, it may even help

put an end to the artificial stimulation of "super-demand." This socially pernicious, wasteful and environment-polluting practice, now current in industrialized countries, is partially connected with the conservatism of mass production.

As far as domestic appliances are concerned, the simplest automatic devices will be playing an ever greater role.

However, further progress in the field of telecommunications and information service will play a special role.

The establishment of an integral worldwide telephone and video-telephone communication system is to mark one of the next stages of this progress. In the long run—in fifty years from now, at least—the world information service (WIS) will come into service.

The WIS will put anyone wise, within minutes, to the contents of any book or article ever published, and issue any information requested. The WIS is to comprise miniature request transceivers, master stations controlling information flows, communication channels including thousands of artificial earth satellites, cable and laser lines. Even a partial implementation of the WIS project will have a strong impact on everyone's life, leisure, stimulate intellectual growth and broaden artistic horizons. As distinct from the TV set which is now the chief source of information for many of our contemporaries, the WIS will afford everyone maximum freedom in selecting information, and call for individual activity.

The WIS is to play a truly historic role in that it will remove all the remaining barriers in the way of information exchange between countries and individuals. Uninhibited access to information about works of art, for instance, is fraught with the danger of their depreciation. I believe, however, that this contradiction will be resolved somehow. Art and its perception are always so individual that the personal message of works of art will not be lost. Books and private libraries will also retain their meaning precisely for the reason that they are of everyone's individual, personal choice, as well as by force of their aesthetic and traditional appeal, in the best sense of this word. Great art and good books will always give man a thrill.

On power supply. I am convinced that huge coal-burning nonpolluting electric power stations will lose none of their importance as sources of power supply within the next fifty years. At the same time, atomic power plants and, towards the end of the period in question, thermonuclear power plants will become common. The problem of atomic power plant waste disposal is a purely economic one already now; in the end, this will be no more difficult or expensive to do than to extract sulphur dioxide

and nitric oxides from thermal power stations' flue gases (an operation which is to become as vital in the future as nuclear waste disposal is now).

On transport. In the PT, the family car will be ousted, I think, by a battery-powered "walking cart" on articulated limbs which does not trample down the grass and requires no asphalted roads. The bulk of goods and passenger traffic will be taken care of by helium atomic-powered airships and, chiefly, by high-speed atomic-powered overhead and subway trains. In a number of cases, particularly in municipal transport, loading and unloading will be done "in motion" using special mobile "auxiliaries" such as moving sidewalks (like the one described by Herbert Wells in his "When the Sleeper Wakes"), discharge waggons on parallel tracks, and the like.

On science and high technology, space research. The theoretical computer "modelling" of many complicated processes will assume a still greater importance. Large-storage and rapid-action computers (duplicated, possibly photoelectronic or purely optical, with logically operated image fields) will make it possible to solve multidimensional problems, those with a large degree of freedom, quantum-mechanical and static problems of many bodies, and so on. Let me give you a few examples what these computers will be able to do: accurate weather forecasting tracing the magnetic gasdynamics of the Sun, the solar corona and other astrophysical objects, analyses of organic molecules, of elementary biophysical processes, of the properties of liquids and solids, liquid crystals; calculations of "multidimensional" production processes, such as those in metallurgy and the chemical industry, complex economic and sociological calculations, and so on. Although computer modelling can, and should, by no means replace experiment and observation, it provides, nevertheless, enormous extra possibilities for scientific progress. For instance, it offers a golden opportunity for checking out the theoretical explanation of this or that phenomenon.

Progress is likely to be made towards synthesizing substances possessing superconductivity at room temperature. Such a discovery would be a breakthrough in electrical engineering and in many other spheres of technology, such as transport (superconducting rail tracks over which a cart would glide friction-free, on the levitation principle; conversely, the cart's runners can be made superconductive, and the rails — magnetic).

To my mind, the current achievements of physics and chemistry will make it possible (using mathematical modelling,

perhaps) not only to create man-made materials superior to natural ones in all their substantial properties (the first steps in this direction have already been made) but to reproduce artificially many unique properties of whole ecosystems. I can imagine automatic devices of the future using economical and easy-to-control artificial "muscles" made of contractable polymers, highly sensitive analyzers of organic and non-organic air and water impurities operating on the "artificial nose" principle, and so forth. I visualize the production of artificial diamonds from graphite by means of special underground nuclear blasts. Diamonds are known to play a very important role in modern technology, and their cheaper production may further add to it.

Space research is to play a still greater role in the science of the future than it does now. I envisage a more vigorous effort to make contacts with extraterrestrial civilizations. We've got to try picking up signals coming in from them in all the known radio wavebands and, at the same time, to design and build transmitters of our own. We have to look out in outer space for information vehicles coming from extraterrestrial civilizations. Information received from "without" may have a revolutionizing effect on all the aspects of human life — on science, technology — and may prove useful in trading social experience. Lack of action in this direction would be unreasonable without any guarantees of success in the foreseeable future.

I am of the opinion that high-power telescopes installed on space-based research laboratories or on the Moon will afford a close look at the planets rotating around the near-by stars (Alpha Centauri and others). Atmospheric statics make it impracticable to increase ground telescopes' mirror magnification factors over the established magnitudes.

The domestication of the surface of the Moon and of certain asteroids is likely to begin towards the end of the 50-year period under consideration. By setting off special atomic charges on the surface of asteroids, we shall probably be able to control their movement, to draw them "nearer" to earth.

I have just set forth some of my ideas as regards the future of science and technology. However, I have made no mention of what constitutes the very heart of science and often brings the most substantial practical and abstract theoretical research born of insatiable curiosity, flexibility and power of human intelligence. The first half of the twentieth century witnessed such peaks of scientific thought as the special and general theory of relativity, quantum mechanics, an insight into the atom and its nucleus. The discoveries of such a magnitude have always been and will remain unpredictable. I can venture,

but also most tentatively so, just a few avenues of research which might culminate in major discoveries. Research in the fields of the theory of elementary particles and cosmology may lead not only to tangible progress towards the goals scientists have already set themselves but also to the emergence of entirely new notions of the structure of time and space. Research in the fields of physiology and biophysics, vital function regulation, medicine, social cybernetics and general theory of self-organization promises great surprises. Every major discovery may have a vital direct or indirect effect on the life of humankind.

Inevitability of progress

The persistence and development of the basic current scientific and technological progress trends seems inevitable to me. I do not consider its consequences tragic, although I'm not altogether in disagreement with the philosophers who think otherwise.

Population explosion and the depletion of natural resources are the factors which make it absolutely impossible for mankind to go back to the so-called "healthy" life of the past (which was actually hard, often ruthless and gloomy) — even if mankind felt like it and could do so against the background of competition and all sorts of economic and political difficulties. Various aspects of scientific and technological progress — urbanization, industrialization, mechanization and automation, the use of fertilizers and poison chemicals, the enhancement of cultural standards, more leisure facilities, the progress of medicine, better nutrition, lower death rate — are closely interconnected, and it is impossible to call off any progress trends without destroying civilization as a whole. It is only the death of civilization in a worldwide thermonuclear holocaust, of hunger, epidemics, total destruction that can retard progress; only a mad man can wish events to take such a turn.

The world situation today can be described as disastrous in the literal meaning of the word. Many people are threatened with famine and premature death. Therefore, the prime task of any truly human progress now is to oppose these dangers, and any other approach would amount to unpardonable snobism. For all that, I am not inclined to absolutize the technical and material aspect of progress alone. I am convinced that the big idea of all human institutions and of human progress is not only to protect all the humans from suffering and premature death but also to preserve such basic human joy as the rewards of clever brain and manual work, mutual assistance, harmony with nature, acquiring new knowledge and enjoying art. I do not consider the contradiction between these takes as

insurmountable. Already now the citizens of advanced industrialized countries have more opportunities for normal and healthy life than their contemporaries in backward and starving countries. At any rate, progress which saves mankind from famine and disease cannot possibly block active good which is the quintessence of humaneness.

I believe that mankind will find a reasonable solution to the complicated problem of effecting enormous, vital and inevitable progress with the human being and nature remaining intact.

May 17, 1974.

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SILENT FLOWS THE GANGES

R K SINGH

Silent flows the Ganges in Banares
the muddy water and mud accumulates on roads
each house harnesses the taints
no matter, how many sacrifices of blood
each temple shelters Satan's friends
even after centuries the muck stinks
on both sides convenience of culture
cuddles the self-turned waves
speaking of our pride, my obsession
straight through the bones of the living
their crooked simplicity and polished innocence
treachery, vanity, ranting
always washed in the fast current?
or the rod of time is impotent?
like the river I see untiringly
(though it hardly flows like the Ganges in life)
it's unsleeping eyes looking upward.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE WORLD OF IMMORTAL IMAGES

ALEXANDER SENKEVICH

On the threshold of the 21st century the world would seem to be taking a fresh look at India. Her contemplative philosophy, piety of life, work ethics, religious tolerance and profound conviction that evil will not go unpunished—these are what embody India's spiritual power.

But an outsider's view is a different one from that seen from the inside, and I never really had a chance to observe India's spirituality from the inside. But when I did, I realised that the books of wisdom, left to us by the Hindu religion, do not lie.

Back in Moscow, as I was getting ready for the Delhi International Ramayana Symposium, I could hardly have imagined that after the discussions ended, the symposium over, I would find myself several hundred kilometres away from the palatial, air-conditioned conference hall with its European-style decor, and be on the bare marble floor of a Hindu temple, in front of an altar with figurines of the great Valmiki, and Kusha and Lava, the two sons of Rama and Sita. I could never have imagined that my audience would be made up of Vishnu worshippers who regard both **Ramayana** and **Bhagavadgita** as their most important and revered books.

The man who acted as our mentor, or swami-ji, on the pilgrimage was Dr. Lallan Prasad Vyas. He has earned true international recognition for his work in promoting the study of **Ramayana**, and it is he who should take much of the credit for organising the symposium.

Among the participants were Western Sanskritologists, Gilbert Pollet from Belgium, a Mexican couple, Juan Miguel Demora and Maria Ludwiga Jaroska (who has a Polish father) and two Soviet Indologists, Lyubov Bychikhina and myself. Apart from our Indian hosts we were joined by a Nepalese, a Thai, and a Chinese lady who has translated into Chinese Tulsidas' epic poem **Ramacharitamanasa** (**The Sea of Rama's Exploits**).

Two Indians in our party represented the now familiar type of international scholar belonging to both Oriental and Western cultures at one and the same time. One of them, Pundit Ram Lal, is a permanent resident of the USA, and the other, Dr. Kaushal, lives in Britain.

Our talks, discussions and heated debates on the significance of India in world culture and in the culture of the Soviet Union were endless. They continued throughout our journey to holy places associated with Rama's legendary life. They even continued on the night train which took us from Delhi to Ayodhya where, according to Hindu legend, the trials of Rama and Sita began.

The West can be proud of its technological breakthroughs and the impressive results of its scientific and technological revolutions, but these have not halted the erosion of its morals. If anything, this erosion has become even more pronounced. At the same time, scientific and technological progress relieved man both from monotonous manual labour and tedious intellectual work. Leisure has ceased to be the privilege of the elite. More and more people now have the time to take closer looks at both themselves and life around them. The 20th century crowns the era of industrialisation, and foreshadows the transition to a new type of civilisation. In this shrinking world of ours it has become dangerous to resort to violence. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the great ascetic who came from the Middle Ages into the 20th century to preach non-violence (*ahimsa*), had far greater vision, wisdom and humanity than the 20th-century professional politician Winston Churchill, who described him as a "semi-naked fakir".

Whether we like it or not, the name of M. K. Gandhi remains forever associated with the emergence of a new political thinking which reflects the realities of the 20th century.

In late November 1986 Rajiv Gandhi and Mikhail Gorbachev signed the Delhi Declaration.

The ten principles of the Delhi Declaration were inspired by the philosophy of *ahimsa* which was formulated almost half a century before that. It is not a declaration that reflects the narrow interests of a group of countries or a political alliance. It serves all mankind and its future.

For us M. K. Gandhi has emerged as a prophet, as a man of great courage who preached peace while walking roads, which he knew were mined with bombs. Today, the conservative M. K. Gandhi looks like a much more radical philosopher than many of his contemporary revolutionaries. By upholding the ideal of a non-violent struggle, he made man far more responsible

for everything bearing relation to society and its destiny. He was never a preacher of abstract truth withdrawn from life, like some of his disciples try to portray him today. On many occasions he was in the midst of a bitter struggle, realising as he did, that all values are interrelated, because it is man that embodies this interrelationship. But what is more important, perhaps, is that the ethical foundations of his philosophy were never shaken. He was profoundly convinced that in the course of time his truth would triumph and his philosophy of non-violence would prevail. He would never abandon what constituted the essential meaning of his philosophy and the underlying principles of all his actions in life — never go against your conscience. His personality best revealed itself in his benevolence and dialogue, and it is very important that this is understood. In other words, Gandhi was a highly cultured man and it is true that in his time culture had ceased to be a purely intellectual phenomenon but had gained an important social dimension. Gandhi understood culture as a means of social intercourse. His **satyagraha** movement, or persistence in the truth, was all about the political emancipation of society and its liberation from oppression by the state, which in his case was the British Empire.

M. K. Gandhi was not tormented by a suicidal division between spirit and power. He used his spirit for creation and not destruction, albeit in the name of a happy future, and that was what gave him his power. He realised that if people were oriented only towards a distant future, it would be tantamount to the justification of the ills of the contemporary world. It is true that his social ideal, **ramaraja**, or the just rule of Rama, that is God's power, was utterly Utopian and even during his lifetime had been the subject of gibes by his critics. But Gandhi never bothered to reply to his denigrators, because his ideals were important in themselves as sort of a beacon for humanity on its road to the future.

The train carriage swayed from side to side, and the cool night air blew in through every hole. No one really wanted to sleep. We wrapped ourselves in our woollen blankets and talked about freedom, something that is sacred to every person living in the West. What was M.K. Gandhi's idea of freedom? Did it just mean **moksha**, or liberation from the bondage of the material world? And if so, why did he not chose to become a **sanyasi**, or a Hindu monk? What was the source of his untamed and rebellious passion which came through in all his actions aimed at liberating India from foreign domination and in his struggle for human rights?

I was thinking that we were only just beginning to understand the cultures of other nations, including **Bhagavadgita**, **Ramayana** and **Dhammapada**. Take the Russian culture of the late 19th and the early 20th centuries. It was involved in active and productive dialogue with the whole world. Russians were reading what others had to say in their books, and Russian writers were popular abroad. Could that be the reason why Russians have a very special interest in India's wisdom? "To buy a ticket to where the spirit of India reigns," wrote the poet Nikolai Gumilyov, but that meant to revert to the spiritual source that never runs dry. It should come as no surprise then that the **Bhagavadgita**, or **God's Song**, has been known in Russia since the late 18th century, and the renowned Russian humanitarian Nikolai Novikov assisted in its publication.

As nowhere else, in India the influence of the literary classics comes through in so many ways. In fact, the traditional Indian culture embraces all spheres of life, and even today, many people see the history of their country in terms of mythological images. We were particularly impressed by the way Indians adhere strictly to their traditional lifestyle. For example, in the countryside the following principles are inviolate—the parents believe in God, and the children believe in their parents. People are convinced that if this belief is destroyed, it would bring about great social misfortune. And again I observed that both the Indian and Russian classics share the same ideals. Both of them thought that the values of the peasant commune were supreme, and the patriarchal family links exemplified social relations for them. Nikolai Leskov, Alexander Ostrovsky and Lev Tolstoy are just a few great names that can serve as excellent examples.

My leisurely observations alerted me to several things which previously I had not been aware of. The West looks down on the sociable and warm-hearted character of Russians, believing as it does that the other side of it is sloth, good-for-nothingness and a persistent desire to be hail-fellow-well with people who do not really want it. But the Indians have the same character. Among the other things which make us so similar are the inclinations to indulge in emotions that are virtually incompatible, the belief that things will work out for the best in the end and the improbable mixture of sin and virtue in the national character of the two peoples.

And there is one other similarity. Both Indians and Russians set great store by poetry—a source of aesthetic delight and a repository of popular wisdom.

The great Indian poets of the past had a rare gift of vision, and they realised the profound significance of ethics in the life of society. This explains why the poetry of Valmiki, Tulsidas, Kabir and Surdas is still very much alive. It is a paean to kindness and a message to us, the people of the 20th century, warning us not to destroy life on earth.

But classical Russian literature also represented the lectern from which the lesson of life was taught. It called for self-sacrifice and patriotism. It was heroic in its character, and it was imbued with sympathy and compassion for the lowly of birth and the downtrodden. Russian classical literature set very high ideals, and fought tirelessly for the restitution of justice and truth.

However, this similarity between moral and ethical values does not mean that Hinduism and Christianity are identical in the totality of their concepts and ideas. In fact, the semantic content of the imagery and the metaphors that are used to convey these concepts are different.

The most outstanding feature of Christianity is that it is centered on the human being. Unlike Hinduism, Christianity represents synthetic anthropology. It proclaims the unity of the body and soul, and it is in his bodily appearance that man attains the fulfilment of his existence. This is an alien view in Hinduism, which, in contrast, centres around the idea of the eternal rebirth of the soul, or re-incarnation. For a Hindu the soul's existence in the world is like sand in the water. This image manifests the idea of the mechanistic unity of matter and spirit. What is particularly important is that unlike Hinduism, Christianity holds that man and other earthly creatures are irreplaceable and have no adequate substitutes. That is why in Christianity, man is singled out from the Universe as being special in the eyes of God, while Hinduism regards man as part of the absolute. The formula of Christianity is "many are one" and that of Hinduism—"all is the absolute". The Christian set of values represents a perspective series which are related, one way or another, to the central idea of the Gospel—the death and the resurrection of Christ. This is a paradox with numerous imaginative associations. It is also important to recall the Eucharist—the symbol of the Christian brotherhood of man. But it must be borne in mind that in this unity of people Christianity preserves and safeguards the individual identity of different people. The story of the Trinity formulates this mystical paradox by uniting three different aspects into a single entity. In Christianity love represents a godly principle and a correlative of God. The destruction of the egoistical element in man is a prerequisite to expanding the links between people.

Finally, it is necessary to note that Christ and his resurrection is unique and that Christianity shows the only way to salvation for everyone. Hinduism provides for many alternatives which explains its tolerance. In Hinduism the freedom of will is constrained by **karma**, a religious concept, whose meaning and content are determined by the sum total of the good and evil actions of a being in its previous birth. The concept of **dharma**, or the eternal law of morality, is also unknown in Christianity.

Why was it then that Russian authors, born and raised in a Christian culture, turned to India and the spiritual values of Hinduism and Buddhism?

I would suggest the following explanation. At the dawn of this century several prominent Russian poets were attracted by the central idea of Hindu philosophy, namely that all the phenomena in the world born of the Brahman represent nothing more than a play of his divine mind. They represent **maya**, that is an illusion. I could cite many poems by Valeri Bryusov, Konstantin Balmont and Zinaida Guippius that support my hypothesis. There is no doubt in my mind that Oriental philosophy offered them new insights into the human psyche, something that was sorely needed in order to restore the wholeness and the psychological balance of the personality. Meditation and moral reflection, developed in Hinduism and Buddhism over the centuries, represent an invisible source of new concepts and doctrines for human survival. It should not come as a surprise, therefore, that the Russian writers, with Elena Blavatskaya, the founder of the Theosophic society, being the most prominent and consistent adherent of Hinduism, perceived the Orient not only as the cradle of spirituality but also as the spiritual saviour of humanity. And it is India that brought about primarily such understanding of the Oriental spiritual world.

This reliance on Indian wisdom was not so much an attempt to create a different perspective of the future. Rather, Russian poets looked to India for new imagery in order to create a new lifestyle and map out new approaches to the most complex problems of human existence.

For these writers the Christian axiological structures were not sufficient to explain contemporary man and his world, especially since in the early 20th century Christianity and primarily the Russian orthodox church, like other old ideological systems, was facing a profound internal crisis.

But I have deviated from my story of the pilgrimage which began on a train speeding through the cold and dark of the night on its way to the promised land of Ayodhya. It was early morning when our party stepped down from the train, at the

station where a welcoming ceremony was taking place. We were greeted by local officials and public figures and, in cars bedecked with flowers and garlands, were driven to a pilgrims' hotel.

At noon we went to a wonderful temple built in honour of Valmiki, the author of **Ramayana**.

The temple interior is like the book itself, with all its pages open at the same time—the walls of the temple are adorned with thousands of marble plaques each with part of the text from the **Ramayana** inscribed on it. In the gallery of the temple there is a library containing 18,000 books. These are different editions of **Ramayana** and treatises devoted to it.

We could see with our own eyes the rare mediaeval **Ramayan**s carefully preserved in the temple library. Written on palm leaves, their pages had been eaten by termites. The ancient calligrapher made an outline of a letter with dots, like a tattoo, and then drew them in black vegetable paint. Those books could survive for many long centuries, if kept out of reach of the termites.

The Maharaja, the chief priest of the temple, told us that he had decided to devote himself to Rama after he had a vision of Hanuman in his dream.

The service began. We sat on a platform near the altar where the priests performed the **puja**. Seated opposite the Maharaja was the guardian of the temple, a very old man with shrewd eyes which, from time to time, lit up brightly behind his glasses. There were many worshippers in the temple. The Maharaja called on each foreigner in turn, and every one of us addressed the worshippers with a short talk on the significance of **Ramayana**, the great Hindu classic, for the world today. What a stunning display of Hindu religious tolerance!

In Ayodhya everything reminded me of one other epic work—Tulsidas's **Ramacharitamanasa**. I do not think I would be mistaken if I said that among the ordinary people of India this book is even more popular, that it is more accessible to everybody. The reason for this is that it is written in a Hindu dialect, avadhi, which, unlike Sanskrit, is not a dead language.

The Indians regard Tulsidas as the man who laid the foundations for their new ethics. He was one of the prominent **bhakti** poets, and **bhakti** ideas are still very much alive in India today.

During my pilgrimage I became convinced that Tulsidas's epic poem was still very popular. The **bhakti** poetry proclaims the equality of men before God, and considers love as a means of understanding God. Even today in the 20th century, the Indians regard **Ramacharitamanasa** as a code of ethics and honour.

It should also be observed that in this poem man's destiny is determined by his love for Rama who has both a human and a divine hypostases—an obvious parallel with the Christian tradition.

Generally speaking, in Tulsidas's poem one can clearly identify several themes and ideas which are close to Biblical ones, such as the opposition between the present and the future associated with the ideas of development, maturation and fulfilment of existence; and the idea that man's life is a continual participation in a drama which he is fully aware of. In fact, it is this which sets the artistic timeframe of the poem in which the action takes place. What looks like the defeat of the forces of good in the present time inexorably leads to their consolidation and triumph over evil in the future. There is always the hope that the drama will be resolved and that in due course justice will prevail, leading to the attainment of **ramaraja**.

It should be noted that in **Ramacharitamanasa**, the idea that the world is not properly organised coincides with the Biblical one. In the poem the idea of sin in the world, which does not live in accordance with the will of Rama, is embodied in Ravana, the king of the demons **rakshas** and his sycophants. Let us recall that Ravana established his domination over the universe in order to increase the burden of people's sins and cause the ultimate destruction of the Earth. Unable to carry this burden, the Earth cries out to the gods for help.

Therefore, **Ramacharitamanasa** looks at nature from an ethical point of view, a fact which is particularly relevant today, when the invasion of nature is taking place on a massive scale and must be constantly and strictly controlled. Tulsidas warns that if people persist in their immoral behaviour, there is no future for them. In contrast, Rama takes a totally different ethical stand, proclaiming the altruistic principle of active kindness—"there is no higher law than to do good unto others." This stand gives strength to people in their struggle with evil and foreshadows concept of **ramaraja** is associated with Tulsidas's dream of a future society of happiness, where equality, joy and beauty reign supreme. As I have already said, it is this ideal of God's power that Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi relied on, which only goes to show how firmly the idea of Rama's justice is lodged in the popular mind. This is particularly revealing in that it helped to emphasise the contrast between the political power of the British, which was unjust and nurtured by an aversion to the Indians, and the spiritual power of Rama, which was predicated upon the desire to serve one's neighbour. It is appro-

priate to recall at this point that Tulsidas's epic poem was aimed against Muslim invaders. Therefore, the Indian poet of the Middle Ages suffered a drama born of a collision between two different cultures, although it took place in somewhat different historical conditions.

Speaking in the Valmiki temple I told my audience that the Soviet Indologist Alexei Barannikov translated Tulsidas's epic poem into Russian at the time when the Soviet people were engaged in the long drawn-out struggle against the Nazi invaders. The Russian translation of **Ramacharitamanasa** was, therefore, inspired by the struggle against the "black injustice." Its author believed in the triumph of good over evil as firmly as Tulsidas did.

Since time immemorial India has considerably influenced the outlook of every Russian. This is something I became aware of as I recalled the poems of Nikolai Gumilyov during my pilgrimage. The fate of this great Russian poet of the early 20th century was tragic. Arrested on trumped-up charges, he was executed in 1921. For Gumilyov India represented a sacred miracle which invigorated the soul and filled the mind with wisdom. In his previous birth the poet perceived himself as an Indian (see, for example, his poem "Proto-memory"), because he loved India so much. For him the transformation of personality was of necessity associated with India and its wizards' light of revelation. He could not find his peace of mind, because "the ornaments on Indian silks remained a mystery still."

Gumilyov regarded India as a "miracle of miracles", and its wisdom was for him a magical gift which made it possible to see things unseen and perceive things unperceived. I am saying this despite the fact that there are only a few traces of the Indian themes actually found in his creative work. Gumilyov had a much more profound and conscious perception of India. This explains why in his poems India is transformed not into imagery but into sensations echoing the pagan beliefs of his Slavic ancestors. Turning back to the proto-memory of the Indo-European culture, Gumilyov restored the missing link between nature and man and reconstituted the lost poetical meaning of many metaphors. However, this "reversion to the source" does not imply that the Russian poet turned his back on Christian culture, and fled from its ideas and imagery into a mythological and fairy-tale past of his **ethnos**. His interest in Oriental culture and in particular India was motivated by a totally different desire—he wanted to establish an equitable relationship between Western and Oriental cultures and partake of the riches from both. A kind of restitution in rights of the Oriental culture could be achieved by emphasising a spiritual affinity with it. It is

this that explains the following lines by Gumilyov: "The one who sees the dreams of Christ and Buddha has taken the paths of fairy-tales."

Vyacheslav Ivanov (1866-1949), another Russian poet whose creative work began in the 20th century, felt even stronger about the reconstruction of poetic language using ancient models. From the vocabulary of the Russian language, which is as wide as the limitless expanse of the ocean, he drew the words that crystallised the inner world of man in its primaeval manifestation. He laid bare the generic Indo-European roots and the fertile historical subsoil which feeds the human imagination and bears the seeds of archaic imagery. The Russian poet uncovered the wellsprings of metaphoric expressions, which had long been swept over by the sand of time. In one of his poems the guest makes his descent from "those harvested fields, where a broken reed of the past flowers again near the rivers of life-giving water" ("The Return").

In 20th-century Russian poetry there is one more tradition originating from the social Utopias of the Russian peasantry and the many myths and legends representing India as earthly paradise and the Kingdom of John the Baptist—the re-incarnation of justice and Christian virtue. This tradition was maintained in the retreats of schismatic Russian orthodox monks and enlivened by the tales and lore of the past. The myth of the blessed country called **Byelovodie**, which is the Russian for "the land of white water", is deeply rooted in Russian folklore. It originates from the popular belief in the spiritual kinship of Russia and India. Pilgrims, God's fools, travelling schismatic monks and sages for ever added new ornaments to this tale of the blessed land of India.

The Russian poet Nikolai Kluyev (1884-1937) wrote a poem entitled "Belaya India", or "White India", which is his own name for **Byelovodie**. The poem is based on a popular idea of India, held by many Russians. In another poem he writes, that only those who believe in "the primaeval darkness" will live in it. India was like an icon hung in the best place of the Russian peasant home. Strange as it may seem, but it is the schismatic tradition of the Russian orthodox church that proved to have the greatest vitality. In our time it is the Russian poets Valentin Sidorov and Eduard Balashov, that stand out as the two supreme examples of this tradition.

It is even more paradoxical that Nikolai Roerich (1874-1947), an outstanding figure in Russian culture, relied on this tradition to build the philosophical foundations of his artistic and ethical doctrine—the philosophy of live ethics. I think this is explained

by the fact that the old church had retained live religious feeling; the schismatic spirit had defended its independence and had not given in to the diktat of the state. The rebellious artists—and Nikolai Roerich was one of them—regarded this as a new artistic and philosophical theme.

Today in the 20th century, the famous thesis of Fyodor Dostoevsky—"Beauty will save the world"—is taken literally because the threat to the environment has become very real.

Reliance on Indian wisdom was prompted by the view that the current environmental crisis represented the inevitable result of the division between the Judaic-Christian tradition and ancient paganism. As a result of this division man has been set apart from nature and singled out as a being which stands above nature.

I believe that for every thinking person living in the 20th century it is impossible to ignore the religious and philosophical ideas of Indians. Let me give you one more example, which I think is even more revealing. This is an excerpt from a diary of the great Russian scientist Vladimir Vernadsky (1863-1945). In 1920 he wrote the following lines: "In the work by Vashro I feel very clearly (again, just as I felt it reading Gilyarovsky in Kiev) that Indian philosophical thinking is not taken into account. It seems to me, as regards the problems of the soul and deity, the religious and philosophical thoughts of the Hindus give us much more than our own ideas which are so closely associated with Christianity and Jewry."

Vernadsky made one more interesting observation about the international significance of the Hindu religious and philosophical treatise "Rig-veda". This is what he wrote: "I send you the stunning hymn of 'Rig-veda' in the metric translation by Deissen. It seems that the latter is rather faithful to the content of the original. This is a work by an unknown poet (and a major thinker?), who lived at least 100 years before Christ and long before Buddha, Socrates and all Greek philosophy and science. But how contemporary it is, and what profound thoughts it generates! I see it as a leap into eternity, because it raises great doubts as to any creator, and the root of existence is transposed into what is outside this world (*Nichtsein*), what is born and disappears, what cannot be seized or explained, that is the longing of the heart and the feeling of love".

It is difficult to add anything to that. Let me make just two corrections relating to the authorship of "Rig-veda", or "The Knowledge of Hymns", and the time of its writing. The students of this ancient book believe that it was written by many generations of people who lived in India. It represents a collection of

hymns dedicated to gods, and it dates back to the late 2nd century and early 1st century B.C.

At the dawn of human history the Hindus managed to perceive (was it by intuition?) the genuine reality of existence and express it in artistic symbols which have lost none of their fascination for us today. This is something for all people to ponder now, as they are living on the threshold of 21st century and tend to overestimate their powers and possibilities, looking down on those who have lived long before us. But what is particularly surprising is that the people of ancient times were thinking about cosmology and not theology!

Vernadsky asserted that the people living at the end of the 20th century would turn to ancient Indian philosophy and that it would help them to defend the humanistic values of their own culture. And again his prediction has been vindicated.

Also, it should be observed that religious nihilism and negativism, which bordered on religious thought and do not quite break away from it, something which Vernadsky referred to, were characteristic of ancient India. I think that the highly intellectual and aesthetic nihilism, displayed by protagonists in the novels of the very popular Soviet writer Andrei Bitov, originates from the Hindu religious and philosophical tradition. In particular, it originates from the nihilism of the great religious thinker Jiddu Krishnamurti.

In order to reveal the depths of human psychology many Russian authors, beginning with Fyodor Dostoevsky, put their heroes on the edge of an abyss and forced them to make a fully thought-out choice. The Hindus have no notion of any choice that can be consciously perceived by man, because in Hinduism the forms and conditions of all existence are determined by the good or bad actions in the previous birth. But it is very clear that Hinduism is concerned about the danger of a "spiritual vacuum" and lack of spirituality for both man and society. It is revealing that the main ideal of a Hindu is the rejection of all material wealth for the sake of higher aspirations and values of the human spirit.

Immoral actions of people in the contemporary world pose a threat to their own lives. This has now become a platitude. The evil committed against anybody will inexorably come back to its source. This self-evident truth underlies such major works of Soviet fiction, published over the past two decades, as Victor Astafyev's *The Queen Fish, A Sad Detective*; Yuri Trifonov's *The Old Man, The House on the Embankment*; Chinghiz Aitmatov's *And the Day Lasted Longer than a 100 Years* and *The Place of the Skull*; Yuri Bondarev's *The Choice* and Valentin Rasputin's *The Fire*.

Yuri Bondarev has formulated a thesis which I believe contains the secularised idea of the **karma**: "A life associated with evil is weak and unreliable, because it is based on the principle of the boomerang (at any moment the evil can come back, deal a mortal blow and retribution will be administered)".

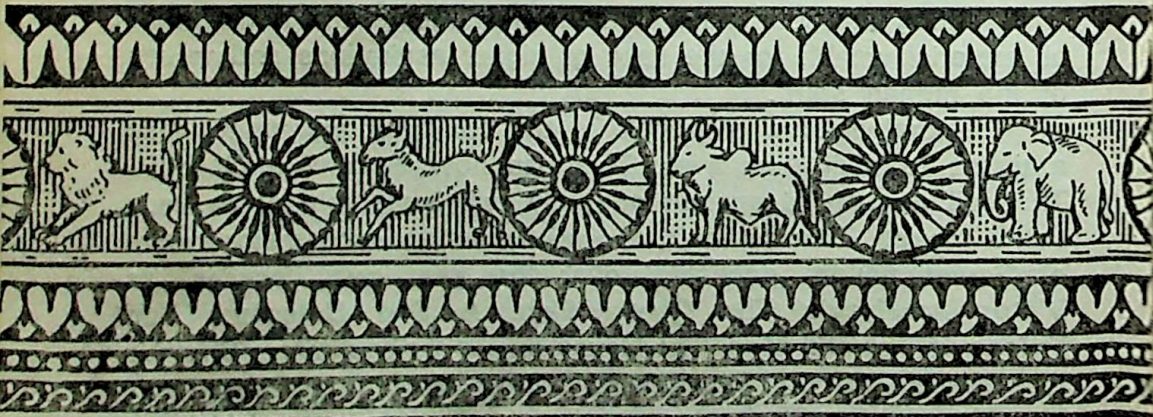
There is no question that it would be all too easy to trace everything to one source—India's religious and philosophical thought—the dream of Soviet writers about a future time when man and nature will be reconciled and morality will be legitimised as the fundamental principle of all existence. Does that mean that writers are nothing more than able imitators? Not at all!

I think the real answer is, that when pondering the "eternal questions", they arrive at answers that are similar to those contained in the ancient literary works of the Hindus.

...The Maharaja from the Valmiki temple in Ayodhya told me in all earnestness that the source of the Ganges was in Siberia. And he was convinced that it depended on us, Russians, to keep its waters forever clear, giving life and spiritual light to all people, because we have common spiritual sources and a common destiny.

The sage from Ayodhya was inaccurate in only one thing—today, all humanity has one common destiny.

Translated by Alexander Mikheyev



THE ORIENTAL ELEMENT IN HENRY MILLER

DR. RANGANATH NANDYAL

Literature knows no racial or national boundaries. Oriental literatures—which are basically idealistic and spiritualistic—have been attracting the eclectic and the receptive American minds for about two centuries. The great transcendentalists—Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman—derived not only information and inspiration but also illumination from Oriental thought. Hundreds of American thinkers toed the line of the sage of Concord and joined the tradition of transcendentalism. Henry Miller also belonged to this great tradition.

Miller was essentially a **Satyanveshi**, a seeker of Truth. In fact his entire life was a search—a search for Peace, Truth, and Self-realization. He asked himself: Where did I come from? Where do I go? Is life an empty and meaningless accident? Has life got any purpose? He looked for answers. As an inveterate reader and haunter of libraries, he nourished himself on the ideas and ideals of the prophets of past. He heard the music of the ancient wisdom of the Orient; he thoroughly absorbed it. He studied not only books but life also; he passed through many phases and experiences; he became a vagabond, a bohemian, an outsider; and ultimately he reached the stage of a sage.

A writer's creative work is like a mirror which reflects his own mind. In all his writings, Miller's sympathy and admiration for Oriental scriptures, Oriental personalities and Oriental concepts are clearly reflected. A serious study of his life and writings—with regard to the Oriental influence on Miller—would be fascinating and revealing.

Regarding Miller's attitude towards sex, the influence of ancient Indian thought on Miller is unmistakable. Like ancient Indians, he too believed that sex was neither immoral nor moral, but it was amoral; and what was fundamental and justified in life was also fundamental and justified in art. That is why, as in the case of ancient Indian sculpture and literature, discussions

of sex and sexual activities and descriptions of male and female anatomies are rampant in some of the works of Miller. His knowledge of **Kamasutra** and **Ananga Ranga** seemed to have come to his help while describing some of the scenes of love-play in the **Tropics** as well as **The Rosy Crucifixion**. Like the **Tantriks**, Miller too believed that **Bhoga** (pleasure) and Yoga are complementary; as also body and spirit. Also, like the **Tantriks**, who employed the **Panchatatva** as to eradicate the poisons in the human system, Miller too used obscenity in his writings as a form of medication and catharsis.

Miller too, like Indian thinkers, gave paramount importance to truth and sincerity; and tried to be sincere in executing his duties as a writer. He reported what he believed was the whole truth about the nature of man—however unpleasant the truth might be. He, too, neither condemned nor looked down upon the sinner for there was no individual who was utterly evil and God manifested through evil as well as good. Undoubtedly Indian thinkers like Sri Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda, and J. Krishnamurti influenced Miller regarding his attitude towards morality.

Further, regarding Miller's attitude towards the concepts of "The Individual", "Self-Reliance", and "Destiny", there is an indelible impact of J. Krishnamurti, Swami Vivekananda, and **The Bhagavad Gita** on Miller. Like J. Krishnamurti, Miller too believed that the world problem was the individual problem and so the individual should reform himself radically before trying to reform the world. Like Swami Vivekananda, Miller too thought that man possessed infinite power within himself, and so stressed the importance of strength in human life and decried weakness. Like **The Bhagavad Gita**, Miller wanted everybody to do his part to the best of his ability regardless of consequences and firmly believed that man was the architect of his own destiny.

Miller's views on the concept of "The Ideal Man" are similar to those of Indian thinkers. He too, like Indian thinkers, visualized that the ideal man would transcend the dualities like pleasure and pain, good and evil, and would work with detachment regardless of results and that the unknown Buddhas would belong to the upper rung among the ideal men.

Indian thought directly influenced Miller regarding his attitude towards religion and God. Like Swami Vivekananda, he thought that religion should be practical and he never believed in dogmas or rituals. Religion, in Miller grew with his life and helped him to transform his life. Like ancient Indian thinkers, he too thought that life was an opportunity for self-realization. He, like the hero Siddhartha of Hermann Hesse, passed from

one stage to another — from the stage of a vagabond of New York to that of a sage of Big Sur. Also, like Indian mystics, he tried to communicate with God and tried to contemplate on himself as a part of the universal soul.

Miller's attitude towards cosmic consciousness or mysticism is similar to Indian attitude. Like Indian mystics, he tried to expand his consciousness to experience a sense of total unity with the entire universe. Regarding Miller's attitude towards life, Zen Buddhism influenced him profoundly. Like Mahatma Gandhi, he too believed that art was only a means to fuller life and that the greatest artist was he who led the finest life. He sincerely practised the doctrines of detachment enunciated by **The Bhagavad Gita**. Like Zen Buddhists he was interested in being rather than doing; and he adopted the philosophy of acceptance to such an extent that one can call him a Zen Buddhist.

In Miller's life and writings, there are some aspects, situations, and passages wherein the influence of Oriental thought is direct and unmistakable; in some other places, there are some parallels or similarities between Oriental thought and Henry Miller's. Hence the existence of Oriental element in Henry Miller is unquestionable.



VAVILALA - THE MAN AND HIS MISSION

SRI B. P. R. VITTAL, I.A.S.

It is a privilege to be able to pay homage to one like Sri Vavilala Gopalakrishnayya. I however propose paying my homage in a somewhat unconventional and sometimes controversial manner which I am sure he will appreciate. I shall endeavour to identify certain aspects of his personality and use these aspects as a pretext for delineating some themes which I feel may provide a basis for further studies which the Trust which Sri Vavilala has set up may like to pursue. I am not trying to expound a single theme and as such they will not necessarily logically follow each other. They are only theses inspired by Vavilala's own character and interests. I also only touch upon some points and do not elaborate on them to save time. Cynic that I am, I stand by no position stated hereafter. If it is found worthwhile I shall take the credit, but if it is found ill-conceived I shall be willing to promptly retreat. If I am found original I shall acknowledge the compliment, but if I am discovered in veiled plagiarism I shall quote it as proof of my wide and perceptive reading. Like the typical Andhra I am, I believe they also serve who sit and shout; not stand and shout, for then you may be counted; but sit on the pial and shout; the classic posture and pastime of the Andhra.

Like his clothes Vavilala's personality has never been bleached by the detergence of modern dissimulation or worldly ambition. He is a combination of the influence of Marx and Gandhi that I was always looking for. No doubt, it can be said there were others who had felt both these influences, Nehru himself for instance. But Gandhi's influence on Nehru remained, what I might call, vicarious. By Gandhi's influence I refer to the anchoring in Indian tradition, essentially roots in India's peasantry. In that sense, Nehru was always a sandal tree, his roots tagged on to Gandhi's and in that manner drew sustenance from the Indian peasant tradition, but he himself remained a prince among them; for them, not of them. The peasant tradition need not

be romanticised; it can be coarse, but it is nevertheless sustaining. Civilisations have always fallen due to an excess of refinement, not due to coarseness; in fact it is the coarse and the vulgar who have inherited the earth and then got refined themselves. Then there have been those on whom the influence of Gandhi and Marx was successive, the one wiping out the other, like J. P., the "Darkness at Noon" phenomenon. What I mean by the influence of Marx and Gandhi, in a case like Vavilala's, is a syncretic influence; the head influenced by the rational social view of Marx, the heart sensitised and strengthened by the Indian tradition, of which the highest flowering was Gandhi the head in the twentieth century, the roots in the hoary past. An Indianisation of Marx which unfortunately has never taken place in our political tradition. It was this of which Vavilala is an example.

Mao's service to China was precisely this. He is criticised for having Sinicised Marx, for being more Chinese than Marxist. I don't think this is a contradiction or a betrayal. This was in fact his greatest contribution and our greatest lack. Mao shared with Gandhi that ability to feel the pulse of his people; to be recognisably one of them and yet sufficiently ahead of them to be able to inspire, guide and lead them. But he was also a Marxist and, therefore, had a picture of what kind of society could and ought to be created in the Twentieth Century given the leap his country had to make over centuries of deprivation. Gandhi was not so influenced. His influences were Tolstoy and Emerson. They were sufficient to create communes but not communities, and so perforce independent modern India had to abandon him at the very moment of its emergence. There was also an immortal component to Gandhi's message which has been picked up even by more advanced societies now in the shadow of nuclear extinction. But that was his moral message, not his economic one, and the moral message required an economic base of contentment that his economic philosophy could not in today's circumstances build. For Mao, Marxism supplied this missing component. His own contribution to its remoulding to suit China's circumstances, like the idea of communes, was tremendous, but basically he had a reliable compass in Marxism. Of course, now it can be said that his country has betrayed him even more grievously than we have done Gandhi; that depends upon whether one considers lip service better than removing photographs. No doubt, China may be going away from or beyond Mao in a more real sense. But this is after a period when his indelible mark on new China had already been imprinted. It was not Gandhi's martyrdom that prevented this.

It would have happened even had he lived; he was himself aware of this when he chose Nehru as his successor and not Vinobha. In the absence of this Marxist influence in our picture of new India, the Western Liberal or at best Fabian tradition filled the vacuum through the personality of Nehru. I am aware that, from a Marxist point of view, I am putting the cart before the horse. The state of Indian society and the nature of the leadership dictated the Fabian succession and it was not Nehru that chose it. But since I am today looking at it from the point of view of personalities I may be pardoned this mirror image mistake. But coming back to my basic point, Vavilala, to me, represents what could have been had we succeeded in continuing the Marxist and Indian tradition in a dynamic sense of interaction and not a geological overlay.

Sacrifice, rationalism and humanism are the three important facets of Vavilala's personality; the first the result of the Gandhian tradition, the second of the Marxist influence and the third a product of both these influences. It was one of Gandhi's great contribution to make sacrifice an instrument of action and of popular mobilisation. He built on the Indian tradition of veneration more for sacrifice than even for achievement. Whether it is Sri Rama or the Buddha, the image was one of leaving the palace to go to the forest in pursuit of dharma or jnana or moksha. This was the opposite of the American popular myth of the man who makes it from the log cabin to the White House. Here such a one would not be an authentic hero or role model. Immediately questions would be raised about how exactly he could have made it merit generally not being accepted as the sole reason — and if all other explanations fail to detract from the achievement, it would be put down to merit stored by sacrifice in a previous life. It is to such a tradition of sacrifice that Gandhi awoke men like Vavilala. But it is a species in danger of extinction. There are not enough specimens even in captivity, and like all endangered species they do not breed in captivity and, of course, in Sri Vavilala's case for quite well - known reasons! Even if they had progeny the characteristic is not inheritable. It is born out of struggle and cannot be bred at will or to order. Even today there are undoubtedly many causes that can inspire men to sacrifice in the course of struggle, but the response is poor in the cynical society we are building and, where there is response, perhaps future generations will be able to see its shining example, but not we, who have been blinded for our life-time by petty ambitions and treacherous temptations.

The Trust that Vavilala has formed is the culmination of a life-time sacrifice; it is neither another way of holding one's acquisitions nor an old age recompense for a life-time's aggrandisement. It is necessary to say this, because we seen now to be concerned only where money goes and not whence it comes. In morality there are no double negatives; illgotten money ill-collected does not become good money. But then in capitalism money is always colourless. Money is what money does, not how it comes. Then there is no difference between a Bodhisattva and Robin Hood; between one who gives away his own merit to save others and one who relieves others of their surplus, albiet to help the more deserving. Sacrifice and the sanctity of means are the two most important components of Gandhiji's teaching which the life of one like Vavilala exemplifies and that need repetition and resuscitation now.

To say that rationalism is the result of Marxist influence is neither to assert that it is the origin of it nor to deny that there may be entirely indigenous traditions that could also have encouraged a rationalist approach. Rationalism, even in the West, has had both emperical and non-emperical streams in it. Non-emperical, self-contained, rationalism very often led to idealism and while it initially did serve the purpose of liberating man from the incubs of dogma and superstition and appeal to supernatural sources of authority, it later also thwarted genuine scientific enquiry. Early Indian tradition has been rich in this kind of self-contained rationalism—rationalism which pursued truth without seeking higher authority-and has had its noblest expression in the Upanishads, the Buddha and later Sankara. In a corresponding phase to Western civilisation also, Aristotle, in the beginning, and St. Thomas Aquinas later, served a similar purpose. But emperical rationalism could come only much later, after the Renaissance and the Copernican revolution etc. This phase never occurred in our history till the later part of the British rule, when a kind of renaissance took place here in the second half of the Nineteenth century. The inspiration for this was however Western enlightenment transmitted to us through the British themselves, though in the broader context of national assertion this was sought to be linked with the earlier indigenous traditions by men like Vivekananda.

We are however concerned with rationalism in the more narrow sense of the rational approach applied to social problems. It is here that the great tradition of Marx comes in, for it was Marx who brought to bear rational enquiry on social problems. Whatever may be the controversy in regard to Marxian economics in general, or to the labour theory of surplus value

in particular, the fact remains that he brought about an irreversible revolution in our approach to social issues in two aspects at least, viz. to concede the economic factor in social issues and to identify and analyse the problem of alienation which arises with capitalist industrialisation. Gandhi identified alienation with industrialisation itself, or more particularly with its scale. Marx's analysis of alienation in a capitalist society cannot be refuted. All that a critic can raise is the question whether the alienation does not continue even in non-capitalist forms of industrial development. Marx did not concern himself at that stage with post-capitalist problems. It may be that the problem of alienation even in post-capitalist societies requires further analysis. It may be that Gandhi also was not entirely correct in assuming that alienation is inseparable from industrialisation. The Cybernetic revolution is said to make it possible to now organise even industry at a much higher technological level in social situations which can avoid alienation. Work and education can be brought back into the home through the computer and television. Whether this can be done within the capitalist system or the abolition of the capitalist system is a pre-requisite for exploiting the full potentialities of this new revolution is another matter. But, these are all issues that are arising only because, for the first time, Marx gave a framework in which such an approach to social problems became possible. Here again, the manner in which the tool of Marxism can be used to unravel social issues in a society such as ours has not been fully worked out. While pedantic answers have been offered, none has stood the test of real science, namely, the test of either prediction or successful application.

The third aspect which I mentioned was humanism. The briefest definition of humanism can be that in humanism man is the end and man is the means. In humanism the ultimate purpose of all human action is the creation of circumstances in which the human potential can flower to the fullest extent — can flower and not be exploited. With this purpose must go the faith or conviction that such circumstances can be created by human endeavour alone and no appeal to extra human resources is necessary. In this sense Marxism is again essentially the solid basis for genuine humanism. Gandhiji's ideals could also be expressed in the same terms when we take concepts like *Daridranarayana*. So long as we deal with man as a social being and with the social circumstances necessary for man to reach his highest achievement, there would be no difference of opinion. Differences of opinion occur only when we go further and the question arises whether human happiness — in whatever sense

that word may be defined—is only the sum total of economic contentment, social justice and intellectual fulfilment, or whether, while these are undoubtedly pre-requisites, there is a kind of fourth inner dimension which can be neither explained nor pursued in this three-dimensional framework. In a country like ours where the basic economic and social pre-requisites either for intellectual fulfilment or for human happiness have not yet been provided, it would be undoubtedly diversionary to raise such issue at this stage. We need not deny them, but we can conveniently postpone or shelve them till we have done our duty in respect of the economic and social aspects.

I have mentioned the three aspects of sacrifice, rationalism and humanism and delineated in a very broad sense some of the issues related to these three factors, because I feel that in all these aspects the Indian context, like any other context, is unique to itself and we must be able to find our own solutions to some of these issues. However much we may raise ourselves on other traditions, learn from them and draw inspiration from them, ultimately that solution will survive which can strike roots in this soil. This was what one was looking forward to when India became free and there was hope so long as men of that first generation, men like Vavilala, were available. But one generation has gone by. We have gone down other alleys, many dead-ends, and a new generation not in touch with its own traditions and deriving inspiration from a West that is itself in acute intellectual crisis, has to face these problems. Who among them will be upto this task and how do we prepare them for such a task? This I think is the great intellectual problem today.

Vavilala has always been greatly interested in problems of development both of the country and of his own State which he loves dearly, viz. Andhra Pradesh. Let me, therefore, raise two general issues about development—one relevant at the national level and the other at the State level. The Club of Rome first raised the controversial issue of the finite availability of resources in the world acting as a constraint on development objectives. This thesis has countered by several other authorities, not merely on the basis of different economic projections, but essentially on the basis of a faith in technology being able to continuously solve the problems it throws up. But, whatever may be the validity of this thesis for the world as a whole, there is no doubt that for some societies such as ours and the Chinese, the size of population is such that, in the long range, a resources constraint can be very real issue. It is unrealistic to expect that resources will be shared on a global basis when even their exchange has not been so far organised on any

rational basis. One has, therefore, to take a national view of this matter with only a marginal outlet from an autarchic system in terms of aid or trade. If that is conceded, it would become immediately evident that the long—range goal of our planning has to be completely different from the goals of planning in other countries, which have either already, reached a higher level due to past exploitation of others or which are fortunate in having a better ratio of resources to population. Whether we consciously admit it or not, the long—range objective in our minds has always been that at some day in the future everyone in this country will enjoy the kind of standard of living that a developed nation has today, i.e. in future century India should be at least what the United States is in 1981. This might appear absurd when put in this crude fashion, but I am afraid sub-consciously this, in fact, has been behind our thinking when setting the directions of planned development. My submission is that this has now to be accepted as an impossible goal.

Our whole objective has to be different. Our very basket of goods and services, not only now but in any perspective plan of any span, has also to be conceived of quite differently. To this end the horizons of desires of men and their motivations will have to be reoriented. We have to stop thinking in terms of a car for a family, or if this is not possible for every five families or ten families or hundred families, and start thinking of a society where easy and comfortable public transport would be available to everybody, because even in the longest possible perspective that is all we may be able to afford. But the type of consumerism we are encouraging, the sophisticated advertising world that has been built up, the glossy magazines that we are producing, are already generating dreams of a different kind. It is this basic contradiction and the consequent inability to adjust ourselves to what in fact are our realities, that is generating crisis after crisis in the society even when real progress is taking place. It is here that one of the basic thoughts of Gandhiji is so relevant today, namely, that economic activity must be designed for the satisfaction of needs no doubt, but needs should not be constantly generated or created. In the Western type consumer-cum-advertising world we are building, new needs are already being created for a few, while for the vast majority even old needs have not yet been satisfied. What wonder then if, as a result, we become a crisis-ridden society despite achievement.

Theoretically two approaches are possible to this problem. One is the straightforward egalitarian approach where the limited resources available are equitably distributed. It used to be a

common joke, in our elite circles, against the socialists that if all the wealth of the Big Houses together were distributed among the six hundred million Indians each Indian would after all get a few rupees and that was not going to make any substantial change to his position. These statements ignore elementary human psychology. In a period of deprivation the next solution to satisfaction is in fact equal distribution of deprivation. To share deprivation is to make its burden light or at least more tolerable. The appeal for simplicity and austerity, therefore, is not because of the resources that would be thereby saved, but because of the greater solace that it gives to those who in any case have to be austere. The egalitarian approach was the approach that China adopted to begin with. No doubt this generates problems of its own, particular problems of incentive and motivation after a certain level of uniform satisfaction has been achieved. But I do not think that the only answer, even at that stage, is the restoration of hitherto well-known economic incentives.

Socialism in one sense is not merely a question of the forces of production, but also of relations of production and arising from this a certain view of human nature itself. Four centuries of capitalism has made us believe that man is basically acquisitive and aggressive, and that, therefore, he cannot be made to work except by appealing to either of these incentives—more pay or an external enemy. We forget that before capitalism, both in the feudal and pastoral societies or even in tribal societies, man was essentially a co-operative being. He lived and survived as a member of a group and was capable of sacrificing himself for the good of the group. There is no such thing, therefore, as basic human nature. Circumstances can be created in which he can evolve either as a co-operative being or as an acquisitive one. So far all Marxists will agree, but thereafter there is a parting of ways. Some would emphasise that the forces of production should change first to ensure abundance, since only in abundance can co-operative man thrive. The other view would have it that the infrastructure and the superstructure are mutually interactive and changes in either cannot be permanently postponed while the other is being attended to. Just as you cannot have a society based on a mere appeal to altruism with no effort being made to improve the physical circumstances of life, you cannot also have a society where we are so busy in creating and catering to evergrowing needs of life, that altruism is stifled as not being conducive to production and hoping that, at some later stage, it can be revived or injected.

The other approach would be that an egalitarian socialist solution is perhaps not possible for a society like ours with a

population problem and, therefore, an ultimate constraint of resources. But the sharp differences that capitalist development would normally result in, can, it is suggested, be mitigated by creating a dual economy existing at different levels of development—a majority contributing their labour and mostly concentrated in a primary sector using labour intensive technologies and another sector at a high level of sophistication based on capital and skill intensive industries. Naturally, there will be exchanges between the two sectors in physical terms and there will always be what one might call human leakages. The highly motivated cannot remain in the primary sector because their motivation cannot be satisfied with the rewards of that sector and if they are allowed to remain there, they would be a source of trouble. They are, therefore, allowed to ascend to the second sector where their motivation would be an asset. They perform the role of migrants between these two sectors. Similarly, the second sector also will be based on such high levels of motivation and sophistication, that some will be dissatisfied even with the level of that sector, though that itself would be very high compared to the first sector. They would then be allowed to leak out of the country itself by way of what is called the Brain Drain. The brain drain can thus be a safety valve to get rid of highly motivated persons who otherwise would be a source of problems. Incidentally they could be foreign exchange earners also.

The question however is whether given our resources and population, a model can be built which strikes the right balance between the two sectors and whether the political institutions will enable a certain degree of separation between the two sectors which the model assumes. If the motivations or standards of living and of aspirations of the second sector invade the first sector through means such as the television, the whole arrangement would break down. But to start with, it would be interesting to see whether even the mathematics will come out correctly in a model of this type. Whatever the feasibility, it is difficult to see what third way is possible. One possibility could be what one might call, an alternating phase approach. You have an egalitarian phase; then you have an uneven growth phase. When this creates too many problems you revert to the egalitarian phase. In fact this is a modification of the dual economy approach but spread over time; that is, while the dual economy model divides society into two sectors at one time, the alternating phase approach adopts the approaches of the two sectors for the whole society over successive alternating periods of time.

And finally, we come to Andhra—the native soil so dear to Vavilala and to me. A soil so fertile in talent, yet like all fertile soils also prolific in weeds, with the result that Khasa was to say that “The Andhra is like the rice plant, he thrives only when he is transplanted.” And unfortunately, neither Vavilala nor I have ever been transplanted with what results I shall not dwell upon. In several respects Andhra is the country in micro-cosm. It is near the country's averages in several indicators, but as in the case of the country these averages conceal a wide regional fluctuation in the levels of development. Just as the nation has some parts whose levels of development and infrastructure may compare with much better developed countries and other parts whose low levels of development bring down the national average, so also Andhra Pradesh has some parts which can perhaps compare with Punjab and Haryana, while there are other parts whose condition would approximate more to the conditions in other backward States in the country. In that sense, it is truly a bridge between the backward Hindi States to its North and the more developed South. Again, it is, like the country, well endowed with both natural and human resources and yet has not been able to make a break—through even in terms of the average performance of the country itself. And of course I need not mention that we are very avid practitioners of the national pastime of belittling our own achievements and pulling each other down. The problems of Andhra Pradesh therefore will, in many respects, reflect the national problems and in that sense Andhra Pradesh provides a very fruitful field for research and study of the problems of development in general and of regional imbalances and backward areas in particular. The most important problem is why we are not able to make a breakthrough despite our human and individual endowment; not a spectacular one, but at least one beyond the national average. Is it the incubs of the social structure not having been sufficiently changed? If so how does one go about it given our political institutions and situation? These are issues that could be of national relevance too.

Vavilala is at the head of a generation of which perhaps my age group represents the humble tail—a generation that saw Colossus stride this world. But it is also a generation that saw them either betrayed or dragged down from their pedestal. We are therefore, the generation of Fallen Idols. We are told that this is as it should be, that it is what reason demands, the age of the Anti—Hero. I refuse to believe it. I would rather believe with Carlyle that “in times of unbelief” we see “in this indestructability of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused

wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall." Reason cannot and ought not to light every corner of the human mind. Beauty is a matter of contrast; art of light and shade. not a monochrome. What have we achieved thereby? A generation where Tolkien is a best-seller for adult and Exorcist is a big draw. Had we been allowed our hobgoblins and our friendly witches on broomsticks, these absurd or terrible substitutes would not have been necessary. May be, psycho histories are true. May be that Lenin's Russia is not worthy of him, that Gandhi died a disillusioned man, Nehru a saddened one and that Mao after 1956 - or is it 1966? — was wrong. So what? What does it prove retrospectively? Human assessment is like our old examination system, no one gets hundred per cent as in the objective tests. Mao's assessment of Stalin's contribution was 80:20, 80 good, 20 bad. Mao's successor gave the same score to Mao. Yes, no man is infallible. Yes; they had feet of clay. To the Hindu that disproves nothing. That an Avatar has a human vehicle with all its failings does not deny his Divine Descent. We are not monophysites. All Idols are of clay We make Ganesha out of mud, worship it and throw it away in water—though nowadays we seem to be hesitating to do that—does that deny its function? Myths, legends, and heroes, who are undoubtedly part myth, are necessary for nations and individuals at one stage of development and one should be careful in removing such crutches. Man is still psychologically handicapped, he is still a mixed being and therefore a mixed up being.

A being darkly wise, rudely great
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole Judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

(Pope.)

Nevertheless this is rationalisation. The fact remains that our generation has felt the crushing blow of falling idols. Our subconscious is now full, not of idols but, of debris and we do not know how to reconstruct it or even clear it. That makes misfits of us all. I do not have Vavilala's concurrence to say this, but I would like to believe he would join me in being described as a misfit in today's world which

Gives too late
 What's not believed in, or if still believed,
 In memory only, reconsidered passion.

where

Unnatural vices

Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues

Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes,

So

I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?

(Eliot.)

Let me, therefore, conclude by trying to put down what
I would call a charter for Misfits.

We are opt—outs, not drop—outs. We are misfits, not
failures.

The test for a misfit is that in today's society if he is
successful he is discontented for having succeeded in such a
world, and if he is contented he is, in the eyes of others, un-
successful.

Nevertheless we believe it is not for us to fit, but for
us to change things so that those with our ideals can fit.

But we have reached a stage of life when we realise that
to fit requires not merely external reconstruction but internal
search also. We have to work out the external implications
of what the internal search reveals; that

What you thought you came for

Is only a shell, a husk of only when it is fulfilled

If at all. Either you had no purpose

Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured

And is altered in fulfilment. (Eliot.)

We have to restore confidence in our original faith that
ultimate purpose which does not so break or cannot be so
broken is

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

(Tennyson.)

To that quest I am sure the Trust, that Sri Vavilala Gopala-
krishnayya has constituted, will make a significant contribution.

THOUGHT PLINIM

N. S. KRISHNAMURTI

Our hopes encircle us

Our desires enmesh us,

Our pursuits imprison us,

Goal is our own making.

There need be no regrets.

Recoupe the Self,

Redeemer is the Self

Realise, who IT is.

Remember That

JUXTAPOSITION DEVICE IN JOY'S SHORT POEMS

— BY G. D. BARCHE, DHULE.

Among the Indian poets in English of the 1980s P. K. Joy is one of those very few poets who have attracted a large number of readers. So far he has published three collections of his poems, viz., **The Final Goal** (1987), **For A More Beautiful World** (1988), and **Forced Smiles** (1988). The first two collections were reprinted in 1988. These collections have in all 101 poems. Of these the short poems are 50 of 4 to 15 lines and the long poems 51 of 16 to 323 lines. Here the poems upto 15 lines alone are considered as short poems because further as the length increases, the briskness and the bullet like quality, that originate from the use of juxtaposition device, are greatly diluted. Of course, there are even some short pomes like 'For The Common Good', 'Jealous Cat', 'Ideal Place of Worship', 'Without Poetry', etc, where either there is no use of juxtaposition, or if it is there, it does not have the bullet like force and direction.

There has come up a little subdued controversy regarding the nature and the quality of the short and long poems of Joy. Sreekumaran Thambi, the Malayalam Poet and novelist, has adjudged Joy's short poems as 'tablets of insight'. Similarly D. Anjaneyulu in his 'Foreword' to **The Final Goal** instances the qualities like 'serenity' and 'concreteness' through the short poems. But Norman Simms, from the University of Waikato, Hamilton, New Zealand, in his review shows the short poems to be 'tendentious and vague', while the longer ones as more successful having 'Peculiarities of Voice which give character to the speakers' and generate 'a sense of the complex social forces impinging on a psychological moment of poetic expression.'

Keeping the forementioned issue aside, it would be proper to first see what P. K. Joy, the poet himself, thinks and says about his poetry. In one of his speeches delivered at Dainik Asha Sahitya Ashara, Behrampur and later published in *Symphony Humane* (Vol. I, No.2, May 1989), he calls himself 'a

humanist' with a 'serious social commitment'. He disapproves the idea of 'sitting in ivory tower' and writing 'mystic poetry' for one's own 'ecstasy' in a language which is 'beyond comprehension of average reader'. According to him, poetry should reflect 'the feeling of fellowmen' both far and near, in a language as spoken and understood by them. Generally poetry is written for 'Scholarly population' in equally scholarly and sophisticated manner, keeping the average population away like the untouchables. Joy pleads for democratization of poetry. That is, Poetry should be of the people, for the people and by the poets who feel one with the average people. Poetry books in Russia and China are printed and sold in lakhs because they plainly reflect daily life, and the language and imagery used are direct, simple and down to earth. Consequently, the readers there don't need 'interpreters', 'repeated looking up dictionaries' or undergo any course of study into poetry appreciation. P.K. Joy sincerely wants exactly this to happen in India. And he himself has taken the lead in this new direction.

A close survey of Joy's Poetry makes one see that its content consists of the facts that have been weakening and spoiling the spirit and beauty of human life. And this content is communicated in a language which is highly simple, straightforward but soul stirring. His concept of poetry mentioned earlier is verbatim put into practice. Further it is also noticed that he has not blindly followed any school or form of writing poetry. About his poetry one can only say that he saw, he felt, he wrote. And perhaps this must have made D. Anjaneyulu say that Joy is not a 'trained poet'. That is, his way of writing poetry is not influenced or shaped by any existing theories or practices of writing poetry. And therefore, it is very difficult to agree with Dr. Krishna Shrinivas' remark that Joy's Poetry is 'Audenesque in his visioned sweeps, Beaudelarian in Facualities, Popean in his tirades on society and joy like in simplicity'. Of these only the last observation may be quite acceptable. Joy's poetry infallibly unfolds his vision of human life, viz., 'Sarveyapi sukhina Santu/Survey Santu niramaya'. That is, all should be happy and healthy. And that is why the factualities and tirades are also Joy's Own. In brief Joy's poetry is Joy's poetry both in content and form.

Now instead of entering into the controversy regarding the nature of short and long poems, it would be quite proper to examine one of the basic techniques, viz. the juxtaposition device, which is used by P.K. Joy, particularly, in his short poems. The study reveals that it is this technique that makes Joy's short poems insightful, concrete, humorous, 'hand hitting'

(I.K. Sharma), 'telling and beautiful' (Dr. A. Padmanabhan) and 'distinctive in approach and voice' (Dr. Norman Simms). T.S. Eliot has used this device very consistently and effectively in very serious contexts. For instance, you (body) and I (Soul) 'Guido—Prufrock', 'Prufrock—Michael Angelo' etc., in 'Love Song Of J. Alfred Prufrock.' Joy has used this device in lighter contexts and in a lighter vein. To be precise Joy has used this device in Joyean manner. As regards the device itself, it will suffice to say that it juxtaposes words, lines, sentences, etc., representing, contrasting, complementary or identical thoughts, feelings, actions, qualities etc, in order to highlight or reinforce the desired facts or effects. Now let us take up the short poems of varying lengths to verify the validity of the forementioned observations. The first poem of four lines is as follows: (Pg.53 (From For A more Beautiful World).

The Poem with some modifications can be presented thus :

	Sub	Verb	OD	OI	Adjunct
1	I (1st person)	harboured (tr.)	hatred	for you	In my heart
	You (2nd person)	didn't care (Intr.)	(what)	(whom)	(where)
2	It (hatred) +human + abst- ract	ate up		me +human + anima- te	
	Termite -human + conc- rete	(ate up)		(wood) -human - anima- te	

(The words in the brackets are mine)

It Ate Me Up Like Termite

I harboured hatred
for you in my heart.
You didn't care.
But it ate me up like termite.

The poem is divided into two parts. The first part juxtaposes the first person Pronoun 'I' & Second Person Pronoun 'you'; and their contrasting actions, viz., the negative action of 'I', i.e., keeping oneself oblivious of the presence of that hatred; presence of OD, OI, Adjunct, and their absence. The second part juxtaposes two identical — unidentical destructive subjects, viz., 'hatred' and 'termite' operating on their respective contrasting objects, viz., 'me' & 'wood'. The juxtaposition of 'hatred' and 'termite', consolidates and concretises the process of suffering in 'I'.

Here one is also reminded of Mrs. Shelley's Story, viz., 'Frankenstein' in which a scientist creates a monster. But the monster being ugly, nobody turns to him. Consequently he turns to the creator and kills him. In the present poem 'I' creates the monster — 'hatred'; 'you' for whom it is created doesn't show any interest in this monster. As a result of this, it turns to the creator 'I' and eats him up in the same way as termite eat up wood or hard soil. Thus the poem makes one conclude two things; First a negative action boomerangs, if there is no reaction. Second, the guilt oriented inner suffering though not seen, from without, but more disastrous and devastative from within as indicated through the termite image.

It is seen what happens when there is a negative action followed by no reaction in the poem discussed above. Now here is a Poem that shows what happens when a positive action is followed by a positive reaction.

Suppressed Yearnings

When I nervously at last revealed to you
the yearning I restrained for long in my heart,
you said you have been dying to hear it
and any future delay would have burst your heart.
Then a lightning struck, two dams blew up
and two rivers rushed swiftly and merged into the sea.

(From For A More Beautiful World)

	Sub	Verb	OI	OD	* S
When	I	revealed	to you	the yearnings	* I restrained the yearnings in my heart for long,
	you	said	S	you have been dying to hear it and	any future delay would have burst your heart.
	Sub		Verb	Adjunct	
Then	a lightening [+ abstract] [+ visible]	- (new understanding) [+ abstract] [= visible]	Struck		
	two dams [+ concrete]	- (two hearts) [+ abstract]	blew up		
	two rivers [+ concrete]	- (two streams of emotions) [+ abstract]	rushed		
			merged	[+ concrete] in the sea (the state of unified feelings) [+ abstract]	

(Words in the brackets are supplied by me)

Obviously the first part juxtaposes 'I' & 'you' and their complementary action and reaction, i.e., 'I' proposing to reveal the yearnings and 'you' is ready to hear it. Both are eager and with bubbling up emotions. This state is aptly expressed by

the juxtaposed complex & compound sentence structures. The second part juxtaposes the explicit nature and implicit human phenomena, which are complementary and point to the final harmonious state. Here the juxtapositions support and reinforce the juxtaposed actions and facts and lead to the final positive gain. William Blake's poem — 'Poison Tree' shows how if one keeps one's feelings suppressed, they grow into poison tree. Here Joy has shown how if the suppressed feelings are expressed, and if they are taken up in the right spirit by others, the mutual love and understanding flourish. This poem can also be interpreted thus; here 'I' means the 'inner self', 'the soul', and 'you', the external physical self, the body. When there is proper communication between the body and the soul, there grows unity between the two, leading to the balanced personality. T. S. Eliot has shown the other side in "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", viz., the divided 'you' and 'I' body and soul, leading to the paralysed personality.

Here is another poem of eight lines with a different situation:
(Pg. 56 — Poem — Forgive Them)

With some modifications the poem can be re-presented as follows :-

	Sub	Verb	OI	OD
When	you	wash		my sore
		wipe		my tears
(then)	the Onlookers	call	you	a foolish ass ?
(Now)	(I)	(advise)	(you)	
	you	must forgive	them	<p>S △ for they know not the contents of your covenants with God.</p>

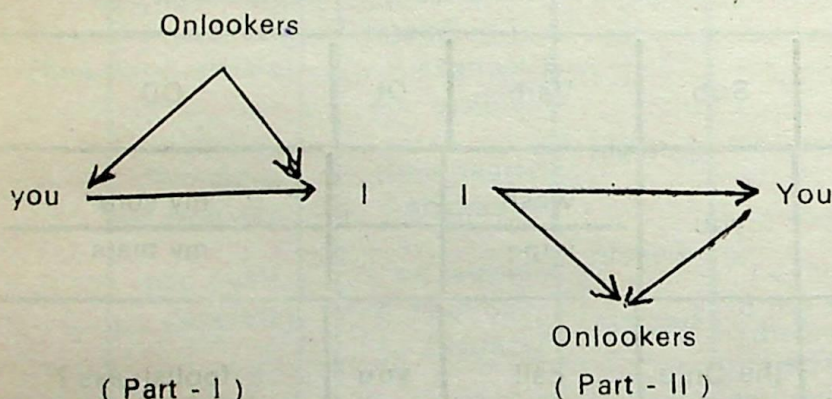
(The words in the brackets are supplied by me)

Forgive Them

When you wash my sore
and wipe my tears,
do the onlookers call you
'a foolish ass' ?
Gracious friend,
you must forgive them,
for they know not the contents
of your covenant with God.

— (From **Rorced Smiles**)

The poem has two juxtaposed sentences of four lines each representing two aspects of life. The first part, i.e., the first sentence juxtaposes the trio, viz, 'you' washing the sore and wiping the tears of the sufferer; 'I'; and 'onlookers' calling 'you' a foolish ass 'for serving the sufferer. This makes 'you' sad and nervous. At this 'I' tries to pacify 'you'. And therefore, in the second part again we see the trio being juxtaposed with a difference, viz., 'I' giving friendly advice to 'you' to overlook the behaviour of 'onlookers'. This can be diagrammed as :



This representation also points to the fact that if we take heed of onlookers, i.e., critics and backbiters, etc., they become dominant, but if neglected and overlooked, they become weak and go into oblivion. The poet has here formulated another formula of smooth life, viz., severity of negative reaction is diffused, when it is followed by no further action.

There is yet another situation in which no outside person or party is involved and yet a person can suffer. This is seen in the following poem :

Blind Despite Bright Eyes
 I own very bright eyes;
 and also good sight;
 But always keep them closed.
 So I am in darkness and always blind.

— (From *The Final Goal*)

The poem, with some modifications, can be re-presented as follows :

		Sub.	Verb	Obj.	Obj. Compl.
		I	own	very bright eyes and good sight	
1	But	(I)	keep	them	closed
		Sub	Verb	Sub Compl.	
2	So	I	am	in darkness and blind.	

The poem has two sentences which juxtapose 'I', the owner and non-user of bright-eyes, in part one, and 'I', the sufferer, in part two. In 'It Ate Me Up Like Termite' the subject 'I' has an abstract negative object 'hatred' which remains unresponded, and as a result of this, the neglected object makes the subject 'I' suffer. Here the subject 'I' has both concrete and abstract objects, viz., 'bright eyes' & 'good sight', but they are kept unused, and as a result of this, the subject 'I' is made to suffer, i.e., 'I' is in 'darkness' & blind'. The conclusion is plain, viz, not only negative but also positive possession can make one suffer, if it goes unheeded or unused. The poem can

be interpreted at another level, too. 'I' keeps his bright eyes 'closed', which means 'I' does not use his eyes to distinguish between right-wrong good-bad, true-false and so on. Consequently 'I' leads blind life, i.e., ignorant life. This mistake was made by Earl of Gloucester in Shakespeare's **King Lear**. When Gloucester had eyes, he could not distinguish between right and wrong people. Then he really turns blind, but starts seeing things in their true perspective and confesses 'I stumbled when I saw'.

In 'Double Standards', a poem from **The Final Goal**, two faces of the same person are juxtaposed which makes the person's position ridiculous. The poem contains fifteen lines and stands divided as eleven and four lines. First part shows the person's behaviour with reference to others, while the second with reference to the self. The whole thing with some modifications can be presented as follows :

	Sub	Adv.	Verb	Obj/Compl
1	you	always	talk of	high principles
	you	always	hold out	to us your 'principles' and 'fairness' while cutting
	Your standard practices		are	sacrosanct and famous in dealing with matters referred to you by others
2	But			
	When			
	you		are	the beneficiary,
	your standard	suddenly and swiftly	enlarges	
	fairness		assumes	more favourable definitions.

Thus the hypocrisy which is rampant in our society is very pointedly exposed through the juxtaposition device. The selection of the linguistic choices and their organization are also very subtle. The outward practice in part one is expressed

in three sentences of eleven lines, while the 'private practice' in one sentence of four lines. The juxtaposition of 'always' with reference to 'others', of 'suddenly' and 'swiftly' with reference to 'self' is quite interesting. The subject 'you' has verbs like 'talk' 'hold' in part one, while none in the second part." Standard practices" has complement in part one, while object in part two. These facts heighten the contradictory practices of "you".

This way many more short poems can be analysed to highlight the effective use of the juxtaposition device in Joy's short poems. But the illustrations given above adequately establish the efficacy of this device in making the poems 'concrete' 'distinctive' 'hard-hitting' 'tablets of insight', etc. Joy's every short poem is like an arrow which hits certain ill or evil that vitiates man's life. But like Eklavya he shoots the arrow in such a way that it hits the mark without causing the wound. Joy prefers arrows to the atom bombs for the eradication of ills and evils which squeeze joy out of life. In the developmental process of Indian Poetry in English, Joy will specifically be noted and praised for his short poems. He will also be reckoned as a poet of non-scholarly but plain-poetry-loving public.

September 15, 1989

THE MIRRORS

R. Y. DESHPANDE

There are no mirrors for the sky,
But the unreachable tenuous blue
Is sometimes reflected in the pines;
Sometimes the countryside green
Sways in its rippleless trance;
Sometimes even the starry music
Descends like a summer-cataract
As though the calm ear of creation
Suddenly grew goldenly keen.
Deep within the atom's emptiness
Quivers its hush of ecstasy
As if there lay in the dust of Time
Eternity ringing its silent chime.
The sky is so far away, so high,
So much withdrawn and so very true,
Indeed, it breaks forth in all the signs.

ART AND MORALITY

HIS HIGHNESS JAYACHAMARAJA WADIYAR

Maharaja of Mysore

Indian thinkers have always paid particular attention to the ethical aspect of aesthetics and the relation of art to morality. The greatness of a country or a nation is not to be measured merely by its material achievements. It is really a moral and spiritual quality to be appreciated through a study of the national literature, arts, philosophy and religion. These represent the nation's most developed consciousness and most delicate sensibility. The art of a country derives its inspiration from the people's life and in turn it quickens and enriches that life. Historically Indian art appears about the third millennium B.C. spreading over a vast sub-continent and across several centuries. It has different aspects to it: Music, Drama, Sculpture, Painting and Literature. Yet if we try to see it steadily and see it whole, as Mathew Arnold would want us to view life, it possesses not only an unbroken continuity but also a certain unity in its diverse manifestations.

The art of a people is inspired by certain fundamental motifs. It springs from certain basic ideals. Thus the Egyptians in their Pyramids and Sphinxes tried to reach out to the mysterious and the unknown. Ancient Greece was moved by a naturalism that drew its inspiration from life. The Greek gods and goddesses were idealized men and women, a crystallized perfection of what they aspired to be. Renaissance Art with all its religious themes was an inspiration of the spirit, other-worldly and Godward. All these in a sense represent the race-memory, the race-experience and the race-consciousness. The artist gives a concrete expression to the ideals that move him and the people around him. The designs, the patterns, the symbols, the movements, are the visible forms of the inner urge that demands refined representation.

What then are the Ideals of Indian Art? In a word Indian Art is idealistic, seeking and interpreting the mysteries of natural phenomena. It is not content with copying external features. It

does not hesitate to adopt unusual forms to express transcendental ideas. It goes far beyond imitation of nature. In the West, to use Alexander Pope's revealing expression, "Art is only nature to advantage dressed." It keeps close to nature. But Indian art believes that all that is visible is not necessarily real and tries to penetrate the outer surface and reach the true inner reality of things.

To realize the Infinite, to grasp the reality which is behind all natural phenomena, to read the meaning of what is transitory and elusive has been the aim of the Indian artist through the centuries. Whether he worked in stone, in colour, in musical sounds, or literary symbols he sought always a glimpse of reality, of the essential unity of all existence. To him the universe was merely a manifestation of the Divine Essence.

Reality and Unity are the two motifs of Indian art that give it its distinctive note of idealism, mysticism, symbolism and transcendentalism. Indian art is a search for reality and the ultimate unity of existence. These motifs are worked into the 'Collective consciousness' and issue in the nation's sculpture, music, painting, dance and poetry. Art may even be described as the unique expression of a historic process.

The soil out of which Indian art springs and flourishes is largely religious. It is an endeavour to seek God through a process of self-culture and self-realisation. The Buddha raised the question, what is the solution for the ills that flesh is heir to. Life is futile, suffering is inevitable. We have to break through the bonds of **Karma** and emerge into **Nirvana**, a state of ceasing to be. Through renunciation, contemplation, service and charity to all living beings, the goal can be reached. The heroic figure of the master who himself suffered, so as to know the nature of suffering, and to discover a way out of it, inspired Buddhist art, one of the glories of Indian culture. The Buddha, in the form of a Yogi, meditating under the Bodhi Tree, seeking to be in tune with the Infinite, became a great symbol of Indian art in its various manifestations. The Buddha sits calm, peaceful, unruffled, freed from all worldly passions and desires, raised above all earthly strife and vexation, with eyes that look but within, in perfect union with the Universal Soul. Another familiar theme of the Indian artists is that of creation, to exemplify which they conceived the image of the Dancing Siva,—who executes the dance of creation sending waves of life through inert matter, waves of awakening sound and life-giving breath.

The Indian conception of beauty differs from that which inspired the Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory, the Madonnas of Botticelli and Raphael, the master-pieces of

Michael Angelo and Rembrandt. These are beautiful things, no doubt, pleasing to the eye by the rhythm of line, colour, form, perspective and proportion. Nevertheless, it is a beauty of earthly things, 'beauty clipped' as E. B. Havel puts it. Indian art, on the contrary, takes wings, as it were, and flies into the Empyrean, into the regions of sublime thought and realms of spirituality. Indian art is obviously attempting, to quote Havel again, 'to bring down to earth something of the beauty of things above.'

The essence of Art is **Rasa** which may be translated as Relish or Flavour. A work of art is **Rasavat**, embodying beauty, joy and a feeling of elevation, mystic experience and spiritual satisfaction. Religion and art come close together. They deal with the same kind of activity or experience—an intuition of reality, an intimation of the identity of the individual with the Universe. The spirit of man breaks through the crust of the material environment, and mortal existence. **Rasa** is Truth. **Rasa** is Reality.

It may be asked whether 'reality' exists as an absolute entity, apart from the artist, and as something inherent in the divine order of things. The answer is that it is not personal to him and that he can only catch a glimpse and put it in concrete form for the edification of himself and others. The artist is life, the Noumenon within the phenomenon, the soul that lives encased in matter for the time being. The Indian soul that lives encased in matter for the time being. The Indian artist does not strive after merely physical or earthly beauty. He hitches his waggon to a star. He is after spiritual excellence. He wants to portray, whatever may be his medium, the inner, informing, inspiring, impulse. He calls to his aid, **Yoga**, an intense concentration on the object to be realized, and an identification with it. Thus Valmiki wrote the famous epic of the Ramayana. By means of concentration, he relived in his imagination the story of Sri Rama, caught the spirit of it, and enshrined it in imperishable verse.

Indian aesthetics is known by the name of **Alankara Sas/ra**; and since this branch of the study of aesthetics takes up poetics as its main subject, I am dealing somewhat in detail with the theme of beauty in poetry. The subject matter of **Alankara Sastra** is patterned closely after the subject matter of the Science of Reality (**Brahmavidya**). Indian artistic studies institute a quest after the 'Soul of the Arts.' The term **Kavyam** denotes a poetic composition. In its higher significance it means the soul of the Arts. Take for example the statement of Vamana that 'style is the soul of poetry'. (**Riti ratna Kavyasya: Kavyalankara sutra-vritti**). Style (**Riti**) may be briefly defined thus: In the sphere of the poetic work, the lightness (**lalitya**) of the words produced

by their intermingling with one another, by conjunctions (**Samasa**), by the alternation of long and short (**Dirgha** and **Hrasva**) - the commingling of these diverse elements, is called **riti**. It is this which is called the **Atma** or soul of a work of poetry. In other words a composition not having this commingling of words and ideas is not a poetic work. Anandavardhana declared that the soul of poetry is suggestion (**Dhvani**). Word (**Sabda**), meaning (**Artha**), excellence (**Guna**) decoration or embellishment (**Alankara**), style (**Riti**), absence of defect—all these increase the beauty of a poetic composition. The implied poetic meaning is the heart of the poetic composition. Jagannatha opines that as the conveyor of a beautiful meaning, the word is the soul of a poetic composition.

According to the Indian view, the purpose of Art is to teach delightfully and to lead one to supreme bliss. Therefore the aim of aesthetics is considered to be the same as the aim of the **Vedas**.

The ease with which even the uninitiated in the **Vedas** can achieve the four **purusharthas** (or objects of man's life) **Dharma**, **Artha**, **Kama** and **Moksha** (merit, wealth, enjoyment and liberation) by a knowledge and appreciation of poetry is aptly and truly brought out by Visvanatha in his **Sahityadarpana**. 'As the four kinds of fruit (vis. merit, wealth, enjoyment and liberation) can be attained in a delightful manner through poetry even by ordinary men, the shape of that poetry will now be unfolded.' Visvanatha delights to portray the glory of words. He quotes from Patanjali's **Mahabhashya** which says: He who knows the grammatical use of a word, having understood its full meaning, is capable of realizing his desires in the heavens.

The variety and richness of aesthetic experience is so vast that it is capable of strengthening the spirit of man, of reaffirming his faith in himself. Kalidasa enumerated four important aims of art: (a) Art cause delight to the Gods, and the sages have considered drama to be an attractive offering to them. (b) Art deals with the conduct of man, displays the joys and sorrows of life, which are engendered chiefly by the three **Gunas**—**Sattva**, **Rajas** and **Tamas**—or the qualities of goodness, restlessness and inertia. By displaying the interaction of these forces a great drama could be created. (c) Art brings home to the devotee many types of transcendental pleasure because it displays many **Rasas**. (d) Finally, art is the giver of universal delight. There is nothing else which can delight all types of people—young and old, the joyful, the grief-stricken, the sick and ailing, the hale and hearty—as art does.

We must remember that the purpose of art is to elevate, to uplift. This exaltation, however short and temporary it may be, is but the means to induce in us some moment of delight, which will be an encouragement to discover more deeply what real and lasting pleasure is. Towards that end the appreciation of art is a strong incentive.

The realization of delight from the arts is supposed to be a preliminary stage to the realization of the delight of **Brahman** or the Supreme Being. The relationship of these two kinds of delight is like that of the relationship between the image and its reflection. "In teaching something new to young pupils, it is necessary to make learning attractive to them; one useful device would be to start with something known to them, which though fictitious, is as near as possible to the truth, and then from there to lead them to truth." Similarly **Kavyananda** is something more easily appreciated and realized than **Brahmananda**; through it we can advance to the realization of **Brahman**, and thus proceed from the known to the unknown.

Kavyananda and **Brahmananda** have this in common—they are both transcendental in nature. They are both unalloyed bliss. Their main difference is, that in **Kavyananda**, the realization of bliss is temporary, lasting only until the passing away of the major causes of artistic delight, whereas in **Brahmananda**, the bliss is permanent.

Similarly a close resemblance is suggested between the creative artist and the creator of the universe. Both are artists who create something fresh, interesting, varied and pulsating with life. As the **Kavyaprakasa** puts it: "The creation of the poet is unchecked; it gives unalloyed joy, is not bound by anything, and is replete with the entire emotional gamut by the employment of the sentiments." Therefore it is complete in itself like the creation of the Lord, though we may not go to the length of declaring like Mammata that artistic creation excels the creation of **Brahman**.

It is said that the gifts of the poet and those of the realized soul are the same; both are gifted with **Pratibha** or imagination and cultivate it.

Pratibha or poetic imagination is the real source of artistic creation. It has been stressed by Indian rhetoricians from very early times. However, ideas about imagination were nebulous at first; and the credit of fixing its status goes to Bhamaha. Bhamaha declares that a work of art can be composed only by a man gifted with imagination.

Dandin, his successor, also spoke of **Pratibha** or imagination as the cause of poetic composition in addition to learning and assiduous practice.

But he thought learning and assiduity were enough for poetic creation, a view which represents a retrogression, for many Indian **Alankarikas** do not share it. He makes two important points in regard to **Pratibha**. Firstly that it is the cause of 'Rich Poetry'. Secondly, that this intuitive faculty of imagination called **Pratibha** flows from earlier latent impressions.

Vamana, the next great rhetorician, restores to **Pratibha** its prestige and argues that it is the 'germ of poetry'. He emphasizes the importance and necessity of imagination in poetic creation when he declared that "without imagination a composition cannot be produced and even if produced it would look ridiculous." Rudrata also sees the necessity of imagination in artistic creation. Instead of calling it **Pratibha** he calls it **Sakti**. His contribution in this respect is in dividing **Sakti** or imagination into the 'natural' and the 'acquired'. He is partial to the natural variety and treats the acquired only as next to it.

Mammata also calls imagination by the name **Sakti**. He holds that literary composition is due to three causes: imagination, or **Pratibha** worldly experience and practice, but he emphasizes **Pratibha**. Besides, Mammata declares, like Vamana, that without imagination a composition will not be produced at all; and even if produced, it becomes a prey to ridicule.

Of the later critics, Vagbhata talks of imagination in appreciative terms. So does Rajasekhra. The credit of declaring unambiguously that imagination alone counts in the creation of a literary composition goes to Jagannatha. (*Tasya cha karanam kavigata kevala pratibha.*)

Earlier, Anandavardhana had declared that if a poet had imagination, there would be no limits to his productions of art.

His commentator Abhinavagupta, talks of imagination in the very opening verse of his commentary called **Lochana**. Kshemen-dra thinks that imagination is the ornament of poetry.

How important is the role and concept of imagination can thus be seen. Naturally, ancient aestheticians decided to fix its meaning by offering definitions of the term. The most telling of the definitions is that of Bhattatauta. He said; **Pratibha** is intuitive intellect which visualises and creates things ever anew. (The other definitions offered were but amplifications of this definition of Bhattatauta. Thus Rudrata says that 'it is the flash of ideas in effortless words in a meditative mind.')

Abhinavagupta calls it an intuitive vision, a vision by which the poet sees the truth of the world. In his **Abhinavabhart** he

the poet sees the truth of the world. In his **Abhinavabharati** he says that "it is the wonderful faculty of creation." In another place he defines it as the ability to form new ideas in regard to the subject of description. Mahimabhatta talks of it as "the sudden flash of intuitive intellect which sees the truth of things." Mammata defines it as "the prenatal impulse which is the cause of poetic creation." Jagannatha thinks of it as "the mastery over words and sense necessary for creating poetry" Kshemendra contents himself with quoting Bhattatauta's definition.

I shall next briefly indicate the relationship which exists between imagination **Pratibha** and sentiment **Rasa**, and to describe the role of imagination in the delineation of sentiment. It is the sage Bharata who first proclaims that delineation of sentiment is the end and aim of all artistic creation.

A similar view is held by Anandavardhana. In his support he quotes an earlier view to the effect that "delineation of sentiment is a worthy subject for the consideration of poets. They must ever be alert in the portrayal of sentiments." His commentator Abhinavagupta entirely agrees with him in this respects, for he declares roundly that a "work of art lives because of the sentiment it portrays." Jagannatha Pandita explicitly says that a **Kavya** rich in **Rasadhvani** is the best of literary productions. Abhinavagupta also talks about the excellences of **Rasadhvani**. He says that **Rasa** is suggested by the association of the major, minor and accessory causes which arouse the latent impressions in the reader or the spectator.

Now it is here that imagination steps in. This innate faculty of the poet helps in the proper delineation and association of major causes (**Vibhavas**), minor causes (**Anubhavas**) and accessories or auxiliaries (**Vyabhi:charibhavas**) which alone can produce **Rasa**. It is this aspect of imagination which is contemplated by Abhinavagupta in his opening verse of the **Lochana** where he says: "All hail to literary principles of the poet-critic combination, a principle which manifests an unseen thing without requiring its causes; which enlivens even the dead world by injecting sentiment into it and attracts by the visions of beauty it conjures and the powers of description it dispays."

Imagination thus is the 'suggestive cause' of sentiment. Imagination makes attractive even the dull things of the world by imparting life to them.

From this we can infer that what makes imagination important is the fact it forms part of the world of suggestion; and it always plays the role of 'the suggestor' to bring about the free play of **Rasa** (sentiment- which is the suggested.

Rasa or aesthetic delight is brought about by artistic creation. Now, for this creation, it is imagination which is solely responsible, as Jagannatha puts it.

This is illustrated by the imaginative powers of the first Indian poet Valmiki. The poet saw one of a pair of herons being shot down by a hunter. Valmiki saw the surviving heron piteously. This was his **perceptual experience**. Later, he had the experience transferred to his imagination. This in its turn stirred up within him his instinct of pathos; and in such a moment of intense feeling, he burst out into spontaneous verse. Later he used this poetic urge to write **Ramayana** in which he depicted the sentiment of pathos. All this intended to be conveyed by Anandavardhana in his 'Pathos-verse' or **Soka-sloka** equation.

Pratibha is a faculty which exists both in the poet and also in the man of taste. This is indicated by the term **Sahridaya** applied to the latter. The expression denotes one 'who has a like heart.' Thus imagination which is common to the poet and the reader makes it possible for the latter to relish a composition created by the imagination of the poet. Imagination, thus forms a bridge between the poet and his reader.

Again, the delineation of sentiment depends mainly upon three things—subject, figures and style. Imagination helps a poet in the creation of subject matter. Thus **Malati-Madhavam** is a pure creation of the imaginative mind of Bhavabhuti. As for figures of speech Anandavardhana shows that a poet of imagination need not struggle for suitable figures of speech at all, but that they come to him in a flood, in his imaginative mood.

It has already been pointed out that Jagannatha defines imagination as the ability to use word and sense to make up a composition. Now it is clear from Anandavardhana that a great poet uses words which are suggestive and hence the production of a composition of great delectation. He makes this point very clear in one of his famous pronouncements. "The expressions of great poets streaming with delightful content reveal their extraordinary imagination which is both bright and transcendental."

In this connection we must also take into consideration the concepts of Realism and Idealism developed by the sage Bharata.

It all comes to this, that the function of a poet is not to represent merely things as they are in the world. This would become more **Lokadharmi or realism**. But when a poet by means of his imaginative powers creates a new world, he makes his writings more interesting. This would be turning the world of realism into that of idealism; and this transformation is done by

poetic imagination. Such transformation is the exclusive privilege of the poet. Anandavardhana in this connection draws our attention to a prevailing view that "in the unlimited world of poesy the poet alone is the creator, and the world revolves in the manner he desireth."

Yet another case may be made out to show the close relationship which exists between imagination and sentiment. It was Kshemendra who argued in his **Auchityavichara-charcha** that imagination shines only when it is touched by propriety. But Anandavardhana shows that, when a poet displays great imagination, then, even if he does not observe propriety, the composition shines at its best. He cites here the instance of **Kumarasambhava** of Kalidasa. The poet depicts here the **Sambhoga Srīngara**, the love scenes of God and Goddess—a highly improper thing to do. The imagination displayed by Kalidasa in the **Kumarasambhava** has made the text otherwise objectionable, one of relish.

It is argued by the Indian rhetoricians that imagination always creates the beautiful. And sentiment falls under the category of the beautiful. Rudrata says that by imagination, learning and practice, a poet can avoid the ugly and depict the beautiful. **Pratibha** as responsible for creating a beautiful composition is also referred to by Abhinavagupta in his **Lochana**. He opines here that imagination is the gifted faculty with which a poet creates rare things of beauty.

In conclusion, it may be stated that imagination is the most important cause for poetic composition: which in its turn produces aesthetic delight. We may also state that the relationship which exists between imagination and sentiment is that of cause and effect.

The Indian treatment of sentiment culminates in the view that love is the best of all moods. This sentiment is said to reach the pinnacle of aesthetic experience. In the epics like the **Bhagavata** or in compositions like the **Dravida Prabandha**, the hero-heroine relationship is based on love. This is so developed as to be applicable to God and the devotee. Many of the moods are of the feminine approach and feeling.

In moods of love, God is looked upon as the hero and the devotee as the heroine. Their identity and inseparableness give the essence of that self-surrender and devotion and love that exists between man and woman as husband and wife. According to Rupagoswami, **Bhakti or devotion itself** is a mood greater even than that of **Srīngara**. Krishna is called by his devotee, 'the blazing blue sapphire.' The mere thought of Krishna's blue body brings forth love for Krishna. Here let us note that God

is the supporting excitant, and his devotees the exciting major causes. Tears of joy are the ensuants. **Bhakti rasa** or devotion fills the mind with such joy that even the mood of love cannot match it.

In the traditional Indian view, art can only fulfil itself when it represents God for the godly; otherwise it fails to justify itself. Good men should heed the poetic injunction given in **Vikramorvasiya** that readers should not merely admire metre and rhyme but also honour the good characters and the noble subjects depicted in a drama. Works of art bereft of morality should be rejected.

Again, the establishment of the concept of **Dhvani** (suggestion) leads to the conclusion that all real art is an oblique reference to God, as the repository of beauty, and his activities.

Kalidasa's famous opening verse of the **Raghuvamsa** gives in a nutshell the close connection between word and sound. Kalidasa writes that the relationship between sound and sense is a holy one and is like that which exists between Parvati and Paramesvara.

The Sanskrit language consists of 51 **bijaksharas** (seed letters). **Bija** means seed. And the infinitesimal seed is capable of producing a tree. Thus **bja** by itself properly intoned or by a combination with other **bijas** is capable of giving results undreamt of before. According to Hindu occult science **Dhvani** or **nada** produced by the letters is an outer manifestation of the Supreme Being. By a judicious use and by proper understanding of the results produced by **bijas** a glimpse of the all-highest truth is possible. Truth and beauty are intertwined and intermixed, and so are word and meaning. The understanding of the one leads to the other. Hence the importance attached to **dhvani** or suggestive utterance of words and its role in art.

God is the objective of all Indian art. Take the example of iconography. All those who are devout or interested in art know that in all the temples of India the vast majority of images relate to the depiction of facets of the Godhead and His deeds. It is one of the principal aims of Indian sculpture. In painting it is the same. Ravi Varma, the celebrated painter, felt that painting was the best when it depicted God and His deeds. In the field of Indian music, Thyagaraja, Dikshitar and Purandara-dasa—all sang of God and His glories and His mighty deeds. The best of our temples again reflect the glory of God. Dance and drama besides are chiefly to please the gods. So too the best of literary classics deal with **Dharma**. The celebrated drama of **Prabodhachandrodaya** deals with Vedantic doctrines.

The whole principle of Indian aesthetics can be summed up in one sentence: The worship of beauty is primarily of interest as a worship of God, because beauty is nothing but God;

only secondarily is beauty an attribute of the things of the world. As the Gita says: "Whatever is vast, good, auspicious, mighty understand thou that it exists as a spark of my splendour."

To realise all that is beautiful, all that is wonderful, all that is holy, all that constitutes the vital life as part of God, is to be beautiful, truthful and joyous as Brahman.

Reprinted from Triveni, July, 1966

THE SOFT RUBBER OF YOUR FALSE SMILES

EUGENE D'VAZ

Hand me the soft rubber
of your false smiles.
I will erase all those flower-words
scribbled on these sheets.

The fox crawls through the undergrowth
in the night of happy dreams.
Walls around me giggle and move away.
I have overstayed in Tantalus.

You have driven a stake
into the calyx of every flower.
Hand me the soft rubber
of your false smiles.

Let me dip my quill in blood
and scribble on these sheets
the scorned secrets
coming from the other side of midnight.

BALLAD OF THE BLESSED PARROT

DR. G. SRIRAMA MURTY

(Rendered into English from the original **Mahabharata** in Telugu of Tikkana Somayaji)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE:- The **Mahabharata** of Vyasa is a treasurehouse of timeless wisdom, besides being a mine of poetic excellence. This classic has been rendered into Telugu by the celebrated Trio—Nannaya, Tikkana and Yerrapragada. Nannaya began it in 11th century A.D., Tikkana continued it. Yerrapragada finished it. Of the three, Tikkana's contribution is by far largest, since he had written the bulk of it. Tikkana's style is famous for its native diction, compactness of thought and metrical virtuosity. The following ballad is based on an episode in the first canto in the **Anusasana Parva**, in which Bhishma, the son of Ganga and Santanu, teaches Yudhishtira (Dharmaraja) the values of life and living. Bhishma occupies a unique position in the **Mahabharata** by virtue of his age, title to the throne of Hasthinapur which he abdicated voluntarily for the sake of his father, and profound wisdom. Here in this piece selected, he exhorts by means of a fable, that never should one abandon one's Asraya (base or asylum). Metonymically, Asraya stands for one's Master who gave bed and board in his prosperity but runs through his fortune and falls on evil days. Gratitude is the sheet anchor of nobility of human conduct. The lack of it makes life miserable and tragic. Shakespeare characterises ungratefulness as a devil and cries, "Thou ungratefulness, marble-hearted friend", in his **King Lear**. Fair weather friendship is condemned by Shakespeare in his famous play **As you like It** too. Bhishma emphasises the same value here by holding the steadfast parrot as a model for all mankind. It is wrong to dismiss this moral value as a feudal virtue, because life everywhere and always bears out the truth that loyal men are the salt of the earth. Gratitude is a timeless value which makes life livable and lovable. Bhishma is the fittest person

to give the advice because his own life is a supreme example of it. Bhishma knows that injustice has been done to the Pandavas and that Duryodhana is bound to perish. Yet he stands rock-like by the evil prince to the very end of his life and dies in his service. Gratitude is a value not to be compromised under any circumstances. It is absolute. The ballad aims at conveying the spirit of Tikkana's narrative.

1. "O best of the sons of Kuru
lend me your ear awhile'
said the son of Ganga, the wise
who never was servile.
2. Once in Kasi lived a hunter
who, one day, went a—hunting
Deep in the wood in search of prey
And found a dumb thing
3. Beneath a tree laden with fruit
He found the deer Lurking;
A viscious thought arose in him
And drove him to fling;
4. A poisoned shaft at him to kill,
The arrow hissed but missed
The deer and hit the tree instead
Making it writhe in twist.
5. The poison ate it root and branch
And left it a dying tree;
Birds and beasts sheltered there
Fled away in wildest spree.
6. But a lonely parrot stayed behind
In his hollow small;
Defying rain and shine and gust
He stood a model for all.
7. He clung to the tree in deepest faith
While all had fled for life,
As if to make the mankind say
"Here lies a noble life in rife".
8. Moved by the parrot's noble conduct
Down came Indra God of gods!
Donning human form and speech
And spoke these gracious words.
9. "Tell me, O parrot, great and good,
Why you still cling to the tree,
Now no more than a dry bark
Sans fruit, sans flower, sans bee!

10. There is no dearth of trees in bloom
Surely, in this forest great;
Why do you hang on here
Without leaving it to its fate" ?
11. "How strange you speak, O Lord Indra!
Don't you know what is right ?
It is meek to leave the asylum
As it doesn't serve me right?
12. Ungrateful, they will call me Lord
If I my abode quit;
Where I enjoyed bounty before
Shall I now, sire! shun it?"
13. The God of gods wondered how the bird
Could divine his name
Surely, the blessed bird had accrued
Merit in lives past to claim.
14. "To do you good, it behoves me now
O best of birds" he said
"Ask me a boon; you have it granted
Sooner than you have it said!"
15. The parrot lost no time in asking
For the life of the tree;
Indra Spilled "Amrit" on it
Lo! the tree bloomed in glee
16. "Courting favourites always do
Treat their Lords thus, O king"
Said the son of Ganga, the wise
To Dharmaraj's liking.

RECOLLECTION

INDIRA SANT

(Translated from Marathi by Shrikant Tambe)

O to meet

The whistle of poignant moonlight riding the breeze,
To receive the heart's line in the captivating song.

To be such a recollection of past life
The **dhoon** to vibrate the scorched intimate nature.

ARCHETYPES IN INDIAN LITERATURE

DR. K. CHELLAPPAN

The concept of Indian literature is both very old and very new: it is as old as Bharata and Tolkappiyar, and it is also as modern as Tagore and Subramaniya Bharati. In fact it is better to see Indian literature not as a product, but as a process. But as Niharranjan Ray puts it, "It is easier to talk of Indian music and Indian dance and Indian sculpture than of Indian literature because the basis of Indian music is melody and mood and that of Indian dance is 'the nature and character of the time beat or Tala and of the Bhangas, Thangi and Mudras, that is, bonds, attitudes and hand gestures and therefore their recognition as Indian is almost direct and immediate'".¹ And he adds that it is not possible to achieve in literature the kind of "Indianness" that one finds in Indian music or dance or even in the mainstream of traditional Indian painting or sculpture".² But he himself gives a counter question, "Is there no common denominator or denominators in the different regional literatures of India, apart from the fact of the commonness of their historical origins, that would enable one to recognise them as authentically Indian, a recognition which would be valid as much for Indians as for non-Indians"?³ and answers it in the affirmative. Most scholars would attribute this to the network of myths which contribute to the literature or the reservoir of meaning. "These myths and legends which were the sources of the equally vast storehouse of images and symbols, ideas and concepts, shaped and formed the mind and imagination of our peoples all over the land, by and large, at any rate of the more conscious and articulate ones".⁴ But they were not simply vehicles of conscious meaning, and they have acquired new areas of meaning from time to time and in different places. They are answers to the needs of deepest layers of the collective mind of India and also the metaliterature or the common-code of the entire country.⁵

Northrop Frye breaks literature into narrative and meaning and sees in ritual the origins of narrative and adds that "all the

important recurrences in nature, the day, the phases of the moon, the seasons and solstices of the year, the crises of existence from birth to death, get rituals attached to them and most of the higher religions are equipped with a definitive total body of rituals suggestive, if we may put it so, of the entire range of potentially significant actions in human life".⁶ Patterns of imagery or fragments of significance are oracular in origin and he concludes that "The myth is the central informing power that gives archetypal significance to the ritual and archetypal narrative to the oracle. Hence the myth is the archetype, though it might be convenient to say myth only when referring to narrative, and archetype when speaking of significance".⁷ He further identifies the central myth of literature with the quest myth and its significance and he links it with the dream and sees art "as a resolution of the anti-thesis of light and darkness, the mingling of the sum and the hero, the realising of a world in which the inner desires and the outward circumstances coincide. The hero who is conceived in human likeness and yet has more power over nature builds the vision of an omnipotent personal community beyond an indifferent nature and he contrasts this vision of innocence with the tragic vision.

In the Indian tradition also we have the quest myth as a basic archetype though there are significant differences. Rama's quest for his wife is parallel to the quest for Persephone, or the quest of Adam for Eve, and finally the quest of Christ or God for Man. Rama was both a hero and a god, but the emphasis varies. In Valmiki he is more a hero than a god. As Mythili Kaul puts it, "The focus is on the hero, the man, possessed of immense physical strength coupled with great virtue and wisdom, able to hold his own, if need be, with the gods".⁸ He performs prodigious acts but they are within the human range and he is not free from human foibles either and what matters here is not the divine preordination, but the human choice. In Kamban's version too, the human identity of the hero is still maintained—but the emphasis shifts from military heroism to ethical heroism and Kamban's Rama shows God's coming down to earth and man's reaching God—and both in one figure—and in this process, he has also synthesised the Valmiki tradition with that of the Sangam tradition and **Cilappatikaram**. Sita is linked with Mother Earth and Rama symbolises 'the human values divine' and in Kamban the ethical dimension of the human situation is more important. In Tulasidass on the other hand we see more of a God in Rama, the all-knowing God is free from desire and unlike Valmiki, everything

here is preordained. Mythili Kaul attributes this to the change in the climate of India—the people of his time could not believe in man's prodigious deeds or his ability to overcome the obstacles in the world through his own actions. Only one superior to man could perform such wonders. Accordingly, we find humanistic awe being replaced by divine worship and the hero being transformed into a god".⁹ The tension of choice is lost and if in Valmiki the emphasis is on the heroic, in Tulasidass, the emphasis is on devotion. In Kamban's epic also, Rama represents still love still turning, but in him there is more of choice, and he represents human values as well as acceptance of human obligations. Though Kamban's characters also represent ideals of types of human behaviour they are all human, but whether they are characters fulfilling Western concept of mimesis either like Shakespeare or Sophocles is a different question. Rama represents an ethical norm as well as the aesthetic equilibrium and in Kamban he represents dynamic poise, both ethically and aesthetically. He is an archetype not only because he represents certain quintessential human situations and through him we see how the sub-conscious of the Indian mind trying to cope with them in different ages—thereby he acquires different connotations, a sign acquiring new significations; but also he is the golden mean or the pure experience which is seen through the emotional ripples experienced by other characters, who are also archetypes for certain emotions or situations.

Ravana represents the principle of heroism of a different kind and his imprisoning Sita symbolises the separation of heroism and love—both outwardly and inwardly and if we compare the treatment of this motif with that in the Western epics like *the Iliad* and *the Odyssey* we could see the universality of this motif as well as its uniqueness. Rama's movement is vertical in so far as there is ethical evolution and that is signified by the descent of God; but it is also horizontal which means movement away from Ayodhya and a movement back to Ayodhya. This is parallel to separation of God and the experience of separation by God himself, as well as his reunion with others like Guha, Vibhushna and they find fulfilment in him as he finds sublimation through them. The separation of Asuras from Suras is only based on ethical boundaries in Kamban and the brotherhood which Rama established is based on the principles of equality and fraternity based on devotion on the part of others and compassion on the part of Rama. Probably *The Ramayana* represents three levels of consciousness which are symbolised spatially by Ayodhya, Aranya and Lanka and the

ability to make ethical choice is the most distinguishing feature of the higher order.

Ravana's is a wilful choice of evil and if Rama represents the ability for pure action as well as evolution through sublimation, in Ravana we experience a sense of doom in spite of all his strength. But even Ravana is not simple evil, but evil conceived on a grand, heroic scale and he indulges in evoking magical powers and brutal violence as opposed to the principles and ethical heroism of Rama. In a sense Rama is Self; and Ravana, the Ego, and Sita is the Jeevatma whom Ravana tries to arrest or possess through desire, and her state in Ayodhya (like that of Ruth amidst alien corn) represents the yearning of the soul for the greater soul, just as all the devotees represent the same division and longing for union at another level. Even the evil kingdom also represents only the inversion of this relationship. Ravana represents the human mind clouded by passion and his brother Vibishina represents the ability to distinguish between good and evil as well as obey a higher impulse even in such a situation and even Kumbhakarna is able to perceive God in his own way, but he bows to loyalties of a different kind and such parallelism is there throughout to show the dualism in human nature. In fact even Ravana himself has noble qualities; but after a stage he becomes frozen beyond redemption. He has denied himself the ability to perceive the good and the freedom to change, to grow. In the final sense he is completely isolated and speaks of only "I".

The **Ramayana** puts the emphasis on man's ability to make the moral choice and the characters are placed in a hierarchy based on ethical qualities and even the animals are able to reach the higher level through this capacity. In Kamban there is a reference to a character acquiring ethical values based not on caste but on his adherence to Dharma and that Dharma is described as the ability to distinguish between what is proper and what is not.

The Sita archetype has also acquired various connotations down the ages. If in Valmiki she is archetype of suffering with a mild protest, in Kamban she acquires more of Tamil values—but still she remains true to the basic pattern because she subordinates her role to the sublimation of Rama. She is closer to Mother Earth which accepts her finally. Even in all modern versions of the **Ramayana** and the **Mahabharatha** myth we find Panchali and Sita protesting against the male tyranny and here again we see a Pan—Indian pattern emerging; because simultaneously we hear the protesting voice—in Tamil starting from **Panchali Sapatham** down to Jayakandan's **Sundarakandam** we

find this new version of the old archetype. The modern Sita finds even her husband a Ravana—if he does not have certain characteristics. Ramahood is also more "socialised".

In the Kannaki archetype we find a parallel to this based on the Kotravai-Myth which again tries to subsume the myths of Muruga and Mayoon. Kannaki's tragedy is linked with the fury of Mother Goddess and if **The Ramayana** and **The Mahabharata** deal with the descent of God, **Cilappadikaram** deals with the ascent of Man or Woman. Kannaki is seen as parallel to Sita—and in a sense to Panchali too. Even though they are only contrasted with each other, all the three only represent certain common values and predicaments. All of them suffer through male tyranny, though in Sita it is more obvious only in **Uttara Ramayanam**. Sita is closer to the Egyptian pattern whereas Kannaki is closer to the Sumerian pattern, and in both the Panchali situation and the Kannaki situation we see the evolution of a new socio-economic pattern. Whereas Kovalan's behaviour can be related to the evils of a commercial culture, even in the **Mahabharata** we find woman becoming a property. However, the archetypal significance of Kannaki is not so well recognised as that of Sita and Panchali which could be attributed to the completely human nature of Kannaki. But as we said earlier, the Kannaki archetype has asserted itself through the versions of Sita and Panchali as they were conceived by the Tamil writers, as well as in a number of characters in modern Tamil literature.

The **Mahabharata** provides certain other important archetypes of the Indian psyche—but now seen more realistically. Here again what we find is a historical situation and the human predicament, but brought out with reference to larger forces. If in **The Ramayana**, the fight is between good and external evil, in this epic, as Swami Chidbavananda has put it, "The good and the evil forces are of the same origin"; hence life is seen more in tragic terms, though it goes beyond tragedy also. Pandavas and Kauravas are the contending forces, the former embodying virtue and the latter vice—that means that there is an external inter-warfare in the ethical substance itself and the epic seems to present like as Hegelian strife and justification of conflict and contradiction for the evolution of life. "Seemingly Sri Krishna helps both the parties—the one for emancipation and the other for entanglement and final eradication. What conscience does from within, Krishna did from without; for, conscience and Krishna are one".¹⁰ Krishna represents an impersonal force, and the spirit behind history and Arjuna, the arrow of God and the divine Lila necessitates the complication

through the contradictions in human history. The characters are not models of perfection as Rama was, but they evolve a moral sense and Krishna helps them in this process as well as their fight with evil. Dharma and his associates represent certain psychological features—Dharma represents a kind of frozen virtue and he binds himself and own wife to that code, which seems to necessitate a genuine war—and whose inadequacy is seen not only by Krishna the cosmic law but also by his own brothers and Panchali's voice is that of spirit of life. Arjuna is the archetype of the hero unable to act because of attachments and in Karna we see the tragic hero seeking identity and dying a heroic death because of his very generosity, at the very moment of discovery of identity. The Karna theme is situational as distinguished by Trousson, and in the Indian tradition the **Ramayana** theme is more heroic than situational. Weisstein refers to Trousson's listing Antigone and Oedipus as examples of situational themes because when we hear those names we do not so much think of their bearers as of the events to which their fates are linked." Kunti herself can be compared with Antigone in this respect. The Greek prototypes are more earth-centred than the Indian counterparts because they are not so dependent on divine forgiveness. But we cannot deny Karna polyvalence, as he also provides an image for many modern situations, which are varied.

The basic problem of the **Mahabharatha** is one of jealousy and also the dispute over ownership, and this strangely but linked with woman. It is interesting to see that all the great epics of the East and the West deal with certain basic loyalties and values in collision and the principal themes are possession of land and women. God's intervention is ultimately necessitated by the suffering woman. And Sita's endurance and Panchali's suffering have released only the mythical redeemer in the Indian psyche. If Rama represents God reunited with his feminine counterpart or the soul as embodied or heroism mellowed by human values, Krishna is both cosmic and human. Possibly he is closer to humanity than Rama, but he also needs the human assent or collaboration to fulfill His larger purpose. Here again the wicked characters have martial strength as well as magical power. Dharma represents the humanity though fallible but able to live in harmony with certain principles, when the great force represented by Krishna comes to his help and his brothers represent variations of this archetype. Duryodhana's camp represents the other side and the whole atrocity of his group is based on cunningness and adherence to verbal commitment. The motif of exile and alienation is also there. The

Kurukshetra war is more tragic because it portrays human history in conflict in the Hegelian sense and the need for so much destruction before a new order (or the old order) is established.

To sum up, we saw certain epic characters in Indian literature as archetypes, as they embody certain impulses in the collective unconscious of the Indian mind. They persist in various forms in the various Indian literatures till today, though they have acquired new significances also and there are very interesting new versions of characters in both the epics. These mythical prototypes formulate certain psychic tensions in the Indian culture. First of all even within India, there have been two traditions—the Southern and the Northern but all the time there has been an interpenetration and in Kamban's **The Ramayana** we see a clear synthesis. Now the hero is divine and human simultaneously and this reconciliation of the divine and the human in the Indian tradition is different from the European pattern. We can also see a link between the concept of skill action in all the great Indian epics, **The Ramayana**, **The Mahabharata** and **Cilappatikaram** and the quintessential impersonal drama of the Sangam poems. The dance of Shiva is the most comprehensive image of the Indian concept of action as well as art, of cosmic creation and the creative process.

The relationship between myth and literature in India is more cohesive, because of the Indian concept of reality as Lila, and there is a closer identification of the readers with the characters though they are also seen more as divine beings in the Indian tradition. The characters are also seen not with the same psychological complexity as they are in the Western tradition, and the notion of self and time is different. All these led to a different concept of mimesis and also participation in the artistic experience. The Indian view of art is closer to the Platonic concept of ideas than to the Aristotlian notion of imitation and form and the archetypes in Indian literature, are the ideal forms of human destiny.

Just as there is a persistent pattern in the Western tradition from Oedipus to Hamlet, from Clytemnestra to Nora, from Satan to Macbeth or Raskolnikov, we have a pattern in the Indian tradition representing various conflicts but in the Indian tradition there has been significant variation in continuity in the archetype of Sita. To Anita Desai, a modern Indo-Anglian novelist, Sita is a neurotic character in revolt against the male tyranny, but she also finally accepts the domestic bond. We see the protesting woman in Kalki and Jayakandan also but they also are portrayed as Sakti; whereas, Kalki's Sivakami is seen a still centre of the turning wheel of history, she is also swept away by the same

forces dominated by the male values and finally she finds fulfilment at the feet of God. In Jayakandan too the tendency for revolt is linked with the acceptance of the existing order; Sita in **Sundarakandam** waits for her redeemer and in **Natikai Natakam Parkiral** too, through Kalyani asserts her identity, she serves as a symbol for the psychic equipoise and the soul in conflict with the self. In Bharati woman is the principle of 'revolution and evolution and she is linked with the cosmic power as well as domestic peace. But even in him as well as Bharathidasan the virgin mother archetype persists. The mother and the virgin images dominate the portrayal of woman in modern Indian literature, though we hear more of the unheard voice of the woman in modern Indian literature, the archetypes are the same though the realisations are different.

NOTES

1. Niranjan Ray,
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2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Comparative Indian Literature Problems and Perspectives, **Indian Literature**, Centre for Advanced studies, Simla, 1987.
6. Northrop Frye, 'Archetypes of Literature,' **Twentieth Century Literary Criticism** Ed. David Lodge, (Longman, London,) 1986.
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10. **Facets of Brahman** or the Hindu gods, **Swami Chithavanadh** (Sri. Ramakrishna Tapovanam, Tiruchirapalli) 1985 p. 89.
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RESEARCH SCHOLAR

SAMAL SARBESWAR

Locked in self-exile
and the barricade
of loneliness
he hums
the sad old
tune of life.

injuring his bleary
sickly eyes
and rummaging
his homo-sapien skull
he pours over
a vast disconcerting land
looking for a new horizon
that will at once stun
and illumine the world.

But everything blurs
and diffuses
in the desert of
distraction
only despair gathers
like bubbles of
black blood
in the bargain of
light and enlightenment.

yet, while stumbling
through rugged paths
and writhing as Sissypus
he hopes to crown
his impoverished life
that continually negates
and belies everything.



ON ANCIENT GREEK AND ANCIENT INDIAN DRAMA

(With Special Reference to Dithyramb and Purvaranga)

SESHENDRA SHARMA

1

If the mountain of Olympus was the abode of Greek Gods, the land of Greece was the Olympus of the literary gods. From Homer sometime about 10th century B.C. to Menander in the 3rd century B.C., we have a large heirarchy of illustrious poets as bards and minstrels regaling the Greek people with their lays on heroic deeds in epic measures and as lyricists enchanting them with polished verse overflowing with the wine of love and life. It is said of the *Illiad*, one of the oldest poems known to mankind, that it is "the greatest that ever sounded on the lips of man". After Homer, Hesiod, Sapho, Pindar; then the great tragedians Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and then Aristophanes, and a host of others upto Menander. It is a huge galaxy that planted an immortal civilisation on earth, a civilisation that became later the corner stone of the great edifice of the European Civilisation. Greece flows to this day in the rivers of blood of all the Europeans and their racial off shoots across the seas.

It is the direct echo of the ancient Greek civilisation that we hear today when the English poet T.S. Eliot speaks of "the European mind," or the French Paul Hazard speaks of "Conscience Europeane" or when the English critic Mathew Arnold said, "that the literary criticism must consider Europe as a great confederation of thought and feeling for all intellectual and spiritual purposes."

Civilisations are mainly made by poets who took their art to the masses in the open air. The bard of the epic and the wizard of the stage sowed the sly seeds of change in the minds of their audience turning them into new men as they went back to their homes. It is this that Homer and the dramatic poets of Greece did to their people in those ancient times.

Specially after Homer, 6th century B.C., was the golden century which laid foundations of the Greek drama. Greek tragedy the real core of Greek literature, arose from several mimetic religious rituals performed to the Greek gods and particularly from the ritual at paloponnesus and Attica of mourning and rejoicing over the death and resurrection of Dionysus. It is also said similarly that ancient Indian drama took birth from the Vedic rituals of samvaadas.

The Greek tragedies exerted profound influence on the creative writers of Europe down the centuries. It is seen that shakespeare's tragedy is the child of Greek tragedy. The domination of metaphorical expression in his dialogues, his techniques of philosophizing life, the crucial role of fate, destiny and the illogicality of human life, all are clear marks of the influence of the Greek tragedy.

2

It is a thrill to attempt a comparative study of ancient Greek and Indian dramas despite the numerous dissimilarities between the two. The first significant point is that while to day in Greece, the plays of the times of the greatest heights of drama are available to us, in India the drama available to us is from the time of its decline. Kalidasa with his dearth of action and lack of dramatic thrill represents the Indian drama which deteriorated eventually into readable writing from being a stage play. By then Sanskrit also as a language was passing out of vogue and began to be rather pedantic, losing its living qualities. Only in kalidasa we find Sanskrit rather polished, delicate and supple and has not yet lost its idiomatic expression completely. But in the later dramas like **Mrichhakatikam, Mudraa Rakshasam, Veneesambharam Uttara Ramacharitam** etc. the language is clearly bookish and gives the evidence that it ceased to be living speech which is actually the verbal material to make dialogues in a drama. Kalidasa belongs to 1st century B.C. by which time the mighty river of Greek drama was already reduced to a trickle.

The decline of Indian drama is not only indicated by the symptoms of a trophy appearing in the Sanskrit language but also by another most significant fact that works on aramaturgy ceased to be written after Bharata. Bharata was the last author in long line of such authors who preceeded him and some of whom were referred to by him in his own work. His work Naatyashastra on a closer scrutiny reveals itself as a digest of all the works on dramaturgy that came before Bharata. Later on Bhamaa probably in the first century A. D. for the first time, opened the era of poetics in which all refer

ences to drama are eliminated. In the prefatory Shlokas (verses) Bhāma refers his readers to books of dramaturgy for such material

**“Naatakam shamyadeeni raasakaskandakaadi yat
tadukta mabhinayartham uktonyaisthasya vistarah”**

This indicates clearly the decline of the stage and the beginning of the long poem (shravya kaavyas).

The works of Bhasa have considerable significance in this context. They were not available for centuries and were discovered only in 1912. The authorship of the work is still debated. The Indian scholars hold the view that Bhasa belonged to the 4th century B. C., at which time Greek excellence lay not in literature but in philosophy. That was the period perhaps when Socrates was at his peak. The new comedy perhaps had not yet arrived on the scene.

Bhasa with his superb skill of weaving the plot, creating scenes and improvising extremely interesting dialogues, must have been a very popular playwright commanding vast audiences. Bhasa was referred to with reverence by Kalidasa in the prologue of his **Maalavikāgnimitra** and we also find Bhasa's influence on the plays of Kalidasa. Bhasa can be fairly compared with any of the best Greek playwrights in dramatic skills, though there is a basic difference between his plot, his thinking, his objective and his culture and those of the Greek dramatists.

3

If we can accept Bhasa's date without dispute, we can say that the extant Indian plays are available only from the date of Bhasa. We know nothing of the plays before him. We have only evidence to that there was Indian drama in and around the time of Valmiki's epic **Ramayana**, if not before. The following verse from the Ayodhyakanda (the second book of **Ramayana**) clearly proves this :

“Nata nartaka sanghanaam gaayakaanaam cha

gaayataam

Manahkarnasukhaa vachah sushraava janataa tathah”

The juxtaposition in this verse of the two words “nata”, “narthaka” clearly indicates the different meanings of the two words; “nata” means actor and “narthaka” means dancer. They had “sangha's” i.e., associations which implies profuse theatrical activity. The date of Valmiki could not be fixed with any precision. It was only left as any time before 5th century B. C. This may be prior to Homer or after Homer's time also, is perhaps in the same plight.

Not only Ramayana but also Panini the renowned grammarian provides clear evidence of ancient Indian drama. His Sutra :

“Paaraashārya shilāalibhyaam bhikshu natasutrayoh”

refers to the rules of dramatic action (4-3-110) laid down by the authors paaraasharya and Shilāali. There is another textual variant according to which Krishashvin is there in the place of paaraasharya and shilcali Existence of rules of dramatic action unquestionably implies the existence of fully developed activity of stagecraft. Panini according to Indian scholars belongs to 7th century B. C. Similary Patanjali of 3rd century B. C. in his commentary on Ashtaadhaayi called Mahaabhashya referred to two plays “kamsavadha” and “Balibandha”

Bharata's Natya-shastra of 2nd century B. C., also plays crucial role in determining the antiquity of Indian drama. Natyashastra lays down elaborate rules for music, dance and drama. It is a huge compendium of 5,000 verses in 36 Chapters. Bhaavaprakasa says that it had once 12,000 and in later times it dwindled to 6,000 shlokas. Bharata's Naatyashastra cannot be equated with the slim volume of Aristotles Poetics. Bharata's Natyashastra is held to be an agglomeration of numerous works on dramatury over centuries that came before Bharata and which Bharata redacted and rearranged systematically. This also shows that Indian drama existed many centuries before Bharata.

In this context we have to consider another important aspect. India is a continent like Europe with many languages, literatures, regions and cultures. In the ancient days Sanskrit was disliked by many people speaking the regional languages. These regions in those days of yore were separately called countries, the people of Laata country hated Sanskrit. Rajashekhara, the author of **Kaavya Mimaansa** says :

“Pathanti Latabham Laataah praakritam samskrita dwishah

jihvayaa Lalithollassa labdhasaundarya mudraya”

So it is reasonable to presume that all those numerous people of india who disliked Sanskrit and developed their own literatures in their own dialects must have certainly produced innumerable stageplays. It is said by scholars that the volume of Prakrit literature is far more enormous than that of the Sanskrit and much of it has become either extinct or remains in palm leaf manuscripts unexposed to light. **Paumachariya, Dashmuhavaho, Budha Katha, Harivijaya** etc., all probably belonging to hoary times before 8th century A.D. still lie in darkness.

Keeping all this in view it can only be said that the Indian drama is perhaps more Ancient than the Greek drama but the extant Works in Sanskrit are available only from the times of its decadence.

This situation operates as a basic handicap in our attempt at a comparative study of the Greek and Indian dramas. Still an attempt is made here to study the basic features of the two dramas

4

The Greek drama opens with a prologue, a short scene in which a single character introduces to the audience the dramatic situation. Then the Chorus enters the orchestra, singing and dancing to suit the situation. The role of the Chorus in the Greek drama is perhaps equivalent to the role of the poet in the epic. The Chorus comments on the action and the play and also seeks to reflect the opinion of the audience. The Chorus stays throughout the play interjecting now and again to perform such role and impart continuity to the narrative element of the play.

At this stage if we look at the ancient Indian drama we are told there was what is called "poorva ranga" before the commencement of the play. It was performed on the stage behind the curtain. It consists of "pratyaahaara" "avatarana" "aarambha" and "aashraavana". The first phase is a drum-beat to announce the performance, the second is to spread a carpet for the orchestra and then the singers and musicians take their respective places, after that the singers test their voices and musicians tune their instruments and then come the dancers. They practise their steps to the instrumental concert that follows. Then a song follows invoking the gods, and the Tandava is performed. The Sutradhara, the leader or manager of the stage instals the banner of Indra, the God of Heaven. The banner is called "jarjara" which was considered by some as "Vighnesh wara", the God to be propitiated to overcome any impediments in the way of performing the drama. This is followed by praise to the gods called "Lok Paalaas" (later called "Dikpaalaas" in the Indian mythology.) Then homage is paid to the banner, and then starts the "naandi", a benedictory verse and then more dances and other intricate rituals follow. After that, the Sutradhara comes outside the curtain onto the stage before the audience. He enters into a dialogue with another actor or actress and introduces the poet, the drama and describes the season and so on.

The poorvaranga' given above is based on its description in Bharata's "Natyashastra". Since it is performed behind the curtain it is not meant for the audience, In the Greek drama there

is nothing that corresponds to the "Poorvaranga". There the drama opens with a prologue which corresponds to the scene in the Indian drama where the Sutradhara comes outside the curtain and introduces to the audience, the drama, the poet and the season. This is called "Prasthavana".

I am inclined to believe that there must have been some such things as the Indian "poorvaranga" in the Greek drama also before the commencement of the Greek drama in the ancient times. In all probability it maybe the "dithyramb". Dithyramb is a hymn sung in praise of Dionysus, the presiding deity of drama. Dithyramb is therefore a religious ritual in dance and music performed by the Chorus. The ritual of "poorvaranga" roughly resembles this. Perhaps after existing before the Greek tragedy for sometime, it might have been eliminated from the drama in the 5th century B.C. with the emergence of the plays of Aeschylus. Of course, this may require deeper study.

5

The Indian "poorvaranga" itself appears to have undergone some changes before it eventually vanished altogether. Though Bharata's "Natyashastra" tells us that Sutradhara performs the poorvaranga, Dasharoopaka of the 10th century A.D. which is the only work that discussed dramaturgy after Bharata, tells us that Pooravaranga is performed by Kushilavaas. This is a significant point. Kushilava, a word of singular number, masculine gender, means at the same time a bard, an actor, a dancer, a singer. The several meanings obviously indicate the stages of the evolution of the word in terms of the sense in which it came to be applied over a long period of time. Here I believe Dasharoopaka is not describing what Poorvaranga was during its own times but it was describing what Poorvanga was during the ancient times, including the times of Bharata. The fabric and the production of "Natyashastra" being what they are, it is more likely that in the place of Sutradhara in the "Natyashastra" before Naandi the word Kusheelava should have been there and in the later times others might have replaced the word Kusheelava with the word Sutradhara, because by that time performance of Poorvaranga might have become outdated and must have been reduced to a brief formality. I give here the quotations from Dasharoopaka:

**"Yannaatya vastunah poorvam ranga vighnopa shantaye
Kusheelavaah prakurvanti purvarangah sa uchyate"**

It may also be likely that the word Sutradhara must have displaced the word "Kusheelavah" prior to 14th century A.D.

because "Sahitya Darpana" of the 14th century A.D. mentions as follows:

"Purvarangam vidhasyaiva sutradhaaro nivartate" (283)

In the course of its existence "Poorvaranga" might have reached a penultimate state when it was used also for introducing the dramatic situation to the audience. It might be the stage, when "poorvaranga" upto its Indra ritual came to be considered as superfluous and "Naandi" began to be considered as the proper beginning of a drama. This may be sometime about 8th century A.D. Maagha of that century says in his poem "Shishupaalavadha" (2-8).

"Purvarangah prasangaaya naatakiyasya vastunah"

(poorvaranga is for introduction of the theme of the drama)

6

It is useful to note here that the worship of Indra by common folks was popular in the ancient times as can be seen from the episode of Krishna's tribe worshipping Indra traditionally.... Drama was meant for a mixed audience including ordinary folks. Therefore, it naturally commenced with the propitiation of God Indra who was also at that time the head of the pantheon of gods. In that case "naandi", also a prayer to propitiate the gods in the Poorvaranga of Bharata's description is obviously a repetition or redundancy. That too, the God prayed to in the "naandi" is a lesser God, usually Shiva. Shiva was nowhere in the Rigveda or Rigvedic times when Indra alone was omnipotent and omniscient. The gods are symbolised and represented by their flags. Makara dhawaja, Garuda dhawaja, Vrishabha Dhawaja, etc. So the ritual here is the installation of Indra's flag Jarajara and worshipping it.

It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that "naandi" a prayer to another God of a lesser position could not have been existing simultaneously with the ritual of Indra and also commanding greater attention of the audiences as extant plays indicate. It must have been grafted into "poorvaranga" in later times when the supremacy of Indra in the pantheon of Indian mythology declined and other gods like Vishnu, Shiva, Brahma, etc., gained ascendancy, relegating Indra to a subordinate position. This must be the period after Upanishads and the early part of the puranic period.

It is interesting to note that during and before the 8th century A.D. to which Bhatta Narayana belongs, the word "kusheelavah" came to settle down finally to mean "singer" from the times of Kalidasa. In his **Maalavikaagnimitram** Kalidasa says :

**"Tat sarve kusheelavaah sangeeta prayogena
Matsameehita sampaadanaaya Pravartantaam "**

12)

Shudraka perhaps of the 6th century A.D. in his "Mritchhakatikam"
**" aye, shoonyeyam asmat sangeeta shaalaa
 kwa nu gathaah kusheelavaah bhavishyanthi "**
 Bhatta Narayana in his "Veneesamhaara"

" Tat kim iti naarambhayasi kusheelavaih saha sangeetham"

The Indian poorvaranga changed in three stages. Firstly 'kusheelava' was replaced by sutradhara to perform the ritual of 'ndra Dhawaja (i.e. Jarjara). Secondly "naandi" was introduced at the end of the "poorvaranga" perhaps simultaneously with the Sutradhara and thirdly the purpose of "poorvaranga" was itself changed to 'prastaavana' (introducing the drama) from ritual, the original purpose. This is of great significance in the course of the evolution of ancient Indian drama.

7

However it can be generally inferred from the above discussion that the early Indian drama might be more or less similar to the early Greek drama, especially in its being an aesthetic amalgamation of song, dance and drama. Such a form of early Indian drama must have been popular in its times and therefore must have entered into poems as a metaphor. For example, I have accidentally tread upon the golden mine of a shloka of Valmiki which gives the picture of the early Indian drama :

**" Kokilaakula sannaadaih nartayanniva paadapaih
 Shaila kandara nishkraanthah prageeta iva maaruthah "**

(Kishkindha, 4th Book)

This verse has in the first instance its normal verbal meaning to say that, to the song of the cuckoos the trees are made to dance by the wind which blows out of the mountain caves, it also sings aloud. But the verse has a suggestive meaning not seen by Valmiki's commentators. The suggestion is that the mountain cave here is "nepathya" the green room of the theatre. Having come out of the room the manager or the leader of the players has ordered the singers to sing and to such singing the dancers were ordered to dance while the leader himself also was singing aloud. The singers are indicated by the cuckoo and the dancers by the trees and the wind coming out of the caves indicates the leader of the players. is this not a chorus? The figure of speech in this verse is 'samaasokti'. 'Chandraloka' a work on poetics (dating back to 10th century A.D.) gives its definition as follows :

"Samaasokti parisphurthih prastute Prastutasya chet".

I am inclined to think by this verse that the ancient Indian plays also had a chorus like interjections at least in the prelimi-

nary stage of development of the play. Symptoms of it are still available in the folk theatre. However it is difficult to visualise the early Indian play in greater detail with the help of the above verse.

8

Now resuming the comparative study. After the Chorus the episode opens, that means the play starts. In the Greek drama the thread of narration of the theme is represented by a series of episodes interspersed by 'stasima'. Occasionally the "commus" a lyric passage sung by an actor or actors together with the chorus will occur. The play proceeds by an alternation of episodes and "stasima" leading ultimately to "Exodus" the finale of the play. The five parts of the Greek drama - mainly prologue, parodos, episode, stasima and exodus roughly correspond to the "Pancha Sandhi's" through which the Indian drama progresses upto its denouement.

However while the first two parts of the Greek - drama the prologue and parados are not directly connected to the dramatic plot and are only introductory scenes, all the five "sandhis" of the Indian drama are connected exclusively to the dramatic plot and are devised only as a technique to develop the plot in such a way that it holds the interest of the audience.

I have to say one word on the Greek prologue before I pass on to the next point. The Greek prologue merely gives a short introduction of the dramatic situation of the drama going to be staged, whereas the Indian prologue called prastaavana (performed by Sutradhara or Sthaapaka) not only introduces the dramatic situation but first introduces the poet, play and lastly the season.

9

There is another fundamental difference between the composing of the Greek drama and that of the Indian drama of ancient times. All the several parts of the Greek drama from prologue to Exodus are metrical compositions. They are all in 'strophe', 'antistrophe' the pairs followed by an "epode" with occasional use of repeated refrains. The speech is also in "anapests" accompanied by a simple melody and chanted rather than spoken. It is this that came to be inherited by the European plays of mediæval times upto Shakespeare. Thus the Greek drama is a pure metrical composition.

The Indian drama on the other hand is composed of purely prose dialogues with a sparse interspersion of verse. The drama mainly depends on prose rather than verse.

The difference operated favourably in the case of the Greek drama in its survival over centuries of time, whereas the Indian drama composed in non-metrical and plain prose dialogues, crumbled being subject to changes each time it was either copied or declaimed and ultimately not being amenable to memory, being prose, the Indian drama tended to decay and disuse with the flux of time.

The Greek drama was for the sophisticated sections of people who were already fed and cultured upon the recitations of Homer, Hesiod, Sappho and others. The domination of the metaphorical expression and the chosen language in the Greek drama is beyond the ken of understanding of the common people. 'The language of 'Attic Tragedy' was not the usual language of its audience'', observes Anne Pippin Barnet, prof. of Classics, University of Chicago in her preface to her translation of I on by Euripides.

The Indian drama on the other hand, contrary to the opinion of some scholars, was always aimed at reaching the masses. There were two reasons for this. There was a trend after the Upanishadic period to take knowledge to the common people for which purpose huge projects like writing Puranas and commentaries were undertaken employing simple language and lucid expression. It was only in this direction that the ancient Indian literature also was motivated. (It is also for the same reason that the drama was considered the best of all the literary genres.)

Though sophisticated poems like "Kirithaarjuneevam" and "Sishupaalavadha" appeared, the ideal writing was considered to be only the epic style of "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata" which realised all the grandeur of the art in their simple and most translucent words. The Indian drama was exactly born in this milieu. So the Indian drama not only adopted prose for its dialogues but it also adopted several dialects and corrupt languages for the speech of such characters which represented the lower classes of society, who are not supposed to be learned and who speak not Sanskrit, but several dialects which are uneducated tongues. The authors of Indian dramaturgy also framed their rules accordingly laying down principles of speech of various characters depending on their social positions. For example in "Sahitya Darpana" it is laid down as follows:

"Purushaanaam aneechaanam sankritam syaath krithaathmaanam

**Sauraseneey prayokthavya thaadrishaanam cha yoshithaam
Athrokthaa maagadhee bhashaa raajaanthahpura charineem
Praachyaa vidooshakaadenaam dhoorthaanaam syaathavantki-
kaa"**

Dandi, a very early author of poetics in his "Kavyadharsa" dividing Indian literature on the basis of literary genres and the languages to be used in them, lays down:

**"Samskritam sargabandhaadi praakritham skandakaadi yath
Osaraadirapabhramso naatakaadi thu misramam"**

(The epic has to be written only in Sanskrit; genres like "skandaka" have to be written in Prakrit; osara in Apabhramsa languages.)

"Natyashastra" of Bharata the, oldest work available on dramaturgy enjoins on playwrights that they should not use the same language for all characters in a drama.

In fact a Sanskrit drama, strictly speaking, need not be called a Sanskrit drama, because of the bulk of dialects used in a given Sanskrit drama is generally more than the bulk of Sanskrit used. In the famous "Mritchakatika", seven Prakrit dialects are used besides Sanskrit.

10

It was suggested that the Indian drama was born out of the Greek drama. In support of this theory many similarities between the Greek and the Indian dramas were pointed out by wellknown scholars like Dr. Weber and Dr. Windsitch. But on a closer scrutiny the theory fizzles out. The similarities are universal features in a drama, given similar human situations.

The other point discussed time and again regarding the word "Yavanika" was picked up by some scholars to show that Yavana means Greek, and Yavanika (meaning the stage curtain) is derivative of Yavana and therefore Indian drama was evolved from the Greek drama. The theory is not only erroneous but ridiculous because there is no curtain in the Greek drama and also there is no word "yavanika" in Sanskrit language. There is Yavani meaning Greek woman.

"Yavane navaneetha komalaangee" (Jagannatha)

Yavani can be turned into Yavanika by adding "ka pratyaya" but the meaning will be Greek maiden instead of a woman. But the point to note is there is no such word as Yavanika in Sanskrit which means "curtain".

However the passage "Javanikaanantharam" occurs in "Karpooira Manjari", a Prakrit drama by Rajashekhara of 9th century A.D. The word "javanika" here means curtain and it is a Sanskrit word. The old Sanskrit dictionary "Amarkosh" gives the set of synonyms as follows :

"Prathiseeraa javanikaa syaath thiraskaranee cha saa mathaa"
(2/3/132)

Its etymology is given as "javena vegena prathirodhana masthi asyaam". This is reinforced by the usage in Bhartrihari

"Narah samsaaraanthe visathi yama dhaanee javanikaam"

The best piece of evidence, the one that clinches the issue is the 50th sloka of Mayura's "surya satakam" - "praathassailaagra, rangae rajani javanikaapaaya samlakshya Laxmeeh . . .". Mayura belongs to the 7th century A.D (ie. earlier to Rajasekhara).

Since the word was seen in the Prakrit play "Kapoorā Manjari" it was mistaken to be a Prakrit word and then it was margined that its original should be "yavanika". This is obviously a gross mistake.

Indian drama and Greek drama originated and developed independently. Human life is of universal nature despite its regional peculiarities. Human wisdom can perceive the universal truth which is hidden behind the shrubbery of local variations.

In the end it may have to be said that the "Greek Tragedy" is the only peak achievement of mankind now remaining with us as a beacon of light in the world of literature.

HUMAN ASSOCIATIONS

IFTIKHAR HUSAIN RIZVI

Human associations

In a train compartment

Lend wings to the fancy.

It soars and sails in the sky

Of surmise about others.

Topics crop and bloom and change.

Prospective marital relationships

Take birth in the minds

Of discussing parties.

Education, children, post and town

Are artfully expressed, carefully marked.

The girl's mother beams with joy

To think of the would-be groom.

The bubble explodes :

The parties belong to different castes.

QUO VADIS

PHANIBHUSHAN

Where goest thou
is it for pilgrimage or
as traveller you roam
A royal tourist—are you
a king in disguise or —
maybe, to conquer the world you ride.

How far you desire to go and
(tell me if you please)
where lies your destination ?

Do you know and are you sure that
after this conquering trip
you would not desire, yet, anything more.
Maybe you do not know.

After this battle is won or victories gained
as you come back home
the real battle starts and within you
Your greatest foe, your enemy the invincible one
is your Self.

Tallest like the Supreme Lord
all powerful like your fate — and
you are the timid rival of yourself.

Where goest thou
where does your temple lie
or your throne ?



BOOK REVIEWS

THE PRESENCE OF SIVA : By Stella Kramrisch. Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi - 7. Price : Rs. 225.

Who is Siva really? There are conflicting legends and stories of his doings. Scriptures, mythological accounts, spiritual experience give different versions of this God who is reputedly a great destroyer. And yet the Veda lauds him as the supreme Healer. Is the Siva of the Puranas different from the Siva of the Tantras? The author, who is well-known for her researches in Indian Temple Architecture, Art and Sculpture, applies herself to a thorough exploration of the rise and development of the concept of Siva right from the Vedic—even pre-Vedic—origins. Of course the Name differs from age to age, from people to people. There is even a development of the figure of the Almighty from the original "Wild Hunter" who confronts Prajapati on the eve of his adventure of creation, to the "Hound of Heaven", to the Cosmic Dancer who combines the rush of movement with immutable calm in his being, to the Healer of disease—not the physical only. The author narrates in detail the evolution of this Master-Vision of the Indian Spirit, delving into the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Brahmanas, the Puranas, astronomical texts, the epics. The documentation is accurate and scholarly. She warns: "The myths of Siva have many levels. They have to be entered all at the same time, or else the total, multiple perspective of each is lost sight of. Crazy beggar, saviour, necrophiliac, voluptuary, ascetic, he is wholly on the plane where he acts, while on another plane he is Sadasiva, the eternal Siva, who lays out his presence in his five faces of which the fifth, invisible in principle, is part of the Panchamukha Linga, Siva's concrete, monumental symbol." P. 428.)

Illustrated with 32 plates and a special chapter on the Cave of Siva at Elephanta, this volume is more than a scholarly treatise; it is a Siva-Experience.

M. P. Pandit

INDIA'S INTELLECTUAL TRADITIONS: Ed. Daya Krishna. Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi - 7. Price : Rs. 75.

Arising from a seminar at Jaipur to examine the relevance of India's intellectual traditions in different fields, these learned papers relate to **Arthasastra**, **Natya** and **Manusmriti** (mainly). As the sponsors point out, there is a general recognition of India's traditions in the quest of the Spirit and Arts but very little is known of the original thinking that has gone into intellectual pursuits. The writers of these papers underline the deep perceptions of the Indian mind in these lines of enquiry, e.g., Drama, Rasa, Dhvani, Jurisprudence, Sociology. The discussion is scholarly and takes into account the developments in the West in these fields, dating from Aristotle, Plato, Aquinas and others.

Patankar analyses Madhusudan Sarasvati's **Bhaktirasayana** in order to ascertain the relation between Bhaktiyoga and Bhakti-rasa, between Bhakti and Kevaladvaita in his treatment. Incidentally a distinction is drawn between the rasa of the Upanishads and the rasa as elaborated by Bharata. (P. 187)

K.J. Shah's discussion on the concept of **rasa** is exhaustive and it includes the question—how far a work of art needs to have a moral lesson. As one would expect, Dr. Krishnamoorthy's paper on Dhvani is brilliant. He observes: "The Dhvani theory is a sound aesthetic principle to explain beauty not only in poetry whose raw material is language, but also other arts like music, painting, sculpture. No other theory in India is as comprehensive as Dhvani." (P. 155)

The papers on **Natya Sastra** are stimulating. Manu's conceptions of man and society are shown to have a perennial relevance to sociological thought. One hopes more such studies will follow.

M. P. Pandit

MAN'S ORIGIN AND DESTINY: S.V. Ganapati, Kalakshetra Publications, Madras - 600 041. Price : Rs. 20.

Sri S.V. Ganapati's book **Man's Origin and Destiny** makes an absorbing reading. The author tries to explain man's origin and destiny from an angle entirely different from that of modern science. Not that the author undervalues science and its achievements, but that science cannot find right solutions for the eternal problems of life and death since it is on the wrong track **ab ovo**. The right clue is to be found in the Vedas. But Vedic views, alas, are ignored or misinterpreted by some of our saints and sages. The author is bold enough to challenge some of the

traditional ideas firmly entrenched in Hindu Philosophy for centuries together. The author explains the aim of his book as follows, in his preface to the book. "This little work was undertaken because of many refreshingly new ideas having come to light from the ancient Vedas". "The concept of the Vedas is that ideas alone constitute knowledge and give rise to every kind of activity in the universe and its creatures. Ideas rule the world. Everything in the world is a form of ideas. All radiation, light, heat, sound, electricity or magnetism and all matter are forms of ideas. Ideas can explain about the matter; but matter cannot explain about the ideas. The purpose of their co-ordination in existence is explained in this book." It is, indeed, a thought-provoking book, which shakes off our complacent attitudes towards cosmic and microcosmic problems, based on an all-efficient science. In the absence of documentation and rigorous logical treatment (deductive though it be) of the subjects, the book is no more than a bunch of respectable opinions, all assorted. Nonetheless, the book is most welcome.

Dr. G. Srirama Murty

HEADING EAST AND CRACKING UP: By Donald T. Nigli. Writers Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta - 45. Price: Rs. 40.

There used to be a group of poets in England called "Sons of Ben"; today we have in India some poets whom we may call "Sons of Eliot". Donald T. Nigli is one among them. His latest volume of poetry **Heading East and Cracking up** consists of two parts. Each part is ably introduced by Prof. Eugene D'vaz and Prof. S. Albert, respectively, to help the average reader to grasp the poems in their correct perspective. The first part in which the poet attempts to give a graph of man's physical growth and spiritual decline seems to be an artefact. The Bible, The Bhagavatgita, The Tirukkural, Shakespeare and Milton, American pop songs and Wordsworth, T.S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas, mix and mingle in the poems giving it an admirable texture a la the **Wasteland**. The image of a spiritual journey towards the final inertia is also there.

The poet's use of vernacular Tirukkulam is interesting. To call the body "the embodied self within the city with nine gates" is a typical Indianism. But to explain "Sahasrara" as the "soft part on the child's head" does not appear to be accurate. "Sahasrara" is a **Chakra**. It is not a physical reality, whereas the **Brahma Randhra** (the hole of Brahma) is a part of the anatomy of a child. The reference is to **Brahma Randhra**, not to **Sahasrara**.

The second part is poetry in the raw as Prof. S. Albert explains in his foreword. Albeit, it is also difficult as the experience, though authentic, gets frozen under stylistics. However, it is indeed a pleasure to read poems like **Reminiscences of a High School Boy/Girl contemplating a teacher. The Tale of a Tramp, Autopsy and Cracking up.**

Dr. G. Srirama Murty

KENA UPANISHAD :- By Sri Aurobindo. Sri Aurobindo Ashramam, Pondicherry. Price not mentioned.

This slender volume throws a flood of light on the Kena Upanishad. What is the propelling force behind the workings of the mind, life force (Prana) word, and sight etc., is the main question raised by this Upanishad which also answers 'that there is such a greater existence behind, which is to the mind and its instruments, to the life force and its workings and gods, what they are to the material world'. It is mind to the mind etc., Sri Aurobindo explains in separate chapters on a rational and scientific basis how that supreme is mid to the mind etc. Conclusions arrived at in the Kena and Isha Upanishads are compared. Significance of words "Patati" etc., in the sentence "**Kena inshitam patati manes**", is explained for the first time on a scientific and psychological basis (P. 108). Similarly discourses on the meanings of the words **Samjnani, Prajnana and Ajnana, Vidmati and Vijanimch, Akshitam Sravati and Yuktah** are noteworthy. A statement, "the Vedic use of the Mantra is only a conscious utilisation of the secret power of the word" is explained in detail (P. 34). He proclaims that the Upanishads are "not the record of ideas, but are a record of experiences." (P-108).

According to Sri Aurobindo, "the Upanishad does not assert the unreality, but only the inferiority of our present existence." An incomplete commentary is reproduced in the appendix, and the second chapter therein must be studied for a proper and scientific understanding of this Upanishad. This review cannot do full justice to the work. It is only to be read to be enjoyed and enlightened.

B. Kutumba Rao

LETTERS OF WISDOM TO VASANTI RAO : By B. Sanjiva Rao. Dipti Publications, Pondicherry : Price. Rs. 30.

This book is an edited collection of letters covering a period of seven years (1958-1965). The writer, B. Sanjiva Rao (d. 1965) was the second of the four Benegal brothers, all of whom achieved

distinction in their respective spheres of life. Sanjiva Rao gave his whole life to the cause of education in India. Early in his career, when he was a lecturer at the Central Hindu College, Benaras, he fell under the spell of Annie Besant, who encouraged him to devote himself to education. He was invited to join the Indian Educational Service and held several distinguished positions during his long innings. But his greatest contribution was the foundation of the Rajghat School at Benaras, which he established at the behest of J. Krishnamurti. He served this institution for thirty years, almost single-handedly ensuring its success despite enormous difficulties. The recipient of the letters, Ms. Vasanti Rao is a long-standing **sadhika** and resident of Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

These letters present a most remarkable record of a spiritual life in practice. This is the first time that the story of how the Rajghat school was established has been made known to the public. It is a truly marvellous story of the mysterious workings of higher powers in human life. It is a story of how action should be performed if it is to bear fruit. In the process we also get very valuable insights into one of the outstanding personalities of this century, Annie Besant, and also a memorable picture of Krishnamurti. This book, however, is most valuable as a spiritual record. The author has distilled in it the kernel of his experience of life.

The true value of such a book is better experienced than described or analysed. Ms Vasanti Rao, the sponsor, and the publisher of the book deserves our thanks for placing before us such a record. A book like this can change one's life; and if one's life has already been changed, it can confirm one's faith.

Dr. Makarand Paranjape

ECONOMICS NATURAL OR INTEGRAL ECONOMICS: By J.N. Mukherjee. Sri Aurobindo Books Distribution Agency, Pondicherry - 605 002. Price: Rs. 75.

Man's proclivity for material comforts, together with low level of ecological awareness, has led to a cataclysmic crisis in the form of fast depletion of scarce natural resources. In their anxiety to achieve a high rate of economic growth, modern societies are paying scant attention to ecology resulting in misuse and devastation of land; squandering and depletion of non-renewal resources like petroleum and minerals and disruption of ecological balance. Capricious exploitation of natural resources has smudged the quality of life, particularly in developed countries. A high rate of economic growth has only increased

the incidence of poverty and inequality in a climate of exploitation.

Technology is an instrument which has to be handled carefully. It should be essentially self-supporting, should minimise wastage and should make maximum possible use of renewable materials.

It is not possible to build a viable economy out of imposed concessions and subsidies. The anti-poverty schemes and other populist programmes cannot provide any permanent panacea to the poor. On the other hand, they may prove to be burdensome, and even counter-productive, in the long run. Hence, the author has advanced a case against the concessional system.

The message of the book is very clear: the integration of economics with ecology is possible only when man gives up conspicuous consumption and wasteful expenditure and learns to live with nature. There is a kernel of truth in the author's statement, "Economy and ecology should be closely integrated, one in tune with the other, one to promote the other."

The four appendices of the book contain a methodology to integrate ecology with economic development. This work will be read with considerable interest by all those who are paying attention to the ecological dimensions and high social costs of economic development.

Dr. I. Satya Sundaram

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF KANDUKURI VEERESALINGAM: (A Study in Political Thought): By Major P.A. Raju, 34 Service Selection Board, Selection Centre East, Allahabad. Price: Rs. 90.

Mr. P.A. Raju, the author of the book, at present holds the rank of a Major in the Army Educational Corps, and evinces, as is evident from his avidity for acquiring academic degrees, (he holds two M.A. Degrees and a doctorate) a keen interest in pursuit of educational topics and writing about them in his own way. The present work was the dissertation he had submitted to the Marathwada University for his doctorate.

Kandukuri Veeresalingam Pantulu, the redoubtable champion of social reform in Andhra and an outstanding literature of a high order, has been hailed as the Father of Renaissance in this part of the country, as Ram Mohan Roy of the South (it was Mahadeva Govinda Ranade who paid this compliment) and the first investigative journalist in Telugu, who wielded his pen as sword not only to lop off blind superstitions and evil social practices of those days, but to put down corruption in high places and civic life, with a heavy hand and uncompromising severity and rectitude.

Like Agarkar in Maharashtra, Viresalingam concentrated more on social reform and regeneration, the pressing and urgent needs of the day, than turning his attention to political emancipation of the country from the foreign yoke (it is interesting to note that he attended the First Indian National Congress Session as a delegate). Mr. Raju delved deep into the writings of Viresalingam and others who wrote about him and his mission in life, and produced a volume with valuable source material packed into it under several heads and chapters. Mr. Raju concludes, on the basis of his persevering study and painstaking research, that Viresalingam was a liberal in Politics, with a steadfast adherence to dignity of the individual, freedom of conscience, and to human values,—a utilitarian in practical life, an opposer of revivalism in religion and ritualism, and a nationalist with a difference. Though some of the opinions and views expressed by Major Raju do not find agreement with the cognoscenti, and some of his conclusions are not correct and sound in the assessment of Viresalingam's personality and purposiveness of his movements and mission, it should be admitted that Mr. Raju, with his unremitting zeal and unstinted efforts, has now brought out some less known facts about Viresalingam's work as social reformer and political thinker, into light, thus giving an opportunity for those interested to pursue the matter, discuss and debate the issues raised, and probe further into the political philosophy of Viresalingam Pantulu as adumbrated in his writings and activities in life in the cause of social upliftment.

Pothukuchi Suryanarayana Murty

SALT SATYAGRAHA IN THE COASTAL ANDHRA: By Dr. Ch. M. Naidu. Mittal Publications, Delhi. Price: Rs. 75.

The author of this book, Dr. Naidu, is a Reader in History in the Andhra University. Delving into old journals and books of the times, and interviewing some surviving freedom-fighters and eliciting a good fund of factual (and opinionated too) information from them, he has brought out the book describing the genesis and progress of Salt Satyagraha in the Coastal Districts of Andhradesa, highlighting the eventful episodes and important personalities leading the movement with courage, conviction and consecrated devotion to the cause at the clarion call of Mahatma Gandhi, in the wake of his famous march from Sabarmati to Dandi on April 6, 1930.

Collating the information garnered from various sources, the author has put it in the form of a book, dividing the chapters district-wise. There are repetitious renderings of events here

and there on account of the individual treatment given to each district, and these could have been neatly avoided on careful revision. The author's painstaking research into old records and perseverance are commendable and he has brought out in a nutshell and in one place the less known facts and events of the Salt Satyagraha days—a glorious period in the Freedom Movement which attracted in its magnificent stride the common folks too in good numbers.

The presentation of the copious source-material gathered by the author could have been in better and appealing expression and style, as the book abounds in solecisms, (grammar, idiom and syntax), an eyesore to a punctilious reader or a stickler for right usage of language. Errors are also committed in giving the names of persons (as well as their surnames) — in spelling as well as in correct description—and these could have been avoided, if only adequate attention was paid to proof-reading. Apart from these defects, the book fills a void that had been there in the history of the Freedom Movement in Andhra in so far as the Salt Satyagraha, the real springboard for positive and affirmative mass action, was concerned. One should be beholden to the author for bringing out the material from the dark limbos of the archives.

Pothukuchi Suryanarayana Murty.

THE SOVIETS AND AFGHANISTAN : By Cyriac Maprayil. Reliance Publishing House, New Delhi. Price: Rs. 130.

This is an interesting book in many ways. Seventeen pages of introduction, what the author calls "An historical perspective", refer to the strategic position of Afghanistan and the "designs" of Russia and Britain on the region are followed by four small chapters. The impact of Bolshevism on Afghanistan, the Soviet-Afghan Friendship, Anglo-Soviet Intervention in Afghanistan and suggestions for a basis for settlement are discussed lucidly. In the postscript the author observes that "there is an undeclared Superpower conspiracy to keep the Afghanistan conflict out of the lime-light to avoid open criticism of the war in their respective countries." This is part of the "game" the superpowers have been playing during the last four decades. Much water has flowed under the bridge since Dr. Maprayil brought out this book. Yet there is no denying the fact that it provides a very useful background against which the Afghan crisis can be studied. Strange indeed that this small book contains in all 72 pages of the author's original work (including the references) including 17 pages of introduction. The other 45 pages contain appendices, index, etc., and the price is a staggering figure of Rs. 130 !.

Dr. A. Prasanna Kumar

STUDIES ON MAHABHARATA

The Time Theory

DR. SIR C. R. REDDY

[Dr. Sir C. R. Reddy (1880—1951) was the first Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University and was greatly responsible for building it up as one of the reputed universities in India. He was a great educationist and considered to be one of our finest intellectuals. He was a scholar, an idealist and humanist and a prince of sarcasm. He made a deep study of *Mahabharata* and the present essay is the first of the series that *Triveni* is privileged to publish by the kind courtesy of Sri P. A. Reddi who has taken great pains in preserving the writings of his grand-uncle (Dr. Reddy)—*Editor*]

No question interests mortal humanity more than immortality. Our lives being cast in time, we change at the limitations it imposes and yearn for eternity and its limitless existence. But mere existence does not satisfy. We are endowed with feelings, the emotions of various kinds and without the gratification of the better sort, mere existence can have no attraction and so the problem of what happens after death has engaged the speculative powers of poets and philosophers of all ages, of all races and countries. This is a common problem of humanity, or rather the most important of its intrinsic questioning and efforts at solution. And how does the Mahabharata face this question?

I leave aside for the moment those deductions from the doctrines of Karma which are found in the Aranya Parva. It is said that if your sins outweigh your virtues, you will be reborn amongst the lower order of creatures, if the sins and virtues balance each other, you will be again born as a human being, if the virtues predominate, you will be raised in the coming existence to the status of a divinity. It is curious to

know the estimate of human nature here given as one which symbolises an equal balance of good and evil. This is hardly in keeping with the other view which holds human being to be an emanation of divinity and as such essentially good. It may be contrasted also with the Christian view which holds human nature to be essentially evil and to be redeemed only by the grace of God. However, all this is more philosophy than intuition. It is the poetic intuition that appeals to the human heart and let us see what shape these intuitions have taken in the great epic.

In the Maha Prasthanika Parva a most fervent and pathetic request is made by Gandhari and Dhritarashtra to the great Rishi, Vyasa, that he should, out of the abundance of his power, bring to earthly life again all the dead heroes of war and present them to the aged king and queen and the Pandavas and Kunti, and the widows and the big gathering of the bereaved there assembled. Kunti pleads for a sight of Karna whom she has grievously wronged and Gandhari plaintively says pointing to the hundreds of widows and sorrowed relatives there standing in humble obeisance: "Dear father, all these are yearning to see their beloved ones who were killed in the war. Touched by a deep commiseration, Vyasa agrees to recall the departed heroes to life, but only for the brief space of a day; and they are content. Accordingly the next morning Vyasa takes Dhritarashtra, Gandhari, Kunti, the Pandavas and the rest with him to the Ganges and in a loud voice beckons to Bhishma, Drona, Duryodhana, Karna, and all the dead heroes to emerge from the waters. They come in their divine bodies with garlands of celestial flowers hung round their necks, happy, smiling, cheerful and in a bustle of bliss. The bereaved relations are deeply gratified and the next morning the heroes depart, taking with them their wives, who, for the purpose, entered the waters of the Ganges, along with their husbands. That is the account.

There are few pieces of poetry to equal this in imaginative splendour and sympathy. Even a day's earthly reunion suffices. The stricken heart is not willing to wait till after death to be reunited with the beloved. It yearns for that reunion here and now and a moment's reunion here is worth an eternity of reunion in a speculative life beyond the grave. If so, does it not show that for the purpose of the human heart the earth is a greater moment and consequence than the heaven beyond our reach? And all that humanity longs for is not a bloodless, though limitless, existence elsewhere, but an existence fraught with the joy of emotion?

Similiar appears to me the significance of the famous Greek episode of* and yet there is the self-contradiction which the poet can evade and not reconcile. They appear, these departed heroes, but they do not appear to have greeted their earthly fathers and relations, there is no account of their joyous commingling, merely a looking at each other, and in existence in one neighbourhood, but without social relationship or a common life.

If the poet had made them relive their old earthly life once again, then it would mean a repetition and an elongation of the old existence with all its joys and sorrows. Heaven would be but a replica of the earth. Even this does not satisfy the human heart. Our emotions are perhaps irrational. We crave for the self-contradictory, however much logic may warn us against such a craving. We want heaven to be both different and the same as the earth.

This is brought out even better in the Swargarohana Parva. After the death of Draupadi and his brothers, when Indra meets Yudhishtira and asks him to ascend to the heavens in the chariot he had brought, (udhishtira declines. (Refer to the verse "Thodumbu... ..").† He says: "My brothers have fallen dead and delicate Draupadi has to die of starvation. They came with me as my companions. Without them I cannot go to heaven with you. Oh! Thou of Merciful Aspect, make them accompany me and we will all go together." Indra pleads the impossibility of reviving the dead but holds out a prospect of Yudhishtira's being able to meet them in heaven, and Yudhishtira rejoins: "Of what good is heaven to me if I cannot reunite with my wife and brothers and enjoy myself in the company of those who were so dear to me while on earth. A heaven where I cannot be in the company of my brothers and wife and other relations is no heaven at all." Well, Indra promises a reunion, and this reunion takes place after Yudhishtira assumes the divine form after bathing in the heavenly Ganges.

But what sort of reunion! We are told that Yudhishtira was taken round and shown all his earthly associates. He first beholds Krishna, now transformed into Vishnu, with Arjuna as Nara sitting by him in humble devotion. He sees Bhima gathered among the Maruths and Nakula and Sahadeva in the very form

*Unfortunately the name of the episode was not mentioned by the author—*Editor*

†The verse referred to is from *Andhra Mahabharata* by the famous trio of poets.

which they had on earth sitting with the Aswins. He passes by a woman of resplendent beauty illuminating everything around her like the new-born sun, and asks the Angel who was escorting him: "May I know, Honoured Sir, who this wonderful-looking person is, who makes the heavens shine with her beauty?" And the Angel answers: "This is Draupadi, who, as ordered by Shiva, took birth on earth in order to see you and your brothers through the great mission of your existence." Yudhishtira gratifies one of the greatest longings of his heart by having a glimpse of Karna, now shining as a thirteenth aspect of the Sun, and so on.

But is this reunion of a type to satisfy the human soul? Apparently there was no mutual recognition or greeting or any sort of re-establishment in any shape or form of the earthly associations, and all that without which human life could not be gratified. Arjuna does not greet him. There is no answering smile from Bhima and he cannot recognise his own wife, for in heaven there is no husband and wife—probably. And if Yudhishtira felt any satisfaction at all, it could only be a pale satisfaction of knowing that all those whom he loved were in a happy condition. Is that enough?

Here again the difficulty is the very nature and essence of the problem. If heaven is made a glorified edition of the earth, it becomes earth and there is no real heaven. If heaven is made different from earth, then our lives and emotions cannot be gratified and it becomes a mere existence, empty of content, soulless, almost; and the poet is helpless therefore in the presence of this great riddle.

The Sankhya Yoga philosophy puts forth the view that the perfected soul lives eternally in a state of Kevalatva; that is to say, it is unique, individual, absolutely self-content and self-satisfied with no relations of any kind to any other body since relationship is a sign of our imperfection and our being incomplete without such relationship. And the particular emotion of the Kevalatva state they describe as Ananda, which is not pleasure, which is not satisfaction and the nature of which is not possible for us to realise. We can experience in that state or condition of existence. We cannot translate it into human phraseology. How closely the Kevalatva view resembles the theory of Monads must be obvious to the student of history or philosophy.

Finally there is the very curious treatment of the future of Duryodhana, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadeva, Karna, Draupadi and others are reabsorbed practically into original divinities from which they emanated as earthly existence. Duryodhana too emanated, according to the accounts in the Adi Parva, from Kali, who also, however bad he may be in his tendencies, is a divinity. But Duryodhana is not thus absorbed into Kali, which means the king of kings after undergoing the highest pleasures of heaven, the result of his virtues and the most hideous horrors of hell, the result of his vices, ultimately became absorbed in Kali. So, though an emanation of divinity he had to suffer heaven and hell like any ordinary individual, whereas the other emanations get absorbed. Here again there is a self-contradiction, as there is no reason given why one emanation should suffer as an individual while the rest are merely reabsorbed. The fact is the reabsorption theory does not fit in with poetic justice and the author probably felt that whatever your origin, since you acted as an individual in your life you must accept the consequences also as an individual. In one sense according to our Vedanta, all human souls are emanations from the Absolute God and if the reabsorption theory is to be accepted then we will all be automatically reabsorbed, whatever our virtues or vices. This does not seem to fit in with his views of life or the doctrine of Karma and having painted the Pandavas as exceedingly good people he has to make an exception in their favour, and thus falls into an inconsistent presentation of this great ethical and philosophical problem.

Since no self-consistent statement is possible, may it not be that the whole idea of the human soul which is the basic conception of this problem and its future is fundamentally erroneous and that there is no such thing as a human soul which survives bodily death, that the consequences of our action influence the future of our society and have no bearing on our own future, seeing that on this view there is no soul apart from the body to have a future? Society is an organism and if the individuals thereof behave in this way or that, the health and the future of society will bear the consequence. A certain school of Buddhists took this view and I suppose modern science goes no further than this.

VISWARUPA

S. V. RAMAMURTY

[Sir S. V. Ramamurty (1880—1964) was a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the mathematical tripos as a wrangler. He was a senior officer of the Indian Civil Service and served in different capacities. He was the first Indian to be appointed Chief Secretary of a Province in India under the British rule and was Governor of Bombay. Being an able administrator and a great patriot, he served as Dewan of Udaipur and Adviser to the Planning Commission. He was steeped in the spirit of Indian thought and was a keen student all his life of science, especially Mathematics and Physics. We reproduce this article from *Triveni* (Oct-Nov. 1940) for the benefit of the present generation of our readers.

— Editor]

There is a conflict in man between the multiplicity which he sees all round him and the unity in which he is taught by instinct and tradition to believe. Man has a body which is separate from other bodies and other things round him. That in him which sees the world around sees itself as separate from everything else in that world. The recognition of his separate self is fundamental in his experience and thought. Round him too he sees pieces of matter, each with its own separate existence and retaining its individuality apart from that of others. Both he and the world are a vast mass of multiplicity. And yet, from the beginning, man has glimpses of a unity in the universe which, first expressed in crude forms, is later rationalised into the conception of God. Most civilised men have a belief in God whom they do not see, dominating their life along with a belief in the world that they do see. This conflict between the seen and the unseen makes for man a problem which he is ever called upon to solve.

The problem is not merely academic. It has a pressing practical significance. It affects man's understanding, his feeling, his conduct and the urge to integrate his vision. If the world were an aggregate of unrelated entities, man feels small and lonely among existences larger and more powerful than himself. As an animal, he is weak. His intellectual powers find it a struggle to cope with the vast forces of nature. He is bound to a planet which is a speck in the world of stars. His life is short. His death is certain. His best intentions and efforts are often rendered negatory by causes of which he is ignorant. He has a record of progress in which he can take some pride. But he does so as a poor man hugging his poverty in a world of unfathomable abysses and gigantic achievements. If man were not of the texture of the universe, if the universe were not the result of a guiding intelligence which maintains it in order and when need be, destroys it, man feels no joyous and sustained urge to live and strive.

Thus man has sought to correct his sense of separateness by a greater or less belief in his kinship with men and things around him. From masses of apparently unrelated happenings, he has been observing uniformities which he enumerates as laws. These laws which agree with his reason give him a sense of extended being, to enable him more and more to feel himself at one with the world around him. Such a union through understanding is the path of Gnana Yoga.

Again, he sees the world as an expression of powers with whom he feels at one by yielding them emotional allegiance. This way of union with the world is the path of Bhakti Yoga. Then again, and more commonly, man senses the right lines of conduct towards beings who are akin to one's self, and follows them in spite of promptings to the contrary from one's separate self. Feelings of love, charity, kindness, duty, sacrifice are woven into a roll of practical life which trails the path of Karma Yoga.

Lastly, there have been men who view the vision of unity to be as real as the vision of multiplicity, both derived from instruments, whether bodily or mental or spiritual, with which one is endowed, and have sought to harmonise the conflicting visions by proper exercise of the instruments. This way of reconciling multiplicity and unity is the path of Raja Yoga.

These forms of Yoga are subjective. Followed by a nation, they yield civilisation. Followed by man, they yield salvation.

Objectively, the body of knowledge that is based on the vision of multiplicity is science and that which is based on the vision of unity is religion. In their origins, they are apart from each other. But they are not opposed to each other, because they move towards each other. Science has its basis in man's perception of the multiplicity of differences all round him. It is the systematisation of the vision of all observers, of the motion of all bodies. But the goal of this effort is towards unity. Science tries to reduce the doings of men and things to fewer and fewer laws. If science could systematize all knowledge of the objective world into one law, that one law which stands for the unity of the world would indeed be an expression of God. On the other hand, the perception of unity which is the basis of religion is only a starting point for a body of thought and feeling and conduct which should be adopted as right by the followers of a religion. Sometimes by *a priori* reasoning, sometimes by the test of racial experience, these lines of right life in practice are evolved and set before its followers by the leaders of each religion. Science and religion both seek the union of multiplicity and unity, but they start from opposite ends. The way between multiplicity and unity is long and difficult. It is perhaps to be expected that, for all except the hardest spirits, science tends to believe primarily in multiplicity, and to believe in unity only so far as the multiplicity of observers can see. So too in religion, the perceiver of unity tends to be obscured in his vision of multiplicity. The way to rectify science is more science, and religion more religion. Each is the other when completed. Incomplete, they are subject to dangerous short-circuiting.

In order to avoid the partial vision of science and religion, there is need to resort to the method of philosophy and to study the material regarding multiplicity and unity, which both science and religion have gathered. There is a wide range of multiplicity—the multiplicity of existences, of categories, of qualities. Science has introduced order in the multiplicity of existences by arranging them in a four-dimensional frame of space-time. It views matter as kinks in space time. It is doubtful about the position of life and mind in relation to this. It has hypotheses under examination about the relation of electricity and motion to matter and space-time. It has reduced happenings to a fairly compact body of laws—the laws of gravitation, electrical force, heat and so forth. Physical qualities have been related to the physical entities. But the position of moral values is left undetermined in the search for unity of knowledge. Thus

science is an unfinished structure, being built more and more by the devoted labours of men who stand firmly on the ground and do not seek to reach the sky if they must thereby leave their foothold.

Religion holds firmly to its belief in the one reality of the universe—God. Sometimes, this unity is viewed as of the texture of the universe in the shape of an immanent God. Sometimes, the unity is achieved not by comprehending the differences but by abolishing them, with the result that God transcends the world. Where science affirms multiplicity and declines to consider the unity which it has not perceived there is no ground for a reconciliation between science and religion. Where religion affirms God and denies the world, there too is no immediate scope for such a reconciliation. Reconciliation is possible between science which, while affirming what it sees, does not deny what it does not physically see and religion which, while affirming God, affirms also the world of multiplicity. The movement for reconciling science and religion must come from the side of religion based on the immanence of God. A further reconciliation has then to be made between the immanence and transcendence of God.

Let us now consider ways of realising unity from various types of multiplicity. From the multiplicity of existences to the one existence, a pathway is made by representing the many existences as functions of a single variable which represents the one existence. Thus if x be the one existence which cannot be reduced in terms of simpler existences, then all the existences of the world may be arithmetical multiples of x . Imagine a universe where every entity is represented by a multiple of x . x is the unit of that world and furnishes its unity. As x vibrates, the whole universe vibrates. When x is created, the universe is created; and if x is destroyed, the universe is destroyed. The biological analogue is a world with a closed contour where a single seed of indivisible character — an atom of life — reproduces itself. Not only is every entity so produced *representable by a number*, as books in a library may be represented by numbers, but *it is that number*, for it and the number evolve in the same way. If the universe in which we live is the expression of a single entity, God, then everything in the world should be expressible as an arithmetical multiple of that entity. From the unit of being, then, we pass on to a line of beings.

Can this line of beings be then grouped into categories? Lines can be grouped into areas, volumes and so forth by a geometrical evolution. If all existences are arithmetical functions

of a single entity or variable, then may not the fundamental categories of mind, time, space and matter be geometrical functions of the primal being? It is a hypothesis which, I believe, it is permissible to work on.

From the multiplicity of qualities, there is one that emerges at the bottom of each classification. It is the duality of the positive and negative. But the so-called duality is in fact a trinity, for the positive and the negative are in relation to the zero. Deeper than this trinity is the duality of being and becoming. Being furnishes the unit of the universe but not a direction. It is becoming that has, at the simplest, two directions—positive and negative. Being is the source and also the goal of becoming. All things come from being, are maintained by being and merge into being. The world is thus a process of becoming in which being melts to reform into being. Becoming is thus the differential of being. Everything in the world is a process of becoming. So is man.

The view of being both as multiplicity and as unity is itself one step removed from the view of being as having no quality whether of multiplicity or of unity. Unity is the simplest form of multiplicity. It is also the concrete form of no quality, for a unity has no quality other than being itself. Being then has two fronts—that which is the source of becoming and that which is the goal of becoming. These are the Sakti and Purusha of Hindu thought. Purusha is the unity of being into which all the desires of Sakti, all the processes of becoming lead. Purusha and Sakti form an entity of no quality, which may be personified as Arthanareeswara who is neither male nor female and yet is both. The world then is the process of Sakti seeking Purusha. On the way from Sakti to Purusha lies matter. On the way to Purusha lies spirit. Man is a bridge from matter to spirit. Man is a part of the process from Sakti to Purusha. He gathers up the stands of multiplicity which pass through matter and seeks the unity of spirit which merges into Purusha. The basic nature of man shows itself in his struggle to achieve unity from multiplicity in thought, in feeling, in action, in character. That is good and true and harmonious for man which leads towards Purusha, God. That is evil and false and discordant which leads away from God, towards disintegration into multiplicity, into separateness. God furnishes the measure of man's universe. His two-fold nature of Sakti and Purusha also furnishes the direction for man's moral life and development and its reverse. Whence does man come? Out of cosmic energy,

from the womb of Sakti. How does he live? Seeking the path of the good, the true, the beautiful, the harmonious, from Sakti to Purusha, from multiplicity to unity. Whither does he move? Into Purusha, merging into God. The life of man, the life by the universe is the way Sakti wooes her lord, Purusha, and thereof attains pure being which is free from the limitations of quality of becoming.

In such a world where being melts into becoming and reforms into being, there are three crucial stages. The melting of being into becoming is creation. The flow of becoming is the maintenance of the world. The merging of becoming into being is its destruction. Thus three processes are symbolized in Hindu thought as the work of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

We have then three possible world views: of science which affirm the multiplicity of the world, of religion which affirm the unity of God, and of a view built both of science and religion which affirms both the multiplicity of the universe and the unity of God, a religion which deals not with matter or spirit but the matter-spirit, a religion of man whose vision is a symbol of the Viswarupa of God. For man's vision is multiple in its contents and yet unified in its container, namely, himself. This is an image of Iswara who has the infinite multiplicity of the cosmos in his structure and holds it in the unity of his own being. Hinduism is the religion of Viswarupa which is the form of the universe in which God is immanent. To the Hindu, the world is a flow which can ignore neither matter through and from which it flows nor spirit into and through which it flows. There is room in Viswarupa for all forms of energy, all existences, all categories of being, all qualities of becoming, and yet it can never transcend the unity of God for which all religion stands. The reconciliation of science and religion, for which two continents of thought are searching, is possible in the old and yet young vision of Hinduism.

This vision of Viswarupa is needed now in India more than in the past, when India is emerging from a Pralaya of stagnation. India needs to keep before herself more than ever the concrete expression which the South Indian artist has given to Viswarupa in the conception and execution of the figure of Nataraja.

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I sit dreaming before Nataraja. And as I sit, I see the Lord throwing aside the shackles of slumber. He shakes his body

into motion. Ripples of rhythm pass down his limbs. Sounds ring. Colours flash. Flames of life rise and fall around him. The Lord of being breaks into the dance of becoming. Sakti starts to woo Purusha.

The Lord's dance calls universe into becoming. Stars blaze. Planets swing round. And in them, the Lord flashes his image in little specks that are men. These specks dart about the universe, numbering, measuring, labelling its harmonies, and, lo, they have called up, out of the mobility of becoming, a vision of being which is the Lord himself. The dance of becoming has merged into the Lord of being. Sakti has won Purusha.

As I wake from the dream, I see Nataraja standing and smiling; dancing and — yet not dancing.

One with Nature

BETTY PAUL

The rain came pouring, pouring down
 The air washed clean, the leaves gleamed
 The wind in joy rushed around
 Ruffling the leaves playfully
 Lightning lit up the scene in glee
 While thunder roared its laughter.
 My oppressed spirit was uplifted
 Watching Nature at play, like a child,
 Before the rain the day had been dark
 cloudy, gloomy, oppressive and sad
 with the rain pouring down the day turned magical.
 Enjoying the scene I thought to myself
 when I die I hope it is on such a day
 Then my spirit can join the wind in its play
 Laugh with the thunder, shine with the lightning
 Be one with Nature !

Literature : A Quest for Aesthetics of Liberty

DR. B. GOPAL RAO

It is the function of the fine arts to provide us with pleasure, but pleasure of a distinctive kind and quality. Life offers many pleasures that are different in kind and are not here in question. The kind of pleasure provided by the fine arts is called aesthetic. The term is not easy to define, and ever since Aristotle, twenty-three centuries ago, attempted to analyse the nature of the aesthetic experience, philosophers and art critics have continued to debate about it. Nevertheless, even though we are as far away as ever from understanding why the arts affect us as they do, the fact is uncontested that in the presence of objects of art something happens to alter the quality of our consciousness. There is a marked intensification* of the feeling-element, so marked on occasion that it may even produce physical reactions, such as the thrill which runs up the spine, or the inhibiting for a time of all other sensuous experience. The fine frenzy which possessed the artist at the moment of creation is in some degree reproduced in the observer.

Though the emotive nature of aesthetic experience is a matter of controversy today, many would concede that the art object does induce an evocation of the emotional side which our own experience corroborates. Many would agree, in this regard, with what Leo Tolstoy says :

To evoke in oneself a feeling one has experienced, and having evoked it in oneself, then, by means of movements, lines, colours, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so as to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling. It is the activity of art.....It is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress towards well-being of individuals and of humanity.¹

Aesthetic pleasure, then, is a function of feeling. We have under the influence of great art a sensation of living more abundantly. Some deep-down levels of our personalities, normally quiescent, are stirred so that we suddenly become more fully aware of ourselves and of the possibilities that lie in us. Through art the spirit of man is liberated from a concern with the practical issues of life, and he stretches his hands towards the ideal. As Susanne K. Langer has rightly pointed out: "Art is the surest affidavit that feeling, despite its absolute privacy, repeats itself in each individual life".²

Literature is concerned not only with what is, but how it came to be what it is, and also with what it is in the process of becoming. It compares and contrasts, seeks analogies, makes judgments, explores the significances of things. There are no regions of experience or speculation into which literature does not penetrate and gather sustenance for the imagination.

Among all the arts, therefore, literature, invading time and space like a monarch, enjoys the widest franchise and wields the greatest power. Seeing the end in the beginning and the beginning in the end, it can move in all directions at once. It can bid us use our reason to follow a patient analysis of cause and effect, or it can, in a single flash of imaginative insight, illuminate the universe for us. This is the reason why Indian aestheticians argue that art gives us the privilege which only the gods and angels have: witnessing the artistic experience without getting personally involved in it. As Ananda Coomaraswamy discussing art in Indian life says "...art reflects and answers to man's every need, whether of affirmation (*pravritti*) or denial (*nivritti*) being no less for the spectator than the artist a way (*marga*)..."³

Literature is the art which helps each one of us to create for himself a mental counterpart to the world of sense, a private universe of thought and feeling in which one may move freely and at ease, and which for many is far more vivid and palpable than the universe of things.

Literary modes of expression are generally considered to be cyclical alterations of human attitudes to the environment. More often than not, it is forgotten that literature itself is an education, a refinement of the human mind, interpreting human spirit in terms of beauty. Often literary categories are classified as Classicism or Romanticism, Realism or Naturalism, without realising that these expressions basically mean a certain kind of

endeavour on the part of the human spirit. The literary embellishment in which this effort is expressed has a tendency to erect these categories as self-sufficient entities without any relation to the basic impulses that give rise to them. Hence we find literary discussion defining terms without realising that ultimately they imply urges of the mind that are constantly seeking creative self-expression at once free and unrestricted.

When the Romantic movement began to take shape with the publication of *The Lyrical Ballads*, (1798) of Wordsworth and Coleridge, it was taken to be a reaction to the 18th century age of reason. That it meant the quest for liberty which was denied by the restraint of reason was hardly comprehended. In fact, literature has always been a struggle to escape the bondages under which life labours in its practical preoccupations. It is true that on the level of day-to-day existence the considerations of practical life have to be paramount. But man is fundamentally an incarnate isolation, being essentially separated from others by his corporeal individuality. In realising and asserting this individuality lies the freedom and authenticity of human existence. Hence the human spirit always breaks out in rebellion against every form of restraint and tries to be free and uncontrolled. As we cast a glance at the literary history of the western world, we realise that literature has always been a quest for liberty in spite of certain periods during which restraint became the dominant note of literary creation.

The Grecian world was basically an individualistic world in spite of the city states and the social consciousness that governed it. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides represent the individualistic heroism of the Greek mind achieving tragic majesty by defying every restriction, imposed not only by the society but also by Moira, the deity of Fate herself. Breaking away from bondage and experiencing the highest reach of human power in physical or spiritual spheres was the ideal that inspired the Greek heroes. For them the world was a prize to be conquered by the might of one's own self by setting at nought the opposing will of even Zeus himself. This quest of might underwent a radical disintegration, during the one Hellenistic period, when the pursuit of might turned to pursuit of pleasure on the one hand and pursuit of ascetic cynicism on the other. Even this expression of the self was a form of realizing one's possibilities after having arrived at one ultimate in the heroic direction. Inevitably the Roman world brought in the Stoic restraint and the Augustan law and order. But the Latin literature was also a quest of realizing the unrestricted integration that the mind is

capable of restraint for the sake of restraint ends in literature that is without the vitality of the spirit and turns out to be a kind of preaching or propaganda that lacks the creative impulse.

The Medieval world was essentially restricted in its theological outlook and as a result gave rise to a Chivalric literature that sought freedom in heroism and love. The tension between the Medieval theology and the Chivalric impulse constitutes one of the major illustrations of the literary urge for freedom in spite of oppressive social bondage.

The Renaissance asserted the right of man for absolute physical freedom even to the highest tragic extent. Marlowe's plays indicated Tamburlaine's lust for power, Faustus's lust for knowledge, the Jew of Malta's lust for splendour and Hero and Leander's lust for passion. Unrestricted outward plunge into space from the earlier theological confinement marked the Renaissance quest for liberty. When this external adventure grew sadistic and masochistic, the age of reason stepped in to control the disintegration and contribute a new dimension in self-integration. By accident the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries supported the rational orientation of integration by discovering a universe characterized by law and order. But it was soon realised that the restraint of integration has a tendency to suppress the impulses and it was no surprise that the Romantic wave set in with a view to transcending every restriction. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Scott sought a physical orientation by identifying themselves with the multiplicity of nature the supernatural and the historically remote. Byron, Shelley and Keats went still beyond and sought a spiritual freedom through egoism, mystical love, and pagan identification with the sensuous and the concrete. The Romantic age indicated literature's essential character to seek liberty and found that with the restraining society that was emerging, literature was never to be at ease in the social practical sphere. The literary man began to find himself alienated and an outsider.

Since the 19th century, the individual artist has realized that he is a unique existent and that his genuineness lies not in conformity but in authentic freedom of experience and expression. The literature of today is basically turning to existentialism because of the human spirit's uncompromising quest for freedom. It is only when we realize the character of literature as quest for liberty that we begin to understand the nature and dimensions of literary terms.

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LEARNING

DR. SANKARA SREE RAMA RAO

I am trying to forget
What all 'I' studiously learnt
All these years of my life.
They obstruct my vision of God
And mix up non-essentials with essentials.
Hard core trifles are pushed forward
By the self-imposed pride of memory
Blurring and confusing the Reality
And imposing a burden on the heart
Crushing its delicate ingredients
Of love, compassion and purity—
Once considered a rich acquisition
Learning becomes a stumbling block
As one reaches the stage of maturity
Judicious forgetfulness is the master's prescription.

MANOJ DAS'S "CYCLONES" Humour at the Service of Realism

P. R A J A

" Humour is odd, grotesque and wild
Only by affectation spoil'd ;
'Tis never by invention got.
Men have it when they know it not. "

— (*Jonathan Swift* To Mr. Delany. Oct. 10, 1718)

Long before Wodehouse (let his tribe increase!) built an invincible house of humour for humour's sake in the realm of gold, Herbert Read in his *Lectures in English Literature* spoke of "the happy compound of pathos and playfulness which we style by the untranslatable term humour."

The range of the short stories of Manoj Das is wide and it contains purely realistic stories of men and mice apart, a rich variety of fantasies, fairytale-like allegories and satires. They abound in humour and wit. But in his solitary full-length novel published so far, *Cyclones*, humour meets the reader in such an unobtrusive manner that later we enjoyed it in the Swiftian sense—when we knew it not. Employment of humour in *Cyclones* also brings to our mind Read's classical analysis of it—that it is the happy compound of pathos and playfulness—though may be of something more too.

In order to appreciate the art with which the element of humour has been handled in *Cyclones*, we have to remember its theme as well as a brief outline of its plot. The backdrop of the story is a remote village. A couple of years preceding the country achieving freedom along with the partition constitute the time.

But it will be wrong to describe this novel as one based on the aforesaid events. They only serve as the physical contours

of this remarkable work. What the reader receives is a series of knocks on his consciousness—some sweet, some surprising and some rude. The sum total of the effect is, he emerges enriched by a new awareness of human potentiality, of a wider range along which life can be lived and, above all else, of the law of transcendence that governs our life, enabling us absorb shocks of experience and to grow with them.

It is the protagonist of the novel, Sudhir Chowdhury, who leads us to this kind of awakening. We meet him as the scion of a ruined feudal family of Nijanpur, though his birth remains shrouded in mystery for a long time. He is called from his romantic college life when the bankrupt landlord who had adopted him suddenly disappears in a dramatic but entirely credible situation. That is when the first man in the village who gets drunk at the newly cropped up colony of outsiders building a war-time jetty on the outskirts of the village, approaches the hapless landlord to offer him a half-bottle of whisky and desires to become his chum!

The young Sudhir, though fresh from the town, begins to love the naive villagers, after a terrible cyclone leaves them in the lurch. He is dreaming of a peaceful, settled life when communal riots rock the 'city' (the reference is obviously to Calcutta) and its echo disturbs the peace of Nijanpur and Lalgram, two neighbourly villages dominated by Hindus and Muslims respectively.

A series of interesting events oblige Sudhir to abscond for a considerable length of time and to spend a period in jail during which he meets a number of characters, constituting a shockingly different yet entirely convincing bunch, giving us an absorbing variety.

Time may move at its own pace, but events in India move very fast during that eventful period of the country's history and by the time Sudhir is back in his village, it is metamorphosed into a hick town. His last action in the novel is dramatic; it has to be read in the novel, in order to be properly appreciated in keeping with its denouncement and it is likely to cast a spell on the reader, a combined effect of the empathy, bewilderment and tension it creates, though all culminating on a grand note of peace in the protagonist's heart—a peace that can come only through a sublime process of transcendence.

There are a number of situations in the novel remarkable for their individual charm: the old eccentric Roy who announces

this unilateral decision that the one who can kill the man-eating crocodile in the river should be deemed fit to contest the limited franchise election of 1947 and is himself carried away by the crocodile in a moonlit night, the fight between two angry bulls who fall into the landlord's pond notorious for its fathomless mire and sink as the helpless villagers look on and weep and so on and so forth.

The title *Cyclones* is significant. There is the absorbing description of a physical; Cyclone there is the political turmoil sweeping the country which is another kind of cyclone and there is the cyclone raging in Sudhir's mind. A great feature of the novel is its authentic portrayal of rural India on the eve of freedom, in a style that is at once lyrical and real.

"A great novel can combine in itself all the breadth and sweep of an epic, the tension of a drama, the emotional drive of a lyric and the intellectuality of an objective essay" wrote a distinguished Indian scholar, the late Professor Taraknath Sen. *Cyclones* fulfils these conditions incredibly well.

As we will see, the theme and the plot outline of the novel are grim. From the second one-third of the work tension begins to grow and hold the reader in its grip till the release comes at the end. But only a very careful reader — or a critical mind — will detect the subtle role humour is playing in keeping the narration sweet and lively. On the outskirts of the village, Kusumpur, on the seashore, some war-time activities are going on and a small colony of officials has sprung up. How do the villagers, rarely exposed to the world beyond the shy river flowing by their habitation, react to this unexpected development? "It was rumoured that the outsiders' eyes betrayed unbridled lust the moment they fell on a woman. This was confirmed when one summer evening a fellow strayed into the village and mistook a short-statured veiled grandmother for a shy girl — that is how the elders interpreted it — and was bold enough to make as romantic an overture as saying, "Will you take me home, girlie, for I'm thirsty?" (2)

It was a pity if the villagers read an allegorical meaning in the stranger's thirst; it was no less a pity for the stranger, particularly if he had a sinful motive, to mistake a granny to be a girlie. But the irony is in the situation proper over which nobody has any control.

Humour in the guise of an irony remains threaded in the whole texture of the first chapter. Rajni, the vagabond who has ex-

explored the colony of the outsiders, returns to the village drunk, but with half a bottle of alcohol which he must offer to the scion of the feudal house, Mr Chowdhury. Rajni's subconscious, his great desire to be considered an equal to Chowdhury, comes out through his incoherent blabbering. While it stuns the villagers (who have never seen a drunken man before and on the other hand who nurture a silent reverence for the elderly Chowdhury), it amuses the reader. But the irony of the situation culminates in pathos when it is found that Chowdhury has clean disappeared from the house in order to avoid the embarrassment.

What happened to Chowdhury? His traditional rival, Roy of Lalgram, kills a crocodile and salvages a gold ring from its stomach which he declares to be Chowdhury's. But Chowdhury's manager, Brindavan, and servant, Jay, who should have identified it, refuse so much as to glance at it. "Roy bagged a turtle and mistook it for a crocodile," is their final pronouncement on Roy's claim. If Brindavan and Jay are trying to take revenge on Roy in their rustic way, the officer-in-charge of the police station is absolutely confident of his government's wisdom in the steps it is taking to forestall a Japanese invasion :

"It is good that the cyclone played havoc in this area," the officer observed cryptically.

"I don't understand you."

The officer lowered his voice. "How can you? Is this not top secret? But you are a gentleman and so am I. Perhaps I can confide a thing or two in you. A Japanese invasion on our land seems imminent. The coast along the forest near Kusumpur could prove most suitable for the enemy to land, our Inspector Sahib disclosed to me. In fact, we are planning to get hold of all country-boats and destroy them so that the enemy cannot use the river-way. We have already done something more too. Come and see for yourself!"

The officer hobbled into a dusty room, signing to Sudhir to follow him. Four or five bicycles lay heaped on the floor, their tyres deflated.

"We have made him immobile, completely, ha! ha! And look here for still more!"

The officer drew Sudhir's attention to four or five rickety torchlights.

"We ordered the Chowkidars and Duffedars to collect these too, lest the Japanese should use them to find their way," he explained.

Shaking Sudhir by the arm, the officer whispered in confidence, "Within our jurisdiction we are doing our best to forestall any enemy design." The officer bit a hair of his moustache and spat it out.

"But how could the cyclone have been so helpful?"

"Ha ha! You are puzzled, eh? Didn't I say that these matters were not so easy to comprehend as your text-books? You see, if the Japanese arrive now, they will hardly get any food or shelter. How can they operate? Ha ha! We did our best, Providence in his prudence did his!" (32-33)

How unceremoniously can a well-planned function be spoilt by a totally unforeseen factor! The cyclone-hit area is visited by a sophisticated relief party. A meeting is arranged. The villagers listen to the speakers with rapt attention. But when the most revolutionary speaker in the team, Shyam, begins to speak, behind him, unknown to him, appears a lunatic.

First he made faces. Then, delighted and inspired by the speaker's histrionics, he began to dance. While Shyam raised his voice, scale by scale, to its highest in an effort to wake the dormant conscience of his listeners and to transform them into rebels, the audience looked more and more amused.

Shyam knew nothing of the performance going on behind him. Perplexed; he made frantic efforts at driving his point home. It was also a trying time for Sudhir who was moved with pity for Shyam but was helpless. The head-pundit sneaked away from the audience and tried to entice the lunatic away by offering a banana. The result was that the lunatic ended the silent phase of his act and began to laugh and scream.

Shyam gave a start and stopped, leaving a political analogy incomplete and looked back over his shoulder. He sat down as if under the burden of a world of disgust. The audience gave out an enthusiastic applause.

"For whom is the applause meant -- for Shyam or for the lunatic or for the head-pundit?" Reena softly asked Sudhir.

"I think for the entire performance, but I doubt if the applauders themselves would know!" (42)

While a situation appears humorous to the reader, the author is only portraying a typical character. A villager narrates a complete story in his bid to find out whether his listener knows it or not:

"You want me to believe that you know nothing about the ancient Chowdhury who, by reciting a secret *mantra*, could change himself into a tiger — though he did so only occasionally — whose wife — she was innocent as a babe but you know how stupidly whimsical women can be — of course not the *memsahibs* of the towns but our women folk — insisted one night that her husband turn into a tiger for her to see the fun? Didn't Chowdhury try his best to impress upon her that it was sinful to perform the miracle just for fun — that it was done only with the particular purpose of propitiating the goddess of the tigers! Do you mean to say that the world does not know how the woman wept over her husband's refusal? Didn't he at last agree to fulfil her desire? But didn't he instruct her to stand alert and to sprinkle on his head the holy water from the Ganga and at the same time utter a small hymn so that he could safely return to his human form? Wasn't she required to do so as soon as he gave out his first roar? But didn't she get terror-stricken at her charming husband changing into a huge tiger and didn't she, in her nervous stammer, fail to complete the hymn? Could she sprinkle the holy water properly either? Didn't the poor Chowdhury-tiger roar and howl in great anguish till the household, nay, the neighbourhood, was awake? Wasn't he obliged to smash the window and escape into the forest? Didn't he for several years thereafter dwell in the cave yonder till a kind hermit — God bless the great soul — cured him of his tigerhood? Didn't Chowdhury himself then turn into a hermit and leave for the Himalayas? Do you want me to believe, Babu, that you didn't know all this?"

"Now we know," said Sujan. (49-50)

There is the need for the hero, Sudhir, to escape in the guise of a woman, Duryodhan, the villager, is asked to act as the escorting husband:

Duryodhan looked at Ravi quizzically. "Do you mean to say that Babu will leave the village in the guise of my wife?"

"You are quite clever!"

Duryodhan's face looked as if it would melt with humility and embarrassment.

"Ravibhai, I'm hardly better than a buffalo. Babu is an angel. Would it not be in the fitness of things that he heads me as the husband and I follow him in the guise of his wife?" Duryodhan folded his hands in supplication.

"Don't grow cleverer than is good for you." Ravi laughed and tweaked Duryodhan's ear.

Duryodhan put out his tongue and slapped himself, indicating his realization that a change in the scheme would not work. (93-94)

Sudhir is in the city which is in the grip of the communal riot. Circumstances push him into a brothel where, in that moment of utter distress, he meets Lalita and finds in her an oasis. Soon the brothel is raided by the police because it harbours some would-be rioters. Along with them Sudhir too is arrested. Sethji, a symbol of the power that was going to govern India, comes to the prison with the order to secure Sudhir's release.

Sethji hugged Sudhir and then continued thumping his shoulders till he dropped into a chair.

"Shame, shame!" said one of Sethji's companions. "Freedom is knocking at the door and...." He mimicked Sethji with remarkable accuracy. From the chubbiness of his face, the style of his smile and dress, he looked like Sethji's dummy.

"Only twenty-nine days more to freedom, to be exact," observed the other companion.

"Sudhirji, meet my friends, my secretary and treasurer; I mean of the district committee of the party."

Sethji patted one of his friends on his back and then the other, when he almost turned round to present his back.

"We are blessed to have Sethji as our President!" the two hastened to complete the information.

A warden brought tea.

"This is not from any shop, sir, but from my wife. Even the milk is her own, I mean, from the cow she maintains!" announced the jailor handing the first cup to Sethji.

"Your own wife, eh?" Sethji commented absent-mindedly, quite absorbed in some other thought. His two lieutenants caught his mood instantly. They too looked grave and undecided regarding their tea — whether to begin sipping it or to wait. (159 — 160)

Sethji has different plans for Sudhir, but Sudhir rushes to the brothel to trace Lalita. But the house is now totally deserted. Then follows his encounter with a character that makes one laugh as well as angry.

"Could you please tell me what happened to those girls living in that yellow house over there?"

"What were they doing there?" the man asked in turn as he came out.

"They were prostitutes, I suppose."

"And you expect me to know the goings on of prostitutes, do you?" the man growled as he rolled up his sleeves.

Sudhir retreated.

A passer-by stopped to light his cigarette. In a flash of the matchstick Sudhir noticed a kind face.

"Any idea about the inmates of this house?" Sudhir asked the man, drawing his attention to the deserted building.

"What exactly do you want?"

"I wish to meet one of them — Lalita."

"Follow me." The man gave Sudhir a light tap on the shoulder and blew a puff of smoke into his face. Sudhir also saw him bare his teeth in the dark.

Was the fellow a pimp? Sudhir did not mind his being anything as long as he could lead him to Lalita.

He led Sudhir into a well-furnished room on the second floor of the small hotel. A bright lamp on a table at the centre showed the walls crowded with paintings and photographs of mystics.

"Take your seat. Tell me what I look like!" the man ordered, occupying a chair himself.

Sudhir stared blankly at the man clad in immaculate white silk pyjamas and kurta.

"Come on, speak! Don't feel nervous. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain from my contact. What do I look like?"

"You look like a good man." Sudhir was rapidly losing hope.

"Correct. Here is your chance for another guess : Why should a good man, a retired Under-Secretary to the Government, take up residence here ? "

"I don't know, sir, but surely not because of its proximity to that yellow house ! "

"Why not ? " the man sounded mysterious. "I am here precisely because of that. Surprised, eh ? Ha ! Are you an old bird of that tree ? "

"I was there only once ! "

"If that is true, you have a good chance for redemption. Your face shows that you are of noble stock ! "

"I am not ! " cried out Sudhir. "I'm a bastard, for your information. Now, will you please tell me where Lalita is ? "

"I don't know. And I wouldn't tell you even if I knew. My mission is to save the misguided from their clutches, not to push anyone into their arms ! I wander along the street and look for lost souls like you. So far I've redeemed a dozen of them. At the beginning some of them had reacted exactly like you ! "

Sudhir was overcome with disgust. He stood up and barely managed to check himself from taking hold of his saviour by the collar and knocking him down.

The retired Under-Secretary went on, his eyes shut, "I was about your age when I lost my first wife. I resisted twenty proposals for a second marriage. After years of celibacy when I condescended to marry again, I took a vow never to touch my wife unless she approached me ! True to my vow I wouldn't even stir unless she took both my hands into her entreatingly."

"To hell with you, you hypocrite, you rogue ! "

Sudhir's yell scared the saviour. He blinked, his hands pressed against his chest. (163-165)

Humour, always subdued, remains so diluted in the 31 chapters of the novel that it is not possible to sift it from the serious elements. Nevertheless, one feels its presence and one can observe how it helps in the unfoldment of a character and delineation of a situation. The novel demonstrates successfully how humour can be an intrinsic aspect of realism, even when the level of realism is quite high and the message the work conveys is profound.

Note : All page references are to the 1987 edition of *Cyclones* published by Sterling Publishers P., Ltd, New Delhi, Facet Books International, New York, and Orient University Press, London.

THE INNER CALM

DR. P. P. SHARMA

Engage in worship, O heart,
What if thou treadest
the dusty road
through the world's mart
—the common chores
cannot be left unattended ; granted,
but in Lord's adoration contented
thou cannot like a bark be
afloat in the sea.
without the sea getting into thee.
Be in the world
but not of it—that's it.

Keep firm hold on Him
what if in the rough trough
thou art being headlong hurled.
Stick out like the lotus
never by turbulent waves swirled.

Smear thyself, O heart,
with unction of the Lord's name
the passions (so hard to shake off)
like the sticky fluid of the jack fruit
will leave thee uncontaminated,
in the inner calm
all fury spent and abated.

THE SEA

(Short story)

R. S. SUDARSANAM

(*Translated by the author from the original in Telugu*)

Puri beach. The morning ten O' clock sun enriched the sea's blue. The white-crested waves kept running to us as we slowly walked on the sand listening to the dirge. Lakshmiprasad stopped near the water and a wave washed his feet and receded.

"The sea has bowed to me" declared Lakshmiprasad.

"Oh yes, if you are careless, he would pull your legs too, and sweep you off your feet," said Sangamesam. Joining his two palms into a cup, he took the sea-water, lifted his hands towards the sky and offered the water in a devotional gesture.

"Is that a *tarpan* to someone dead?" I asked him.

"Why someone? It is for myself!" replied Sangamesam.

Opposite to the beach, across the road, stood in a row guest-houses and tourist lodges.

"We have walked quite a distance from our place. There is some temple across the road. Let us have a look at it and then return. It is already getting warm," proposed Sangamesam. We voted approval and crossed the road.

It was a temple for Lord Gouranga.

The priest, a *goswami*, spoke to us about Krishna Chaitanya known as Lord Gouranga. The legend is that Sri Chaitanya went into the Jagannath temple and disappeared. The priest said it was not so. Sri Chaitanya had walked away into the sea, at the same spot where we had stopped a few minutes ago. And the temple was built just opposite to that spot.

As we walked back to our lodge, a discussion ensued.

"If he had walked into the sea, his body should have been washed ashore", I expressed my doubt.

"It is quite possible that the sharks made a feast of him! Everything grows into a mystery or a miracle. That's what our

countrymen do. Most unscientific fellows on earth," remarked LakshmiPrasad. By profession he is a physician, and has been well-favoured by the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi.

"What do you mean by science?" Sangamesam joined issue with him: "Science is what you think, is it? Well, what does your Einstein say? If an object approaches the velocity of light, it disappears. And what is a human body? It consists of atoms, or say electrons or even smaller particles, whatever it is. As we see the formation of water drops as a cloud, so the human body is only a formation of these fundamental particles. When these vibrate to attain the velocity of light, the human body will become a flash of light and disappear. There is nothing unscientific about it."

Sangamesam has long been a traveller on the path of knowledge and enlightenment. He has no profession, no job. He has inherited property, and his wife works as a lecturer in a Madras college. He owns a house. He has two children. Sangamesam has dabbled in many things. Poetry, philosophy, the arts and archaeology along with Yoga and spiritualism have engaged his mind off and on; he would spend days without end in the Thanjavur Library or in the Madurai temple of Devi Meenakshi forgetful of everything else. On this occasion, it was he who had come to Visakhapatnam and brought me and LakshmiPrasad on a visit to Puri. We happened to be childhood friends and classmates at school.

"Theory is O. K. But is such a thing ever possible? What is the 'light barrier'? It is impossible for a physical body to attain the velocity of light. That is a barrier set by nature. How can Chaitanya or anybody else cross that barrier? Can you show another case like that of Chaitanya?" said LakshmiPrasad.

"My dear Prasad, I speak as a materialist. The human body is a machine. It is like a generator. The mechanical and chemical energies generated by it, we use them all the time. It produces electrical energy; the experiments on the brain establish it. Now is it impossible, if properly worked by the brain and the nervous system, that it should generate light? A rare few have accomplished that. They have attained to bodies of light, and have continued so for a long while, after their physical bodies mingled with dust. There appears to be a time limit even for them. There is nothing impossible about Sri Chaitanya converting his body into light, into pure energy and disappearing from the sight of men." That was Sangamesam's explanation.

"Please don't try to obscure the dividing line between science and the *Puranas*, Sangamesam, and throw the people of

this country into darkness again ; you will be doing a disservice," said LakshmiPrasad.

"Today's science-fiction will be tomorrow's science-achievement ! Our thought and imagination must be bold and adventurous, Prasad ! What would you say, brother ? " Sangamesam turned to me for support.

"That may be as you say. But who is interested in the manner or mode of death ? We should rather project our thought towards better ways of living. Whether one dies and returns to dust or becomes pure light, it is not going to help humanity to live, and hence all research into it is useless." That was my opinion.

"You are mistaken," said Sangamesam. "The mind and the body go together. Death is the conclusion to life. They too go together. In Sri Chaitanya's life, devotional ecstasy was the most distinguishing trait : by mere touch he was able to impart it, transmit it to others. The culmination of that ecstatic state of mind must have transformed his mundane body into light. And it appeared as death to ordinary people. He walked into the sea, he had to, as the sea alone could receive safely that immense energy. His walking into the sea is not a legend but a fact."

LakshmiPrasad has a large nursing-hospital at Kandukur. He came to Visakhapatnam to attend a medical conference. Sangamesam had arrived from Madras four days earlier. I live in Visakha being employed as Reader in the University. It was a rare meeting of three old friends and we decided to take a holiday visiting Puri. We exchanged notes about our personal and family affairs without reserve during the trip.

LakshmiPrasad has two daughters, no sons. That is one disappointment in his life. The first daughter is a doctor and has been married to a doctor. Both of them work in his hospital. The match for the second daughter is settled. She will marry an I. A. S. officer in the coming *Sravan*. LakshmiPrasad is now looking for grandchildren. He is planning a tour abroad. He is also ambitious, and would even enter politics, when the opportune moment arrives. That is what he gave us to understand about himself.

Well, the month of *Sravan* arrived and the marriage of LakshmiPrasad's daughter was duly celebrated, attended by Sangamesam and myself. Within a week of our return from the celebrations, we received the thunderbolt of a message that LakshmiPrasad was dead.

How did it happen ? The newly-married couple returned to LakshmiPrasad's house after the customary sojourn at the

bridegroom's place. Lakshmiprasad planned a picnic to a nearby sea-side resort called Ramayapatnam. He asked two of his doctor colleagues to accompany him; his wife, daughters and sons-in-law and a few servants constituted the picnic party. In the early hours of the morning, the male members of the party left in a vehicle, and the female members with two servants were to follow in another vehicle at 9 a. m. with lunch-baskets. After bathing in the sea, Lakshmiprasad was standing on the beach very close to the water. His two sons-in-law and a doctor colleague were still in waist-deep waters. Suddenly a mountain-like wave came up and swallowed the three bathers, whom Lakshmiprasad had been watching. Lakshmiprasad fell down unable to bear the shock, as he believed that both the sons-in-law were gone and his colleague. When the wave touched the shore, it swept Lakshmiprasad's body into the sea. The sons-in-law and their companion, however, ducked and reached the shore, though the senior son-in-law had to be brought unconscious to the shore by the other two. The second doctor colleague, standing at a distance, had observed the fall of Lakshmiprasad. When he ran to the spot, the body had already gone into the sea. When the unconscious son-in-law revived, all of them started looking for Lakshmiprasad. Then his body was washed ashore and restored to them. But Lakshmiprasad was dead. It wasn't death by drowning; he had died of shock.

We, Sangamesam and myself, were present for the obsequies. We condoled his death in the appropriate manner. We too were in a state of shock. As we waited in mournful silence for our respective trains at the Singarayakonda railway-station, Sangamesam said: "You remember our Puri trip, and what you spoke about life being more important than death. The manner of death is a commentary on the individual's manner of living. Mahatma Gandhi, a great votary of non-violence, died a violent death! Lakshmiprasad's death demonstrates how much he was attached to money, ambition and his family. His absolute identity with them is seen in the manner of his death. In a way he was lucky. If his sons-in-law had died, as he imagined, and he had lived to mourn the loss, what would have been his life hereafter?"

"Then, is death the opposite of our attachments in life?"

"Yeah, death is the other side of the coin."

"What about the man who develops non-attachment to the things of life?"

"He becomes triumphant over life and death."

"Do you mean to say he won't die!"

"He will die in the body. That is not important. He will not experience death. As he has attained to a state beyond duality, he sees death as continuous with life. Spiritually ambitious men by *sadhana* may even succeed in building a body of light, which may last after the earthly one is gone, but even that will not save them from death, unless they have attained to non-attachment and non-duality to experience life and death as one. So there can be ambition and attachment even in spiritual *sadhana*. An ordinary man too survives with his subtle body for a period of about 15 days, according to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. That is why ceremonies are performed and the dead are fed ritually. Some, no doubt, develop the subtle body and continue to survive to help others. But helping others is also a manifestation of life's desire "

As Sangamesam continued to speculate, my train arrived on the platform and I had to take leave of him.

An year passed by. I fell ill with dengue fever. I was recovering, but felt a terrible weakness both in the body and in the mind. It was the fullmoon night of Sravan. I had a dream. Sangamesam was there. Standing a little away from my bed, he was asking me to get up and join him. He was in a joyous mood and was urging me to get up. I tried but my extreme weakness prevented me. "If you want to get up, you can do it, come on, my dear fellow," said Sangamesam and put out his hand towards me. I tried to reach it, but failed. But I touched something and my dream was gone. I was groping against the wall :

When I had got up from my bed three days later, I received a letter.

"Dear Brother,

I have been going round and round for a long while. Forget what I told you about Einstein's theory, or about developing a body of light. All that is meaningless. Except joy, *ananda*, serene joy, everything else is meaningless. The sea of joy in me and the joyous sea outside me are one and the same. Separated from that joyous sea of consciousness, we gather sea-shells on the beach like idiots. There is neither meaning nor meaninglessness to life. Mind-body, mundane-body ethereal-body these are not separate. Tradition, religion, knowledge, science, everything is void. They are the curtains of illusion to be brushed aside to meet the sea, my sea of joy. If there is joy in life, in the small things like getting up, drinking coffee, contemplating nature, soaking in rain. and so on, it is measuring out in small tea-spoonfuls the joyous sea of consciousness. Day after day. Life after life. No, the sea is my beloved. The sea is my all. The sea is my consciousness, my joy. I am the sea. No *maya* can separate me

hereafter. I am the sea. The sea is I and I am joy...

Sagara Sangameswara Sastrl

I could't make anything out of that letter. In his quest, Sangamesam had become mystic, his mysticism bordering on loss of reason and madness. A few days later I received the news. The sea had washed ashore Sangamesam's body on the Edward Elliot's Beach, which he used to frequent. Whether it was natural death, or suicide, I could get no information. No one could know. After all this, after I lost my two friends to the sea, the secret of life and death still remains a mystery to me. Whatever little understanding I had about it was washed away. I sit silent and dumb, dumb even in my mind, staring at the sea from the sands of Visakha beach.

BEGGAR'S BOWL

DR. T. VASUDEVA REDDY

The beggar's bowl was empty with dust
 A heap of bones wrapped with skin
 Feeble to hold a stick at the door
 A faint voice, too dim and ghostly,
 Came as though deep from a dry well
 His bare feet tottering on the burning soil
 His thorny head an inverted hot pan
 He stood a rooted tree and begged alms;
 The mistress of the house in silk sari,
 With bare arms, stood by her lover
 Smiling for nothing on the balcony;
 The wealthy man daintily holding
 A tempting silvery plate of bribery
 Threw a piece into the cracked bowl;
 A bitch came in time and devoured it
 The dusty bowl smiled at the moving master.

ORWELL'S "KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING" Limits of Political Imagination

DR. SACHIDANANDA MOHANTY

Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*¹ (1936) is his second work to be rooted to the concrete socio-cultural setting of the pre-war England. In his first book *Burmese Days* (1934) Orwell chronicled, as an Imperial Policeman, his mixed response to the colonial experience. The next, *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935), though dealing with a native English experience, is structurally disjointed and has an insufficient ideological focus. It is only with his *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, that Orwell began to show his forte as a major sociological novelist of his era.

Yet, while we must marvel at Orwell's deft portrayal of the contemporary British society in all its comical aspects, we cannot unfortunately share the same admiration for his social critique in this novel. True, his protagonist Gordon Comstock, makes an unending tirade against poverty and a ceaseless refrain against the sterility of the modern waste land. But an indignant outburst, howsoever clamorous, can hardly be a substitute for an objective analysis of the system. Certainly, a work of fiction is not meant to be an ideological or intellectual polemic, but all sociological fiction of some significance from Dickens² to Dostoyevsky manage to raise seminal questions about the respective societies. In this paper, I shall contend that Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* pays inadequate attention to the examination of the vital underlying forces that generate tyranny and oppression in society. I shall further contend that such a fundamental incapacity could be traced to the lack of necessary political imagination in the novelist himself. I shall show that Gordon's dilemma was in fact the dilemma of Orwell, the liberal intellectual who cannot make, at this stage of his career, a radical commitment. Gordon / Orwell opts for an easier middle-class compromise since he has no intimate perception of poverty. It's only after subsequent experiences both real life and fictional

that Orwell and his characters succeeded in making a more categorical affirmation.

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Orwell's protagonist Gordon Comstock is by no means a member of the Marxist underdog. He has no intimate contact with the working class life, "An unintended child", he belongs to a middle-class family to which "nothing ever happened."

Gordon has literary ambitions; precisely, to be a poet. For a while he holds out against the family members who wanted him to "get on" in life. His mother's illness, however, forces him to relent and he takes up a more "respectable" job in a red-lid firm. Soon after his mother's death, Gordon walks out of his job. His contact with Ravelston, the editor of *Anti Christ*, fetches him sporadic book reviews.

And so Gordon makes war on money. With the help of his indulgent sister Julia, Gordon lands on a job in the Accounts Department of the New Albion Publicity Company. This is where he meets Rosemary, his future lover and fiancée.

Gordon's mood turns rapidly from surprise, amusement to horror while he works as an apprentice to Mr Clew, the head copy writer. After all, writing imaginative advertisements for deodorants could hardly be the staple for "creative artists".

Gordon, therefore, throws up this job as well, and takes up an assignment as a book-keeper's assistant with one Mr. McKechnie "a sleepy benign old Scotchman" who wanted somebody looking like a gentleman in order to "impress the more bookish customers." Gordon has then a windfall publication of his collection of poems called the *Mice*. The collection receives rare reviews and he naturally thought that "the future was opening before him."

However, a decaying family of hypochondriacs and a meagre pay of two quids a week quickly brings the reality of the self-chosen "blind alley" to Gordon.

Gordon is equally disenchanted by a self-styled Bloomsbury Group at a place fancifully called the Coleridge Grove. He soon figures out the reason of his neglect in the hands of the literary establishment. After all the *Primrose* was being run by "a coterie of moneyed highbrows — those sleek refined young animals who suck in money and culture with their mother's milk". (84) They are the "moneyed young beasts who glide so gracefully from Eton to Cambridge and Cambridge to the Literary Reviews." (13)

Gordon's actual class allegiance is betrayed in a conversation with his friend Ravelston. To the latter's question that the choice actually is between capitalism and socialism, Gordon's reply is smug. Socialism only makes him "yawn." He adds brazenly: "If the whole of England was starving except for myself and the people I care about, I wouldn't give a damn." (97) This attitude of indifference and solipsism is only a shade different from Ravelston's girl Hermione who cannot stand the lower classes as "they smell".³ (100) His concept of socialism is couched in comical terms. Socialism is

"Some kind of Aldous Huxley *Brave New World* only not so amusing. Four hours a day in a model factory tightening bolt No. 6003. Rations served out in grease proof paper at the communal kitchen. Community hike from Max hostel to Lenin hostel and back. Free abortion clinic on all the corners. All very well in its way of course. Only we don't want it." (95)

Gordon's understanding of the lower classes, the real masses, is equally warped. As a result, his dissociation from them is complete. For, he never felt any genuine pity for the genuine poor. "It is the black coated poor, the middle middle-class who need pitying. "Socialism is only an adolescent pursuit." "It is the price of optimism. Give me five quids a week and I'd be a socialist. I dare say."

Due to a lack of fundamental ideological clarity, his attitude towards the working class tends to swing to absurd extremes. The working class is either eulogised in patronising terms such as in the following

"How right the lower classes are. Hats off to the factory lad who with four pences in the world, puts his girl in the family way. Atleast, he's got blood and not money in his veins."

Or more frequently, it meets with scorn and disfavour as Gordon's disparagement of the working class habitation:

"Tenement houses where families slept five in bed and when one of them died, slept every night with the corpse until it was buried, alley ways where girls of fifteen were deflowered by boys of sixteen against leprous plaster wells." (27)

Gordon thus raves on relentlessly, pursuing a single obsession — money — with a maniacal fury. Too much of money creates as much a problem as too little. Literary pursuits, mate selection, success in courtship, a genteel and "respectable" life, all seem to revolve around money. Money, may not

really have much to do with some of these but the thought that it does is as potential. The thought may even cripple a man's actions as it apparently does to Gordon in his sexual encounter with Rosemary in Farnham Common ("How can you make love when you have only eight pence in your pocket and are thinking about it all the time?" (149)

While money remained the cause paranoid, it is only paradoxically, amidst poverty, and destitution on Mother Meakin's dingy bed that Gordon and Rosemary come together. Yet this consummation, long awaited, satisfies neither party. "She felt dismayed, disappointed, very cold." (236)

From this point, the ending could only be a foregone conclusion. Rosemary manipulates Gordon to accept marriage and domesticity. Her announcement of her "pregnancy" decisively clinches the issue in Gordon's hesitant mind. Here, as in most other instances, Gordon's pose of a rebel crumbles and he is revealed in his true colours — basically as a conformist. The *Volte-face* is complete. Yet he must clothe his option for the commonplace in a suitably philosophical vesture:

"It occurred to him that he was merely repeating the destiny of every human being. Everyone rebels against the money code and everyone sooner or later surrenders..... Somebody or other had said that the modern world is only habitable by saints and scoundrels. He, Gordon, wasn't a saint. Better then to be an unpretending scoundrel, It was what he had secretly pined for, now that he had acknowledged his desire and surrendered to it, he was at peace." (254)

Notice the expression, "it was what he had secretly pined for," which reveals the real self of Gordon. Along with his transfiguration, there comes about a change in his perception of the world as well. For instance, the aspidistra flower, that stood all along for an insipid way of life, suddenly takes on a different nuance: "The aspidistra is the tree of life he thought suddenly." (255) "It's the proper thing to have," he explains to Rosemary, "It's the first thing one buys after one's married. In fact, it is practically part of the wedding ceremony." (262)

The novel ends with a perfect, *tour de force*: "Well, once again, things were happening in the Comstock family." This must be seen as a counterpoint to the earlier declaration on page 44: "Nothing ever happens in the Comstock family."

Thus, when Gordon hungers for the "sluttish under-world", (217) "where failure and success have no meaning, a sort of kingdom of ghosts where all are equal," it is clear to us that by so doing, he can safely avoid all questions of choice and commitment.

We therefore realize that behind all the angry and satirical outburst of Gordon, there actually lurks a desire to belong to the establishment. His answer to the snobbish waiter of the Ravenscroft Hotel is his equally supercilious behaviour at the Modigliani Restaurant.

It is thus clear that despite its avowed concern with diagnosing a sick society, Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* in fact revolves around the problem of a middle class poet *manque* who after making a great show of rebellion, tamely gets down to a life of quiet conformism. As Jenni Calder aptly remarks :

"We suspect continually that it is not anger at monopoly capitalism that urges him (Gordon) to opt out from the rat race but boredom and self-resentment. There is no political consciousness in his action at all".⁴

As an intensely autobiographical novelist, Orwell's middle-class career shares many interesting parallels with his creature Gordon. Orwell explains his middle-class dilemma and ambivalence in his *Road to Wigan Pier*. "At the age of seventeen or eighteen," he says, "I was both a snob as well as a revolutionary." He could "agonize over their (working class) suffering" through the medium of books but "I still hated them and despised them when I came anywhere near them. I was still revolted by their accents and infuriated by their habitual rudeness".⁵

Similarly, in his essay on Charles Dickens,⁶ Orwell discusses Dickens' criticism of society and postulates two ways of changing it: change of the human consciousness or change of the system. Needless to say, Gordon Comstock subscribes to neither. He is only an escapist and a conformist, usually taking refuge behind a subterfuge of words. For instance, he tells Ravelston, on page 95, that he has three options before him: socialism, catholic church and suicide. And yet he pays sustained attention to none, preferring instead self-flagellation and morbid self-pity.

Orwell declares that the Burmese experience had made him aware of the working class but it was inadequate to lend him any definite ideological support. "By the end of 1935," he

admits, "I had still failed to reach a firm decision." This may explain why Gordon fails to enunciate any social activism in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936). The Spanish civil war⁷ and other events in 1936-37 turned the scale and thereafter he declares, "I knew where I stood".⁸

Orwell saw literature and politics as inseparable and considered all art to contain in them "a political bias." In his essay "Why I write" he went on to say :

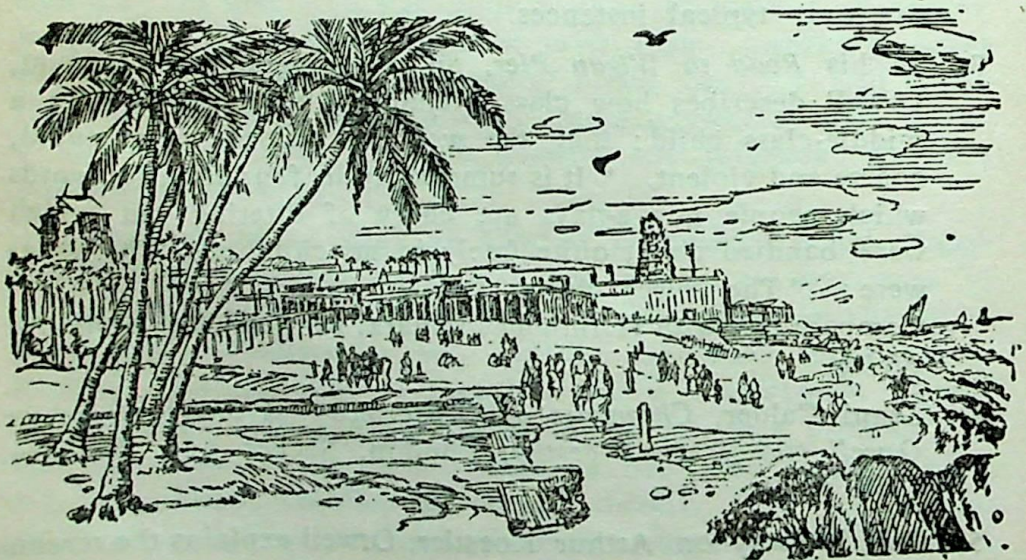
"My starting point is always a feeling of partisanship, a sense of injustice. When I sit down to write a book, I do not say to myself I am going to produce a work of art. I write it because there is some lie I want to expose, some fact to which I want to draw attention".⁹

In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, the evil that Orwell sees manifest in society appears to be the money code, the "cash-nexus" of Carlyle. But this evil cannot be suitably exercised as the novel suffers from a basic lack of political imagination.

Notes and References

1. All quotations of the text pertain to the Penguin edition of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* by George Orwell, London, 1962 and the page references are parenthetically cited.
2. Dickens and his contemporary Victorian novelists show a great deal of concern with the role of money in society in their fiction. *Dombey and Son*, *Hard Times* and *Little Dorrit* are only typical instances.
3. In his *Road to Wigan Pier*, an autobiographical account, Orwell describes how class prejudices are instilled into a middle-class child: that the working classes were stupid, coarse and violent. "It is summed up in four frightful words which people now-a-days are chary of uttering but which were bandied about quite freely in my childhood. The words were: "The lower classes smell." Compare this with Hermione's remark, in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*.
4. Jenni Calder, *Chronicles of Conscience: A Study of George Orwell and Arthur Koestler*, London, Secker and Warburg, 1968. p. 91.
5. In his essay on Arthur Koestler, Orwell explains the reasons that may account for the absence of long-lasting political fiction in England. To understand such things as tyranny, he says, "One has to be able to imagine oneself as the victim and for an Englishman to write *Darkness at Noon* would

- be as unlikely an accident as for a slave trader to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," George Orwell's essay on Arthur Koestler in *Collected Essays*, London : Mercury Books. 1961. p. 220.
6. George Orwell's essay on Charles Dickens in *Collected Essays*, London : Mercury Books. 1961. p. 48.
 7. I remember saying once to Arthur Koestler : "History Stopped in 1936." George Orwell's essay on "Looking Back on the Spanish War," in *Collected Essays*, London : Mercury Books. 1961. p. 195.
 8. George Orwell's essay, "Why I write" in *Collected Essays*, London : Mercury Books. 1961. p. 424.
 9. Ibid.



OUR LIFE AND OUR NATURE

JATINDRA MOHAN GANGULI

One of the fundamental causes which lead to miscalculations and disappointments in our lives is our not appreciating the limitations of our powers and capabilities. Being too much, and in fact most of the time, turned outward to the external and the physical, our mind which forms and judges our impressions and ideas is left unchecked and unstudied. In the natural course, the mind thus grows presumptuous, and its consequential egoistic outlook makes it dogmatic and assertive in its inferences and conclusions. What is beyond its orbit of comprehension it will pooh-pooh; what is mysterious it will consider in a way that satisfies its vanity; what is beyond its power and control it will not see or admit. Some seeming and generally elusive success in some physical experiences encourage and support this attitude. We want to think and believe that we can mould even our human nature which we are far from understanding, and change and fashion it according to plan and to our wish. Give me a kid and I shall make it a lamb to my liking, we say, if I only have the means and opportunity for doing it.

But does not such wishful thinking lead invariably to bitter disappointment? With all the love and care given to children, parents one day may be cruelly disappointed to find them going astray from the track marked out for them. They become differently inclined, differently shaped, differently natured, though the environment, association and living conditions have been the same for each one.

Such disappointments come to all at sometime or the other. And many people look for a reason for it in quarters other than in the inevitable individuality of human nature. We come to the world with a nature characteristically our own, and we move on through the span of this life on a marked track,

like railway train rolling over fixed rails. I avoid the word predestination because it is associated with some theological implications of controversial nature. For the same reason I refrain from asserting that, according to Sankhya philosophy, at the time of the end of life a balance sheet, so to say, of one's doings is made up which decides the course of one's next life — although there may be something in this hypothesis to think over and reflect upon. I shall therefore confine myself to facts and realities coming under our direct observation and experience.

We observe and experience so many things, but when we want to understand and explain, then we are inclined to make even unconsciously, suppositions which conform to our faith, belief or likings, rather than to what may seem to be more rational and true; and, oftener than not, we thus go the wrong way. On looking deeper into events, happenings and our own experiences, however, what do we find? If we look into our life, through its ups and downs, and its many vicissitudes, how many of them do we find have been of our choice, aim and plan? On how many occasions did our will prevail? What sharp bends could or did we effect in our nature and inclinations?

We are often inclined to argue, but even then we discriminate between those events and happenings which turned to our liking and desires and for which we take credit, saying that they were due to our will and effort, and those other events which went against our calculations and which we attribute to fate. The good qualities in those who have been under my care have been due to me, but their faults and defects were to their having had a bad background in past lives. Is there any rational justification in such thinking and judging?

Our nature works and has been working, perhaps in a system and according to a law, but are we the planners of that system and makers of that law? When a river comes from its source and bends and turns, and flows over or round boulders, we might as well think that all that was willed, directed and controlled by itself. But when we sit on its bank and watch it coursing along, we see how causes altogether out of its control regulate and determine its onward flow. Its nipples and murmurs seem to display its enthusiasm and satisfaction at its own doings, but we see that they are not of its own wishing and doing. The levelling of its course, the hard or soft soil, the stones and boulders on its bed, were not of its choice, but due to altogether external agencies.

The sea waves come majestically upon the shore, then break and playfully recede to the depths they came from; but I laugh at their swelling with pride for nothing, for nothing is done by their own will or power. So, also, I am amused when I watch from the balcony the stream of human beings going both ways, in different moods with different purposes and with different feelings of assumed self-importance. Each one evidently thinks that his own will is acting and deciding every step of his way, but as I extend my vision and look behind or ahead, I can see the road and motor-bus is going, turning aside a little from its route because of an incident happening ahead of it on the road, but the men whom I see from the balcony, who are going that way, do not know of the occurrence of that incident as yet; to them that incident is still in their future.

Thus we all go, each one rolling over the rails on which he is placed and meeting events and occurrences which await ahead. Scenery changes, weather changes, but the track keeps on the rails; and so does man and his nature. The impulses and inclinations which come, come in a sequence which is characterised by the path he is treading. "Behold, Arjun" said Krishna, "they will, be all killed in spite of you, they are all killed by Me." And what Arjun was disinclined to do, he saw already done in the yonder where the present and the future merged.

One's nature is not changing but only evolving in its own manner as determined by the track it has to follow. Little minute creatures are we within an incomprehensible vastness, wherefrom—how we do not know—come excitements and impulses which make us do, work and function as we do. If individuals were left free to be wilful and playful as they liked could the system work? If influence and environment could change one's inborn nature, amidst royal luxuries and attractions Siddhartha (Buddha) would not have turned an ascetic and a Bhikshu. If teaching and preaching could produce results, the world's great teachers, preachers and prophets would not have failed to change at least their own men and society. Within the direct sphere of their influence what crimes, what atrocities were not committed?

THE VOICES

SUBHENDU MUND

(*Translated from Oriya*)

Even before the birds can know that
the sun is going to set
unseen hands, cool and soft
caress their velvety wings.
After they have left the sky
the sea looks more terrifying
more gloomy — as if it has nothing
to do with the banner fluttering on the
blue wheel ; or the intimate clusters of
casuarina trees.

The sea seems to be receding every minute ;
my outstretched hands hang wearily
like unwanted guests,
in the vain attempt to touch
its foamy being.

As if it is a half-familiar face,
going away with an uncertain smile,
as if it does not quite remember
when we had met,
or when we shall again meet
in an unknown point of time.
Its dark form gradually dissolves
in the night
as if in its own self.

In the deep embrace of darkness
I become merely a voice ;
the earth becomes
a harmony of voices in the night.
The voices, as if, are merely echoes
The sea becomes a harmony of voices.

In the harmony of dark vices,
the earth transforms itself
into an ocean.

Alice Walker's "The Color Purple"

KRISHNA PACHEGAONKAR

Since the publication of her first novel "Third Life of Grange Copeland" in 1970, Alice Walker has enjoyed a long and prolific career: three books of poetry, two short story collections, two novels and a biography of Langston Hughes for young readers—each work impressive not only in its own right but also by virtue of its appeal. Alice Walker occupies a significant place in the contemporary black women writers in America. Born into a large family of sharecroppers in the Deep South, she displays in her fictional corpus a keener interest in the plight of the black woman than do the other members of the contemporary black women writers quartet (Toni Morrison, Alice Walker, Paule Marshal, Gloria Naylor). Although she uses protagonists of both sexes, Walker reveals a strong bias in favour of the black woman; she regards her as the bearer of enormous social, and sexual burdens.

Though "womanist" (she prefers "womanist" to "feminist" a word she finds limited a little weak) in tone and character, Walker's writings have placed her in the mainstream of modern literature. Walker is a highly gifted writer of powerfully expressive fiction. Her work consistently reflects her deep concern with racial, sexual, and political issues, particularly with the black woman's struggle for spiritual and political survival. Her political awareness, her southern heritage and her sense of the culture and history of her people form the thematic base of her fictional world. Walker's unsparing vision of black women's victimization in sexual love—their isolation, degradation or grotesque defeat by despairing or aspiring black men—has been a major element in her growing body of work. Walker's first collection of short stories "In Love and Trouble" (1973) won her the prestigious Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Her second novel "Meridian", is often cited as the best novel of the Civil Rights Movement; and her last novel "The Color Purple"

(1982) is awarded both the American Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1983, and Steven Spielberg made a classic film on it.

"The Color Purple" is acclaimed as Alice Walker's "the most impressive" (Watkins: 1982) but a poignant tale of five women — black, battered, and ultimately triumphant over a world that seems to have been designed to drive black women mad. Walker's language is incandescent, heated with love and rage, and her vision is clear and hard as cut glass.

Celie is a 14-year old black girl in the Jazz Age South: spunky, vulnerable, and the downest and outest of women. Because she must survive against impossible odds, because she has no one to talk, she picks up a pen and pours out her soul to God. Raped repeatedly by the man who may or may not be her real father, robbed of the two children that result bereft her beloved sister Nettie — who fled to seek a better life in Africa — Celie writes about her tragic life in the guise of letters to "White God" because she is ashamed to tell any one else. Celie is black, ugly, and not good at school work; she lives in rural Georgia. Celie has such a low opinion of herself that, she meekly submits in marriage to an older man named Albert (always referred to by her as Mr...) Who wants someone to take care of his four motherless children. In the first few pages, Celie is raped by her mother's husband, deprived of the two children she is forced to bear and married off to a widower. Her life seems hopeless and over. To Albert, who is in love with a beautiful and determinedly independent blues singer named Shug Avery. Celie becomes merely a servant and an occasional sexual convenience. When his oldest son, Harpo asks Albert why he beats Celie, he says indifferently:

"Cause she my wife. Plus, she stubborn.

All women good for — he don't finish.

He just tuck his chin over the paper like
he do. Remind me of Pa" (p. 30)

For a time Celie accepts the abuse stoically:

"He beat me like he beat the children. Cept
he don't never hardly beat them. He say
Celie, get the belt It all I can do not
cry. I make myself wood. I say myself,
Celie, you are a tree. That's how come I
know trees fear men." (p. 30)

She watches with curiosity as Albert's teenaged son Harpo falls in love with and marries Sophia, a big strapping girl who

tells Celie she is "big" with Harpo's child. She watches with admiration as Sophia successfully stands up to her husband and father-in-law and moves out of the house with her children. She watches with horror as Sophia is carried home later from prison, beaten and abused for having talked back to the town's white mayor. Several women come into Celie's life, among them Shug (Sweet as Sugar) Avery, a whore-with-a-heart-of-gold and Albert's former lover whom he brings back to the house one day. She is ill with "the nasty woman disease" and no one else will take her in. Celie nurses Shug back to health, admires her with a consuming passion, and in one of the novel's most tender scenes, becomes Shug's lover. Above all, she loves to hear Shug sing. This event which should break up any household, proves oddly restorative. Through Shug, who is bold, passionate, and outspoken, Celie slowly learns to stand up for herself and to resist the brutality and tyranny of men; through Shug's sisterly embrace, she discovers the sensual possibilities of her hitherto unawakened body. The love that Celie feels for Shug is returned in ways both sisterly and sensuous. Celie frees herself from her husband's repressive control. When she finds out that Albert has intercepted all the letters from her younger sister Nettie — who, with Celie's help, has fled to Africa with a missionary group — allowing her to think that Nettie is dead. When she discovers half way through the novel that Nettie is still alive, Celie's callous heart breaks open and her rage pours out:

"The God I been praying and writing — to is
a man. And act just like all the other mens
I know. Trifling, forgetful, lowdown." (p. 175)

Celie's rage finally breaks through her passivity. She wants to kill Albert but is restrained by Shug. Eventually Celie discovers the laughing at him, standing up to him, and just leaving for a while cause him to have a change of heart. Here the novel takes a sudden swerve. While Celie has been slaving in America, Nettie has been playing Albert Schweitzer in Africa, ministering to the needs for a primitive tribe called Blinks. Always the scholar as a girl, her letters to Celie betray her missionary education and wide travels. Her writing simply doesn't move the reader the way Celie's does. She gives us decorous and pedantic travelogues instead of raw, dramatic, and deeply felt transcriptions of experience. Celie eventually leaves Albert and moves to Memphis, where she starts a business, designing and making clothes. Ironically, it is Albert's real love and sometimes mistress, Shug Avery; and his rebellious daughter-in-law Sofia, who provide the emotional support

for Celie's personal evolution. And in turn, it is Celie's new understanding of and acceptance of herself that eventually lead to Albert's re-evaluation of his own life and a reconciliation among the novel's major characters. As the novel ends, Albert and Shug sit with Celie on Celie's front porch "rocking and fanning files", waiting for the arrival of Nettie and her family.

"The Color Purple", according to Peter Prescott (1982), "is an American novel of permanent importance, that rare sort of book which (in Norman Mailor's felicitous phrase) amounts to "a diversion in the fields of dread"; for her story begins at about the point that most Greek tragedies reserve for the climax, then becomes by immeasurably small steps a comedy which works its way towards acceptance, severity and joy." Her narrative advances entirely by means of letters that are either never delivered or are delivered too late for a response, and most of these are written in a black that Walker appears to have modified artfully for general conception. In "The Color Purple" Alice Walker can be said to have attempted a kind of encompassing imaginative empathy with the world of the Southern black women giving due weight to the ubiquitous presence of physical and psychic violence and its burdening effect on the human capacity for self-expression.

One of the major concerns of the novel is the bonding of oppressed women. What particularly distinguishes Walker in her role as apologist and chronicler for black women is her revolutionary treatment of black women: that is, she sees the experiences of black women as a series of movements from women totally victimized by society and by the men in their lives to the growing developing women whose consciousness allows them to have control over their lives.

"The Color Purple" is about the struggle between redemption and revenge. And the chief agency of redemption is the strength of the relationships between women: their friendships, their love, their shared oppression. Even the white mayor's family is redeemed when his daughter cares for Sofia's sick daughter.

Africa, the land from which free black men and women were forcibly uprooted and brought to America in chains, has long been imagined in black American folklore and literature as a Paradise Lost, to be returned to one day in pilgrimage. The quality of modern black life in America has done little to diminish the need for such a myth, not the force with which it is embraced by black culture at large. Alice Walker in "The Color Purple" clearly wants to revise the myth — to toss it out entirely, in fact. Africa, as pilgrim Nettie presents it in her letters, is as

repressively patriarchal as America. The Olinka men don't believe that women should be educated — at least not their women.

"They are like white people at hom who don't whant colored people to learn." (p. 173)

Nettie realizes with a start. And Africa's not much of a paradise for Olinka males either. With the Second World War about to erupt, British colonials descend upon the helpless tribe, bulldozing roads through their village and ripping out their sacred roofleaf bush in order to plant rubber trees. The resentful black men rape and treat their women like animals. They remind Nettie, more than anything of her Pa.

If Africa is no paradise for a black woman from America what does Walker offer in its place? Her vision is a complex one, and she works it out artfully through the character of Celie. The inescapable logic by which she forces Celie to see that man is the true oppressor, the boundless rage that results — these are her as much as Celie's and two-thirds of the way through the novel we begin to suspect that she has given up on men altogether. Celie and Shug slam the door on Albert and move up North to an old house in Memphis that Celie has inherited from her mother. The two women cook, fix up the house, open a shop that sells home-made pants for women. They weave their lives into a "common dream" in which male lovers and kinsmen have no place. As Shug tells Celie one night before the two women drop off to sleep in each other's arms, "Us is each other's people now".

In the traditional way Walker ends her comedy with dance, or more precisely with a barbecue. The final mood of the novel is that of forgiveness, reconciliation and faith in the work of God.

Alice Walker is a remarkable novelist, sometimes compared to Toni Morrison, but with a strong, individual voice and vision of her own, and a delicious humour that pervades in "The Color Purple" and tempers the harshness of the lives of its people. Opening with a dedication to the spirit, Walker ends her novel with a postscript: "I thank everybody in this book for coming. A. W., author and medium".

Dinitia Smith, in her review of the novel, quite appropriately comments, "Despite its occasional preachiness, the *Color Purple* marks a major advance for Walker's art.....it places her in the company of Faulkner, from whom she appears to have learned a great deal". Walker has not turned her back on the Southern fictional tradition. She has absorbed it and made it her. By

infusing the black experience into the Southern novel, she enriches both it and the reader. It is indeed a sort of *tour de force*.

Notes

1. Prescott, Peter S. : "A Long Road to Liberation." Newsweek Inc. Vol. XCIX No. 25. June 21, 1982. p. 67-68.
2. Smith, Dignitia : "Celie, You a Tree" *The Nation* Vol. 235 No. 6, September 4, 1982.
3. Walker, Alice : "The Color Purple". New York : Washington Square Press, 1982.
4. Watkins, Mel : "Some Letters Went to God" in *New York Times Book Review*, July 25, 1982. p. 77.

GRATITUDE

SHYAM KUMARI

Simple joys
Brighten my days
Like silver days,
The unexpected present
Of a flower or a book,
Spontaneous laughter.
Sincere words,
Move me to tears,
A magnificent dawn,
Or dew-drops on a leaf,
Truth's triumphs.
Or courageous deeds—
All things that reflect
Thy Beauty
Fill me with gratitude.

THE ORDEAL OF WATCHING A CRICKET MATCH

PROF. GANGADHAR GADGIL

Well, doing it once was about enough. I decided that going to stadium to watch a cricket match was not the kind of thing I would ever do again.

Frankly, I never was frightfully keen about cricket. Well, as a boy I did go along with my friends to the sports ground to play cricket. But soon enough the cricket ball hit hard by the batsman hit me on the chin instead of settling in my hands as it should have done. Thereafter I lost interest in the proceedings on the sports ground and the interest was never kindled again.

Later on I discovered that cricket balls could even hit innocent chaps in the vicinity of sports grounds. I was hit on my back by one while I was walking past a sports ground. It was quite a few days before I could breathe without a pain in my ribs. Since then I am not very much in favour of people playing cricket.

But the general public in Bombay has a totally different view of cricket. They are quite crazy about it. Watching a test match at the stadium is the one thing in the city. To be seen watching it from the club house confers social distinction. On the other hand, a chap who for some reason cannot watch the cricket match, becomes an object of pity.

When the test match is on, everybody I run into asks me, "You got a ticket, didn't you?"

"Well, I am not frightfully keen about cricket, you know" I reply with a short nonchalant laugh and a toss of my head.

This does not prevent an expression of shock and consternation appearing on the face of the chap who is talking to me. He says, "Good heavens! Not interested in cricket! Can such a thing be? Well, I am going to watch the test match for all the five days. There are a lot of urgent matters I have to attend to. In fact our German collaborators wanted to come here to finalize

an important deal. It runs into crores, you know." But I said, "Nothing doing! I am going to watch the cricket match for the next five days, and that is that."

Well, I certainly won't have to postpone deals running into crores, if I decide to watch a cricket match. I, poor chap, only have deals with my grocer, which run into just a few rupees. Yet having nothing much to lose by spending time in watching a cricket match, I keep away from it. This to him seems to be a matter for great pity.

He admonishes me saying, "Gadgil, you must enjoy life. You ought not to bury yourself in books all the time."

I responded with a gay, light-hearted laugh. At least that is my intention. But it sounds hollow and lifeless. The chap stares at me. The only thing to do under the circumstances is to walk away and thus put an end to the encounter.

I do not feel equal to more such encounters and remain almost in hiding till the test match is over.

I now accept this predicament philosophically. But I used to feel quite embarrassed at being chided for not watching a cricket match. This once drove me to watch a cricket match much against my wish.

That certainly was an enterprise beset with difficulties right from the beginning. I had to talk to a number of influential friends to obtain a ticket which ultimately was given to me as a great favour. It reminded me of how I was driven from pillar to post during the war years to get a canful of kerosene.

Commuting in Bombay is a painful experience at all times. One is pushed, thumped, bumped, bullied and crushed by hordes of commuters. But the rush was much worse on the opening day of the match. Various parts of my anatomy were bruised by umbrellas, elbows, heels, binoculars, tiffin carriers and various other objects carried by the cricket enthusiasts. On the train I was squeezed by crowds from all directions until I did not occupy much more space than what an umbrella does. I wished that my body was as hard as a cricket ball to withstand all those hits, bumps or thumps.

I eventually settled down in my seat at the stadium in a mood characterized by a marked lack of enthusiasm. The two umpires that walked into the sports ground seemed to suffer from a similar lack of enthusiasm. In their white gowns they looked like a couple of doctors who had set out to examine a seriously-ill patient. They were followed by a team of eleven, who seemed to be in no hurry at all to reach the pitch and get the game started. In course of their leisurely walk the guys were amusing themselves by throwing the hard ball at each

other. When they had progressed halfway towards the pitch, two gentlemen carrying cricket bats came out of the club house. They were engrossed in conversation and were also not in a hurry to get the game started. At last, when they arrived on the pitch, I hoped that the play would commence. Alas ! I found that a lot of things had to happen before that.

The proceedings at the pitch were remarkably similar to what happened at a concert of Indian music. It is only after the maestro sits comfortably on the dais, that the elaborate process of tuning up the tanpura and various other musical instruments starts. First one tanpura is tuned. It is then respectfully handed over to the maestro who tests it and shakes his head in disapproval. So it is tuned more precisely once again, and this continues until the singer stops shaking his head and nods his approval. The same process is then repeated in the case of the second tanpura. The tabla player, who until then seems to be lost in meditation, suddenly springs to life and vigorously hammers away with a will on the leather straps of the tabla to achieve the desired resonance. When at last all the instruments are tuned, the singer closes his eyes in order to achieve the desired concentration. At last he opens his mouth and begins his recital in such a low tone that one can hardly hear him.

Something very similar was happening on the sports ground. The batsman was trying to position his bat exactly in front of one of the three stumps and in doing so, he was being assisted by the umpire at the opposite end. This involved bending low, to bring the eyes to the level of the stumps and bringing the stumps at both the ends and the bat in a single line. I am quite astonished by the precision with which this is sought to be done. Frankly, I have never been able to make out what possibly could go wrong if the bat is positioned an inch or two to the left or to the right.

At last the batsman located his bat at the precise point of his choice and I heaved a sigh of relief. I expected the play to start right away. In that I was sadly mistaken. For it was now the turn of the opposite team to start an elaborate ritual of its own. The captain summoned the bowler and handed over the ball to him with appropriate ceremony. Both of them thereafter confabulated and positioned the fielders on the sports ground making them to move back and forth and to the left or to the right. This involved considerable signalling and running around, until the field was arranged to the bowler's satisfaction.

I heard a sigh of relief and said to myself, "Now surely the play will commence." But it didn't. The bowler took off his cap and handed it over to the umpire for safe keeping. He then rotated his arms to loosen up the muscles, and even went through the motions of bowling a ball. When at last the muscles were sufficiently loosened up, he walked to the stumps, turned his back on the batsman and started walking away in measured steps. He walked and walked and kept on walking although he had covered almost half the playground. I wondered where he was headed. It looked as if for some reason he was deeply offended and was going back home. I watched him in considerable alarm and was greatly relieved when he eventually stopped and began to mark that point by vigorously rubbing his foot in the ground. I was told that it was to be the starting point of his bowling run. It seemed to me very odd that a bowler should run for twenty-five yards in order to throw the ball over less than half the distance. But that, I was told, was the way cricket was played.

At last the bowler had marked the starting point of his bowling run and it seemed that at last the preliminaries were over. The bowler began his run. But the batsman abandoned his stance, stood up and looked around to see how the fielders were positioned. The umpire raised his hand to signal to the bowler to stop which he did after having run a few yards. The batsman looked around and carefully scanned the positioning of the fielders. After he had scanned them all to his satisfaction, he once again took his stance and the bowler once again commenced his run.

By that time I had given up all hope that the play would commence before the end of the playing hours. But commence it did. The bowler run his run and hurled the ball. The batsman swung his bat. The wicketkeeper jumped up and clapped his hands and the ball was thrown back to the bowler. It all happened so quickly that I failed to observe what exactly had happened.

I had heard that those bowlers play all kinds of tricks with the ball. They pitch them at various lengths, they bowl leg-breaks and off-breaks and then bowl inswingers and outswingers. Sometimes they bowl what are called yorkers and sometimes they turn nasty and bowl bumpers which rise high and hit the batsmen on their heads.

I had heard that batsmen also do all kinds of wonderful things. They cut the ball, drive it, chop it, push it and hook it. This seemed amazing to me as I had barely managed to

stop the ball with my bat during the few days that I had played cricket as a boy.

I was very keen to closely observe the bowlers and batsmen doing all these things. So I kept my eyes peeled and watched the proceedings very carefully.

The trouble was that I could not for the life of me manage to catch the ball with my eye while it travelled from the bowler to the batsman. All I could see was the batsman swinging his bat and the wicketkeeper leaping in the air.

I therefore had to make use of deductive logic to grasp what was happening. When the bowler swung his arm through the air, I deduced that he had hurled the ball towards the batsman. When the batsman brandished his bat to the off-side, I deduced that the ball was bowled to the left of the wicket. If the bat was lifted high, that was a clear indication that the ball had bounced high in the air. When the wicketkeeper leapt in the air and caught it, it meant that the batsman had missed that ball.

I found it fairly easy to go on deducing what was happening on the sports field. But I discovered that watching cricket by a deductive process of reasoning was not a very exciting and enjoyable experience. The prospect of doing so for five days was grim and depressing.

The fast bowler bowled three balls, which the batsman could not or did not hit. He did hit the fourth ball and ran across to the other end of the wicket to score a run. This brought the other batsman to the batting side. He naturally had to position his bat precisely at a point of his choice. This took quite some time but eventually he did dig a hole in the pitch to mark his position. Thus there were now two holes dug by the two batsmen on the pitch. I wondered, how, each one of them could distinguish his own hole. The problem was likely to become more and more difficult as all the eleven batsmen came in to bat. I certainly was glad that I wasn't the eleventh player in the team, who would be called upon to recognize his hole amidst the eleven on the batting pitch.

After the bat was positioned and the hole was dug, I expected that the game would be resumed. But it wasn't. There was, however, considerable commotion among the fielders who were running hither and thither to be at new positions on the sports ground. When I inquired about the reason for this commotion, I was told that the second batsman was a left-hander

which made it necessary to change the placing of the fielders. When the field was rearranged, and another ball was bowled the left-hander scored one run and once the right-hander was at the batting crease, making it necessary to rearrange the placement of fielders. This left-hander proved to be a pain in the neck to all those engaged in playing and watching the game. However I was told later that, that was precisely the role he was expected to play by his captain. Such dirty tricks, it seems, are very much a part of cricket.

After watching cricket for an hour, I discovered that during that hour cricket was played for barely twenty minutes. The rest of the time was spent in the long walks of the bowler to the start of his bowling run, the rearrangement of fielders and the shift of play from one end of the wicket to another at the end of each over. It seemed that human ingenuity had been used to the utmost to create as many interruptions in the game as possible.

The consequence was that I lost what little interest I had in the proceedings on the playground. It seemed that quite a few of the other spectators shared my feelings. They naturally started amusing themselves in other ways. Initially a paper ball landed on my head. This was followed by peels of bananas and oranges, I knew that it was only a matter of time before an egg would break on my nose and I waited patiently for it to happen.

It seemed that a large youthful section of the audience had a musical turn of mind. They began to sing, what appeared to be devotional songs. That surprised me greatly. When, however, I carefully listened to those songs, I realized that while the tunes were of devotional music, the words contained rather explicit descriptions of the goings on between young boys and girls. The singing became more enthusiastic with the passage of time and eventually the youthful gang leapt out of their seats and began to dance in the aisles of the crowded stadium. They became more and more playful and began to force other spectators to join them. This resulted in a number of scuffles and eventually a big fight broke out when they tried to pull a girl out of her seat. I saw a few chaps tumbling down the steps of the stadium, and fearfully waited for that to happen to me.

Suddenly the spectators roared, "Out!"

That reminded me that a cricket match was being played and I had come to the stadium to watch it. I looked at the sports ground. The play had stopped and a batsman was walking away towards the club house. I asked the people around me, "What happened?"

I was told that he had been caught in the slips. I felt quite cheated. I had all along wanted to see the fielders poised behind the batsmen catch the ball flying off the batsman's bat and I had lost a golden opportunity. So I kept my eyes peeled and watched very carefully the game being played with a ball which I could not see most of the time. I watched intently for half an hour. But, as you must have guessed correctly, nothing interesting happened during that half hour. Eventually even what little was happening came to a halt. The players stopped playing and began to walk towards the position. When I inquired what was happening, I was told that they were having a ten-minute break for drinks. Considering that they were having a break at the end of each over, there seemed to be no need for an extra break from doing nothing most of the time.

While they did not need any break, I certainly did. Apart from being bored stiff, I was stiff in my limbs after sitting in the hard wooden seat at the stadium. I was feeling quite thirsty too. So I went out and tried to get a drink—at the refreshment stall. However, lots of other chaps were thirsty too and they were crowded six deep around the stall. It took me quite a while to get a drink and I had to wait equally long to get my turn at the toilets. By the time I was climbing back into the stadium, the play had resumed. I heard a tremendous roar of the spectators while I was on the stairs.

“What happened?” I cried.

I felt cheated again when I was told that the batsman had hit a mighty sixer. I had heard chaps back after watching a match talking eloquent about the sixers hit by the star batsman during the day. But I had missed watching that heroic achievement.

I hoped that the batsman would hit another sixer and I kept my eyes fixed on the sports ground. I didn't even blink. But, as you have guessed correctly again, nothing of interest happened. Well, a couple of boundaries were hit. But that was about all. No sixers, no great catches, no shattering of the wickets by a beauty of a ball.

My eyes were quite strained due to exposure to the bright sunshine on the sports ground. The sun too had slowly crept towards my seat in the stadium and I could feel its heat and glare. My throat got parched and eyes began to burn because of the hot sun. But I sat glued to my seat so as not to miss the mighty sixer or the magnificent catch about which I could talk eloquently to my grandchildren in my old age.

As the lunch hour approached, people around me went away to get seats at nearby restaurants. I, however, stuck heroically to my seat until the last ball of the morning's play was bowled.

Unfortunately no sixer was hit nor a wicket taken during the pre-lunch overs which are often described as crucial.

I had heard many stories of great batsmen losing their concentration and consequently their wickets as the lunch hour approached beckoning them to savoury dishes. I had also heard of cunning bowlers getting as many as four wickets in a row in a deadly pre-lunch spell. But nothing of that sort happened before lunch on that day. The batsmen were very cautious and just stopped the ball with a dead bat. No hits, no risky strokes, no runs, nothing. Watching the match was like watching one of those modern plays in which nothing at all happens.

At last when the play stopped, I was hot and hungry and keen to get out and get a good lunch. However, everybody had the same inclination and I had to struggle and jostle for more than ten minutes before I could get out of the stadium. Long queues had formed outside all the restaurants in the vicinity and there seemed to be no possibility of getting any lunch there before dinner time. So I walked briskly half a mile to the area around the Museum where a number of restaurants were located. I thought it was very clever of me to do that. But I found that the same clever idea had occurred to a lot of other people, who were standing outside the restaurants there in long queues.

I walked another half a mile and at last found an old, run down Irani restaurant which had no queue outside it. I walked in and sat at a table only to discover that it had very little to offer by way of food and whatever it had to offer was pretty stale. I was so hungry that I gulped down whatever I could get and rushed back to the stadium to watch the post-lunch game.

I, of course, could not reach there in time and the game had been on for twenty minutes before I got into my seat. During those twenty minutes, however, a great deal had happened. Three wickets had fallen in quick succession and the fortunes of the home team were in doldrums. In short all the drama in the day's play was crammed in those twenty minutes when I was not there.

I hoped there would be more dramatic developments in the hours that followed. But the game again took on the character of one of those modern plays in which nothing happens.

There were other developments that were not to my liking. The sun, which had been creeping towards my seat, now caught me in its full hot blaze. I soon experienced very vividly what a peanut feels like when it is being roasted. The gang which

had sung devotional songs in the morning now presented a programme of western music, in which a lot of trumpets blared, cymbals changed and drums improvised out of cans were beaten. The music was accompanied by dancing of a kind I had never seen before. This generated considerable liveliness around me and I was hit on my back and head with orange peels, empty cartons and paper arrows with remarkable accuracy. There were scuffles among the school boys who sat behind me and I was recipient of various thumps and kicks which were really not intended for me.

This went on for what seemed to me to be several hours. Actually it was only a couple of hours before the play stopped again so that the players could have their afternoon tea. Cricketers are very particular about having all their meals at the appointed hour. They play cricket only in between their numerous meals.

The cricketers had tea waiting for them in the pavilion. It wasn't however waiting for me and I just could not muster enough energy to be pushed and jostled while leaving the stadium and getting a cup of tea. I, therefore, sat in my seat in the blazing sun. It was then that I experienced the first throbs of a headache in my forehead. As time elapsed the throbs became powerful thumps and that threatened to split open my head.

The game after the tea break was a little more interesting. But by that time I had lost all my capacity to take any interest in the game whatsoever.

I was not equal to facing the rush of traffic at the end of the day's play. So I left a little early. I therefore had the privilege of being among the first fifty waiting for a bus in a queue. It was a long wait for over forty minutes before the bus I was waiting for arrived. I could not naturally get a seat but I could stand clutching the strap over my head. In that condition I travelled for an hour, swaying back and forth while being bruised by elbows, brief cans and umbrellas and also being butted by shoulders and heads. At last when I reached home my body was sore all over and I could barely stand on my own two feet.

My wife greeted me saying, "You must have had a wonderful time."

I attempted a broad smile, and said, "Yes of course! It was very enjoyable. I was feeling very guilty about going all by myself. So I decided to make up for it by letting you watch the cricket match tomorrow."

"I? Watch cricket? No. I can't make head or tail of what is going on. In any case, knowing how keen you were

about watching a cricket match, I would like you to watch it on all the four days," she said smiling very sweetly.

I realised that when you are in trouble not even your wife comes to your succour. So I reconciled myself to going through the ordeal of watching the cricket for all the four days.

On the first day I had learnt about the various problems which a chap watching the cricket match has to face. I therefore decided to prepare myself to face all the eventualities on the days that followed. I equipped myself with a hard hat and ear plugs and goggles as protective gear. I also borrowed the binoculars of a friend of mine in order to be able to see the ball which had remained largely invisible to me, the previous day. I also took with me a large water bottle and a big thermos flask full of hot tea. My idea was to have tea at the end of every hour of play. Knowing how difficult it was to get lunch or anything to eat at the stadium, I took half a dozen sandwiches, half a dozen bananas, half a dozen oranges, quarter kilo of potato wafers, another quarter kilo of lemon drops and several packets of salted peanuts. Two items were added as an after thought. One was a towel to wipe perspiration and another was a small transistor radio, on which I could listen to the running commentary on the match and thereby make some sense of the largely incomprehensible proceedings on the cricket field.

It was quite a big and heavy load of provisions and equipment and to travel with it on a bus was not easy. But I suffered the torture with the patience of a Yogi. I refused to be put out by the angry remonstrations of other passengers on the bus, knowing the happiness those things would give me at the stadium.

These expectations were not belied and I had a wonderful time at the stadium. Initially I had a problem because one of my hands was engaged in holding the transistor near my ear and the other held the binoculars in front of my eyes. That left me with no hand with which I could eat. I soon found, however, that it was not necessary to watch the proceedings on the sports ground when they were being vividly and very knowledgeably described to me by an expert over the radio. I therefore deposited my binoculars on my knee and stopped watching the game. I could then eat with relish the various goodies with which my bag was loaded. At the same time I could understand that the ball that was just bowled was a fastish inswinger and the stroke of the batsman was a square cut. All this would have escaped me if I had watched without listening. Oh! I enjoyed it all very thoroughly and impressed

the chap sitting next to me by commenting on the foolish mistake made by the bowler by bowling a full toss.

My only problem was that the eats I had brought with me were disappearing pretty fast and it was likely that I would be left with no lunch to eat by the lunch hour. I, however, solved the problem by going out and replenishing my stock while others watched the match. Even when I went out, I missed nothing because the radio was glued to my ear all the time. The binoculars presented another problem. Seeing that I was not using them, everybody around me wanted to borrow them. They had passed from hand to hand and travelled nearly a furlong. I had great difficulty in retrieving them and proving that they were my property.

I had a wonderful time that day. My happiness was marred only by the tiresome bus journeys I had to make to and fro. After returning home I tried to think out the solution to that problem. It took me quite a while but eventually I found it. In fact, it was absurdly simple. I realized that it was not at all necessary for me to go to the stadium to watch the match. I could sit in my armchair with a bagful of eatables and listen to the radio commentary while eating them.

Well, I did exactly that on the next day and have continued to do so ever since. In course of time I made one improvement in the ritual. I included in it a nice long nap during and after the lunch hour till tea time. I make up for what I missed watching by reading the newspapers, in which scribes eloquently described the match.

Mind you, nobody knows that I sit relaxed in my armchair at home while others suffer the agonies of going to the stadium and sitting in the sun. I discuss the match with them so knowledgeably that they are convinced that I must have been there.



DR. R. V. R. CHANDRASEKHARA RAO

The tablelamp glowed with pinkish golden light
As the bulb's rays pierced through the lamp shade.
The war lord seemed pretty soothed by the sight
As for a while from the obsession his attentions fade.

Wasn't the lamp a present that the loyal Himmler did bring
A tribute to his pure and ascetic 'Mein Fuhrer'
From Belsen's countryside, with a bunch of tulips, last spring
And deliver it, hands folded in prayer, imitating Durer.

The blob on the golden shade appeared to grow
Like the abominable and creeping slime in a SF movie.
He touched the drop, right hand hesitant and moving slow
Unable to resist feeling the whole thing repulsive and eerie.

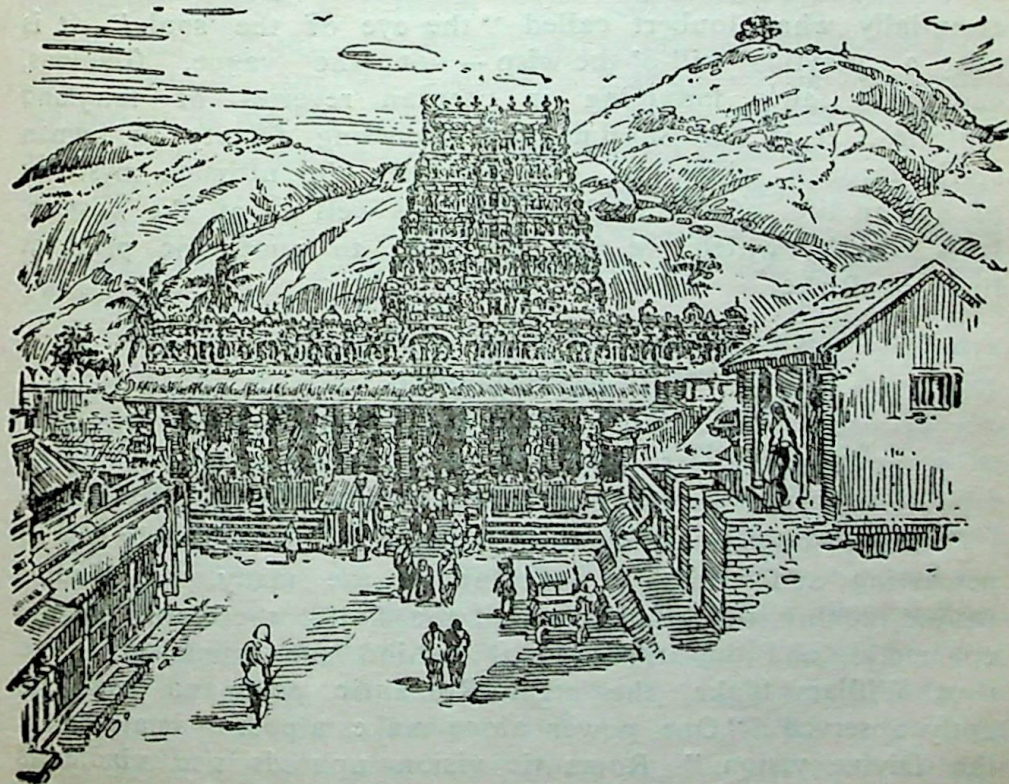
He felt scalded, nay branded, by a revenge infernal
That sent through his frame shivers of terror
Untypical of one who wallowed in thoughts sepulchral.
He knew he was facing an apparition of holy horror.

He heard the avenging cries of a soft-skinned child
Torn away from her mother's bosom to get her skin flayed
The screams filled the leader's ears as a chorus wailing wild
And made him rant and rave, his stern decorum flawed.

The sounds of hell and the feel of that slime
Sent him rushing to the refuge of the water closet
Reaching for the soap there to wash his alleged crime
Little realising the case against him was tight and shut.

As the lathered hands got washed with water hot
He remembered Himmler's gift included cakes of soap :
Oh, by the Devil, wasn't that made of human fat
And he trying to wash guilt with Satanic hope ?

Thus did a little child accomplish her final retribution
Her once fair tender skin itself becoming the brandishing iron
To carve on an evil one the stigmata of the Devil's creation
And despatch Hitler to damnation in the bosom of Eva Braun.



Mysticism in Wordsworth's Poetry

RAJENDRA PRASAD ACHARYA

William Wordsworth was the supreme pioneer and founder with Coleridge of the English Romantic Movement that momentous and epoch-making movement that broke the cult of dry, sterile rationalism in English poetry and ushered in a new era by establishing and vindicating the primacy and sovereignty of intuition and imaginative vision in literature as well as in life.

Romantic imagination, as conceived and cultivated by the Romantic poets like Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake and Shelley, etc., is something unique and unparalleled in its kind. It is essentially what Joubert called "the eye of the soul." It is not a playful will-o'-the-wisp—not the vague, frivolous, capricious fancy indulging in utopian reveries or fairyland fantasies. It is that sublime and crowning faculty of human spirit through which we can penetrate the ultimate mysteries of human life, of the soul of man as well as of the cosmos. It is that by which we may be able, to quote the pregnant lines of Blake,

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

— *Auguries of Innocence*

In the Romantic viewpoint, imagination is the only way of perceiving and realizing the One in the many, the abiding behind the flux, the infinite behind the finite, the eternal behind ephemeral, and the transcendent behind the immanent. And thus William Blake, the great Romantic poet and visionary, aptly observed: "One power alone makes a poet — imagination, the Divine vision." Romantic vision upholds and vindicates the ultimate priority and ascendancy of imagination over the

logical and speculative reason of the human mind while not denying or belittling the limited value and utility of the latter in human life. It cherishes the view that there are higher realms of experience, ultimate verities of life and baffling phenomena of the universe which the frail, finite human reason cannot explore and comprehend or only do it too inadequately and imperfectly. And it is only the imagination which can offer fleeting flashes of profound and penetrating insight into the heart of the reality. Imagination based on direct intuitive insight or flashes of immediate awareness is a faculty that transcends but does not reject the reason and intellect of man. Emphasizing the supreme importance and power of imagination, Wordsworth very perceptibly says :

“ Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And reason in her most exalted mood.”

— *Prelude*, Book IV

While reason divides, disrupts and dissociates things, imagination links, unifies and binds them together. Thus in sharp contrast to the Cartesian metaphysics of Descartes which maintains a dichotomy between matter and spirit, microcosm (man) and macrocosm (universe), the Romantic imagination finds in the entire universe — between the sentient living beings as well as inanimate objects, a bond of all-embracing unity, solidarity and fellowship. Another distinctive feature of the Romantic imagination is the experience of awe, wonder, ecstasy or rapture and reverence aroused in the perceiver's mind when it contemplates and communes with the things of the universe. Such awe-inspiring or rapturous supernatural (or numinous) experience is a vital factor in Romantic experience and the prime source of its vitality and intensity.

William Wordsworth had not only the exalted and inclusive imagination of a great Romantic poet but was also supremely endowed with the illumined spiritual vision of a mystic. In the Wordsworthian mysticism the Romantic imagination found its finest flower, its crowning revelation and consummation. Mysticism is the quintessence of Wordsworth's poetry, the ultimate and unfailing source of its inspiration.

Mysticism, broadly defined, is a state of sublime imaginative and spiritual experience in which one has direct, immediate and intuitive perception of an all-embracing infinite and eternal reality — the immanent-transcendent Absolute Being underlying and pervading but also transcending the sensible material universe. It is the sense of “God in all” and “all in God.” It is this

sense of one ultimate Divine principle permeating all things and all life of the universe as well as guiding, cherishing and sustaining them that inspires the mystic to conceive the vision of the ultimate divine unity of the universe, of all life. Mystic imagination sees a living relationship between the soul of man and the soul of the universe — a vision of cosmic unity, fraternity and fellowship.

The mysticism of Wordsworth is something unique in its kind, though it shares some characteristics common to all modes of mysticism. It is a type of Nature-mysticism. Though it bears a certain degree of affinity to Spinozistic pantheism, it is not absolutely alike to it, for unlike the latter it does not regard Nature as the be-all and end-all of the universe or equate and identify it with the Supreme Divine Spirit. Wordsworth's mysticism also differs from the Neoplatonic mysticism of Plotinus or the Christian mysticism of St. John of the Cross and St. Augustine. But it has something of the sublime beatific vision of Blake or the glowing paradisaical vision of Dante. Like all true mystics Wordsworth believes that human life has a divine origin and divine destiny. As he said in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality":

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Man is an essentially divine and immortal spirit, the "Pilgrim of Eternity", the "Child of Immortality"—such is the fervent and glowing faith of Wordsworth, as of genuine mystics of all ages and climes. He said very aptly: "Our destiny, our being's heart and home, / Is with infinitude, and only there"; and that "the great thought by which we live" is "infinity and God."

Wordsworth not only loved Nature but glorified, deified and divinized it. Unlike Shelley who at times spiritualized Nature in the manner of Wordsworth and at other times attempted to intellectualize and conceptualize it—transforming the object of Nature into some dogmatic socio-political doctrine, ideology or an abstract idea, as in "Ode to the West Wind", Wordsworth's vision of Nature was constantly and consistently spiritual.

To him the vision of Nature always vouchsafed the vision of the indwelling Divine spirit, the vision of that Cosmic Being, whom Shelley in a true Wordsworthian spirit has described in his illuminating and soul-stirring lines:

“That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly move
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst ;.....”— *Lament for Adonais*

Wordsworth's worship and adoration of Nature was never inspired by passion for aesthetic beauty, elegance and splendour. All forms and objects, aspects and appearances of Nature — whether graceful, lovely and magnificent or sombre, awe-inspiring and forbidding — alike stirred and stimulated his visionary imagination, for they all of them were to him equally the living emblems and images of the Divine spirit, the hieroglyphics of divinity. How even the dreary, appalling and awesome spectacles of Nature could bring intimations of the Divine Reality and profoundly impress on his mind its sublimity, majesty and grandeur is vividly revealed in one of the celebrated passages of “Prelude” in the description of a scene on the Alps :

“Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.”

— *Prelude*, Book VI

And this passage represents a profoundly moving and glowing description of one of the most memorable of his mystic experiences.

The fundamental traits of Wordsworthian mystic vision is also amply highlighted in those moving lines of his, where he speaks of

“One interior life
 In which all beings live with God, themselves
 Are God, existing in the mighty whole,
 As indistinguishable as the cloudless east
 Is from the cloudless West, when all
 The hemisphere is one cerulean blue.”

— From a fragment found in a
 Ms. notebook containing Peter Bell

or when he refers to

“ the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;
O'er all that leaps and runs ; and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air ; O'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. ”

— *Prelude*, Book II

All objects, high or low, sentient or insentient are to him suffused with the living presence of the Divine and instinct with life and feeling and even with consciousness and will of their own. This is movingly expressed in the following memorable lines of his —

“ To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life : I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling : the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning. ”

— *Prelude*, Book III

It is because of this perception of “ One interior life ” in all by Wordsworth that even on ordinary and apparently trivial thing of Nature could kindle his vision and fill him with lofty and elevated thoughts — “ Trances of thought and mountings of the mind ” leading him to the sublimely reverent and profoundly mystic contemplation of the Divine immanent in all creation.

“ To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. ”

— *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*

And he says that even the smallest things of Nature seemed infused and irradiated with a paradisaal splendour and sublimity.

“ The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light. ”

(*Ibid*)

The childhood “ Spots of time ” with its fits of wild joy, frolic and pastime, so vividly and glowingly depicted by Wordsworth in “ *Prelude* ” were also punctuated by fleeting flashes of mystic vision — “ Gleams like the flashing of a shield, ” as Wordsworth so exquisitely put it.

Since Nature aroused in Wordsworth's mind a profound vision of the Indwelling Deity or the "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe" as he calls it in the "Prelude", he regarded it as the living fountain of his poetic inspiration and of moral and spiritual enlightenment and vision. He acknowledged that he was

" Well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

— *Tintern Abbey Re-visited*

All objects and things of Nature had for him some sublime and mysterious moral and spiritual message to convey :

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can." — *The Tables Turned*

It is the fundamental faith of a mystic that "the heart of light is the silence." In the true spirit of a mystic, Wordsworth set a supreme value on silence and contemplative stillness or, as he called it, "wise passiveness" and "meditative peace" and was conscious of its profound and immense spiritual potentialities for bringing him divine revelation and for enabling him to penetrate into the ultimate cosmic mysteries. Amidst his visions of Nature, there came moments of such profound and hallowed stillness of "transcendent peace and silence" as Wordsworth called it that through his imagination Wordsworth attained the highest peak of his mystic vision gaining insight into the heart of reality. It was in moments of "that peace which passeth understanding" that Wordsworth tells us :

" Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and self-transmuted, stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God "

— *Prelude*, Book IV

In moments of such holy calm and peace, his mind was transported to a state of sublime ecstasy, an ineffable trance-like consciousness.

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream :
A prospect in the mind" — *Prelude*, Book V

Emphasizing those moments of sublime stillness and serenity and their inestimable value and significance, Wordsworth in a pregnant and illuminating passage in "Tintern Abbey Re-visited" says :

...that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

and also in "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" :

"Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

MY DEAREST MOTHER

AGNES SOTIRACOPOULOU-SKINA

My ages are full of you
Of your dear, sweet face,
My ears enchanted by your voice,
Whenever I should go
For so long as I live, you are always with me ;

More now than when you were still alive —
Nevertheless this terrible emptiness O my God :
Your incorporeal presence tortures me,
Annihilates me, each time
It waned to leave me a wreck.

Ah ; this solitude
How unlike any other,
And I, who believed
That I had known every loneliness

—Translated from French by Hugh McKintley

THE HUSBAND

(One-act Play)

PURASU BALAKRISHNAN

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Satyanathan : A retired officer of sorts

Sivakami : His daughter aged thirty-two

Natarajan : Sivakami's husband

Dr. Sundaram

Cook

[*The Setting* : A partition (wall) from front to back across the middle of the stage, with a communicating door, divide the stage into two rooms. The left is a drawing-room with a sofa set, a central table with magazines etc., a rack of books against the back wall, and a telephone on a stand by its side. Sivakami, a woman of thirty-two, is sitting on a sofa, turning the pages of a magazine. To the right of the partition is a bed-room with a bed stretching right to left in the middle and a side-table with medicine-bottles, glasses, etc. On the bed is lying Satyanathan, a man in his early fifties.]

Sivakami : (Looking towards the room to the right, after turning a few pages of the magazine in her hands) Father is really the limit. Always spinning yarns. He's absurd really... the limit of absurdity. (Turning to the left) He has not come yet. (Wearily) What a long wait ! (The sound of a motor horn is heard outside.) At last !

(*Enter Natarajan.*)

Sivakami : What's the news ?

Natarajan : We have admitted her to the hospital, and Sumati is there, with her. We shall have to be there soon. The doctors say that she has had premature rupture of the membranes and that they have to induce labour and that there may be trouble.

(Groaning is heard from the bed-room. Satyanathan is tossing on the bed and groaning. Sivakami and Natarajan look towards the room.)

Sivakami: Father is at it again!

Natarajan: Perhaps he heard what I told you.

Sivakami: How can it be? Really he's absurd, fantastically absurd.

Natarajan: Absurd is not the word for it. He is mad, he is psychotic.

(Again groaning is heard from the bed-room)

Natarajan: It's beyond figuring out. Very trying.

Sivakami: He's very trying. But I think you're too hard on him. Except in this one respect he is a good man. He is a good father and a good husband. You can't deny that. And a good father-in-law too.

Natarajan: All the same, he is queer fish. A tribal man transported to civilization.

(Sivakami looks at Natarajan scrutinizingly.)

Natarajan: There is a tribe in Andhra Pradesh where the man drinks a potion—a decoction made from herbs—regularly when his woman is pregnant. This beats that. Probably because mother-in-law is pregnant after many years, it has brought on his psychosis in a severe form.

Sivakami: (A trifle offended) He has been very good to mother, me and you in his better days. (A pause) I grant though that for the past few days he has been funny and trying. Maybe his age is telling on him.

Natarajan: He is senile in his fifties. He is congenitally predisposed to senility.

Sivakami: Don't be too hard on father. You know mystics—God's devotees—are called God's fools.

Natarajan: That's the word for it. They are fools.

Sivakami: I shall change the word. I shall call him a *Siddha*.

Natarajan: What's that?

Sivakami: Don't you know the *Siddhas*—the adepts—of our Tamil land? They defied and transcended the limitations of the flesh to achieve even the physical attributes of immortality.

Natarajan: Do you believe that?

Sivakami: They had superhuman powers. It is said that they could make themselves invisible, get out from one body and get into another. They could be here one moment and a thousand miles away the next moment. They could be in two or more places at the same time.

Natarajan: Do you believe in all that stuff?

Sivakami: They were walking examples of superhuman powers.

Natarajan : And so what ? I suppose your father is a lying example of superhuman powers.

Sivakami : He is not lying, as far as he knows.

Natarajan : Is that so ?

Sivakami : Certainly, he has telepathic communications with his friends and neighbours. He suffers with their illnesses and operations.

Natarajan : India is the land for these. We don't know where our imagination should stop. We run away with our imagination. Imaginative empathy one can understand. Literary artists have that, although they are very often callous and even cruel in their own lives to the people in their lives.

Sivakami : I see.

Natarajan : Keats is the supreme example of imaginative empathy. He said that when he saw a sparrow pecking at gravel, he became a sparrow pecking at gravel.

Sivakami : I see.

Natarajan : Stop that 'I see', please.

Sivakami : Kalidasa is a better example than Keats. What Keats said in so many words about himself, Kalidasa showed in his poetry — which Keats didn't do half as well. (A pause.) Keats said he had no personality of his own because it embraced and identified itself with so many personalities that it became non-existent. And yet he sighed for Fanny Brawne. That was *his* personality, I suppose.

Natarajan : Excellent ! I hardly expected that of you. But you are contradicting yourself. You mark the limitation of poor Keats, and yet you will allow a lot of preposterous stuff to the *siddhas*.

Sivakami : But how do you explain father ? When I was in labour pains in Bombay, he got into similar pains here in Madras.

Natarajan : Has he a uterus or an ovary ?

Sivakami : (*sarcastically*) How clever ! (A pause.) You're right. He does not have a uterus or an ovary.

Natarajan : You're returning to sanity, my dear. I hope your father does.

Sivakami : Do you know, mother told me that when she was in labour pains—at my birth and at Sumati's—father suffered from similar pains in the abdomen.

Natarajan : As he is having now !

(*Both are silent for a while.*)

Sivakami : But when all is said, it is a borer, when we're attending on mother, to have to attend to his pains.

Natarajan : Say, imaginary pains.

Sivakami : We are anxious about mother. Meanwhile here is a nuisance.

Natarajan : My dear, you are wonderful !

Sivakami : (thoughtfully and guiltily) Or maybe he has some trouble — who knows ?

(A short silence. The telephone rings. Natarajan takes the phone.)

Natarajan : (listening) Oh, thank you, Dr. Sundaram. We've admitted her to the hospital. Sumati is with her. Here father-in-law is still groaning with pain. Thank you.

(Puts down the phone and returns to the sofa)

Natarajan : Dr. Sundaram will be coming here in a few minutes. He is in the next house, attending on that hysterical girl. After that he will attend to the psychotic here.

(Nods towards the bed-room.)

Sivakami : I shall get ready some coffee for the doctor.

(Gets up)

Natarajan : No, sit down. Sankaran can do that.

(Sivakami sits down.)

Natarajan : (Loudly) Sankaran, get coffee and biscuits.

Voice : (from outside the stage) Yes, sir.

Sivakami : For three.

Voice : (from outside the stage) Yes; madam.

(A short silence. Groaning is heard from the bed-room. Sankaran comes with coffee and biscuits and lays them on the table. Enter Dr. Sundaram. Exit Sankaran.)

Natarajan : Hallo, Dr. Sundaram. Please have a cup of coffee.

Dr. Sundaram : It is always welcome.

(Satyanathan tosses in his bed and groans in the bed-room.)

Dr. Sundaram : I've no doubt he heard my voice and is doing that ... Funny to see a man hysterical, and at this age ! It is a record ! Yes, in many ways ! Has a mystic element to it. Like Ramakrishna's ecstatic trances... Indian contribution to hysteria or epilepsy. I'm tempted to write a paper on it.

Natarajan : You have our permission. We shall give you a full history with genetic details. (Looks at Sivakami.)

Dr. Sundaram : Genetic details are not necessary. We, Indians, are congenital mystics and philosophers. I would like to have all details though.

(A short silence while the three are helping themselves to coffee and biscuits.)

Dr. Sundaram : Sumati is in the hospital with her mother ?

Sivakami : Yes.

(Satyanathan's groaning is heard from the bed-room)

Dr. Sundaram : Satyanathan, please join us for coffee.

Satyanathan : *(from the bed-room)* I'm having pain. But I shall come.

Dr. Sundaram : Can you ?

Satyanathan : I can. I can ignore my pain if I make up my mind.

Sivakami : Sankaran, one more coffee !

(Satyanathan gets up from his bed, crosses the communicating door and joins them. As he sits down Sankaran comes from the left side of the stage and places a plate with a tumbler of coffee and biscuits on the side-table and leaves the stage.)

Dr. Sundaram : Come, it is good to see you on your feet.

Satyanathan : I'm glad to have someone to talk to.

Dr. Sundaram : Satyanathan, why don't you make up your mind to cast away the pain for good — since you can do that if you make up your mind, as you yourself said just now.

Satyanathan : No, I'm not a Ramana Maharshi. I can control the pain only for short periods of time.

Dr. Sundaram : Don't you realize the absurdity of your situation ? And you were once a practising doctor !

Satyanathan : I took the degree but then I was quits with Medicine.

Dr. Sundaram : Can your grey matter be no better for having undergone the discipline of medical education ?

Satyanathan : My grey matter is better for that. But the one who says, "My grey matter is better for that" is different from his grey matter. What is perceived is always different from the perceiver — the *Saakshi*.

Dr. Sundaram : There is no talking to you.

Satyanathan : Don't talk to me. Read Sankara.

Dr. Sundaram : You said you were glad to have someone to talk to.

Satyanathan : Of course. How can it be otherwise ?

(Turning to Sivakami) Do you know, Sivakami, he is the only man whom I am in touch with since my college days ?

Sivakami : You've told me that before, father.

Satyanathan : Listen. He and I took up military service together. Just when my training was over I got a telegram from my father that he was down with a heart attack, and he asked me to return home. I gave up my commission and came home. I gave up my career while Sundaram climbed up and up in military service.

Natarajan : But why did you have to give up your career because you gave up service ?

Satyanathan : I took the break in my career at its crucial point as a pointer of destiny.

Sivakami : Do you want some more coffee, father?

Satyanathan : Yes.

(*Sivakami hands him a second cup.*)

Satyanathan : (*Takes a few sips*) Ah, the coffee brings on the pain ! (*Sets down the cup, holds his side and gives a groan.* To Dr. Sundaram) These are exactly like uterine pain — the bearing-down pain of uterine spasm, starting at the back, coming forwards, downwards and medially on both sides to the front. How do you explain this, Sundaram?

Dr. Sundaram : I suppose it requires an autopsy. I suppose we won't find a uterus in your abdomen.

Satyanathan : That reminds me. Shall I tell you a story?

Dr. Sundaram

Natarajan

Sivakami

} Yes, please do.

Satyanathan : The women — shall I say the fair sex? — all got together once. They felt themselves to be the victims of men. They felt themselves to be cheated by God. Men had the best of everything and left the worst of everything to women. It looked as if God had made man so as to be able to free himself of all shackles at woman's cost. It looked as if God had let man have the nectar and woman have the poison, just as he had let the *devas* have the nectar, and the *asuras* the poison, in the churning of the milky ocean. They said, "Why should the task of conception, labour and pregnancy be woman's only? Why should man go scot-free, like the bee tasting the honey of the flower and buzzing away?" So they prayed to God for justice and a proper apportioning of the mingled tissue of life. God appeared before them and said, "Yes, hereafter while you deliver the baby, man shall have the labour pain." (*Takes a sip of coffee.*) Ah, the pain is on me now!

Natarajan : All the pain transferred to man? That's not fair.

Satyanathan : Why not? Woman bore the nine month's pregnancy earlier. And then, God...

Dr. Sundaram : And then, I suppose, many adulterers were revealed in the process. Such a situation will be very awkward.

Sivakami : And so, I suppose, God restored the status quo.

Satyanathan : Yes, and that was again at the request of women.

Dr. Sundaram : What's the point of the story?

Satyanathan : I wished to say that I've been sharing, in a mystical way, the pains of my wife's confinements...Ah, the pain is coming on again... And I had also shared the pains of my daughter's confinements.

Dr. Sundaram : Does your story explain your condition ?

Satyanathan : Forget the story. I say I have some *siddhic* powers.

Dr. Sundaram : It'll be better if you don't have. You'll then be not having these pains.

Sivakami : Our old *siddhas* did not have these pains.

Satyanathan : We have *siddhas* even now amidst us today.

Dr. Sundaram : For example, yourself—if you did not have these pains.

Satyanathan : No, I'm not a *siddha*, although I've some powers. I do have some powers. I shall tell you. My sister in America, who had not come to India since she went there years ago, was having her delivery there. Long before that, I knew when that was to be. They phoned to me from Washington to ask me for an auspicious time for the delivery—the doctors were going to do an elective Caesarian section on her in the hospital, and they were willing to oblige. I told them that I had already cabled them the date and the time. Then, of course, I told them these rightaway on the phone also.

Natarajan : The astrological abracadabra. Funny how people are. (*turning to Sivakami*) What does Shakespeare say ?

Sivakami : Please don't draw me into the matter.

Natarajan : You're the scholar in the house. Authority on Shakespeare and Kalidasa.

Sivakami : You refer to the lines in *King Lear* ?

Natarajan : Yes, the same that you told me long ago.

Dr. Sundaram : Please let us have it.

Sivakami : Well, here goes ! (*Walking to the book-shelf, taking a book, turning over some pages, and reading from it*) It is the bastard Edmund's assault on the stars :

This is the excellent foppery of the world that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeits of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars ; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting ; an admirable evasion of whoremaster man to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows I am rough

and lecherous. Fut ! I should have been that I am, had I the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkling on my bastardizing.

Satyanathan : Again it comes ! The pain ! It is terrible ! I can't bear it ! I am not a *siddha* ! There it is — the pain ! It is unbearable ! Ho ! It is beyond me ! (*Howls, holding his sides, shaking violently, and gets up*) I must get to bed !

(*He runs to the bed-room to his bed and lies down. Dr. Sundaram follows him and hurriedly examines him, feeling his abdomen, pulse, heart and lungs, taking his blood pressure and examining his eyes with a torch and ophthalmoscope. While he is thus engaged, Natarajan and Sivakami keep sitting in the drawing room, staring at each other.*)

Sivakami : You... I... You... I... I... am responsible for this. My reading this stuff has thrown him into a fit.

Natarajan : No, my dear. It is his own making.

Sivakami : I should not have read this stuff in his hearing. It was because of you that I read it.

Natarajan : Don't worry, dear. Neither you nor I am responsible for this. It is Shakespeare who is responsible for this.

Sivakami : Don't be funny Thank God, the doctor was here.

Natarajan : He will come round.

Sivakami : I hope so.

Natarajan : I dare say.

(*The telephone rings. Sivakami runs and takes the phone.*)

Sivakami : (*into the phone*) Hallo ! Is it you, Sumati ? What's the matter ? ... Yes... I see... O Lord ! O Lord ! ... Dear mother ! ... We're coming immediately ... O Lord !

(*She lays down the phone, walks slowly, as if dazed, to the sofa and slumps into it.*)

O Lord, mother died on the operation table. Cardiac arrest, they say.

(*Sivakami and Natarajan stare at each other. Dr. Sundaram walks from the bed-room to the drawing-room.*)

Dr. Sundaram : He is gone.

(*A short gaping silence.*)

Dr. Sundaram : He is dead.

(*Natarajan and Sivakami stare at Dr. Sundaram and at each other.*)

Dr. Sundaram : Nothing doing. A massive heart attack.

(*Curtain*)

RIOT

HARSHDEV MADHAV

In the riot

The words of peace are burnt

The clothes of unity are pulled

Universal of humanity is robbed

The body of Ahimsa (non-violence)
is torn into pieces.

The " Shanti-mantra " of Rishis
is lost

In the streets swallow in curfew

The truth of poet

is ruined in ash with innocent houses

The religious austerity of saints

is grieved in torn limbs of people

Goddess Muse is imprisoned
in the pages of books

The deserted milk-cabin awaits

the dry-lip crying child

In closed medical store,

The life of dying person is packed

The fire-ended by Fire Brigade

is burning in the hearth of widow

which has lost everything.

“ Modernist Writers ” in the Light of Pratyabhijna Thought

DR. N. S. SUBRAMANYAM

In this brief attempt at literary analysis, an approach is suggested to study British “ Modernist writers ” like W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster and James Joyce, by applying the major aspects of the *Pratyabhijna* thought, associated with the illustrious name of Abhinavagupta (possibly between 990 and 1015 A. D., at least his important productive period). Abhinava was one of the most penetrating thinkers, hailing from Kashmir belonging to a period of Cultural Renaissance starting with the reign of Lalitaditya Muktapada of the eighth century, as another well known personality Ananda Vardhana the author of the famous treatise, *Dhvanyaloka*, dealing with the importance of *Dhvani* or “ Suggestion ” in aesthetic and literary criticism, “ suggestion ” standing for meanings which go much beyond the lexicon. Abhinava has had many works contributed to aesthetic and literary analysis as for example, his commentary, *Dhvanyaloka Lochana* and *Abhinava Bharati* on the *Naatya Sastra*, and many writings on Metaphysics of Perception like his *Isvara Pratyabhijna Vimarsini* and *Tantrasara*.

The term “ Modernism ” has been used in Western literary criticism, to include all those writers (poets, dramatists and novelists) who aimed at going beyond “ Naturalism ” — the realistic representation of various aspects of life. The modernists desired to enter deep into the layers of consciousness and see how experience of reality is different from mere objective sense perception. This sort of subjective view of reality did demand the use of devices like the revival and re-application of ancient myths, the evocative use of symbols to produce suggestive meanings, and also use of suitable images to throw light on new meanings than the use of ordinary words can. These modernists roughly belonged to the decades before the Second World War. It is suggested here that those modernist writers

were different from the naturalists and those post-modernists of the later decades of our century.

This writer found in Abhinava's explanations of *Pratyabhijnā* a lot of similarity with the theoretical basis behind the writings of the famous “Modern Impressionists” among English creative writers already mentioned. Abhinava took up the role of a lucid commentator on Bharatha, keeping in view his deep and varied acquaintance with several dramatists who had been famous from Bhaasa to Raajasekhara, and lyrical works like *Ghatakarpāra* (which he attributes to Kaalidaasa himself) as very suggestive in meanings, and in philosophy. he clarified the implications of the *Pratyabhijnā* doctrine brought into usage by his predecessors like Somananda (early 10th century). In those days, critics like him were carried away by the idea of presentation on the stage (like Aristotle's ideas on *Imitation* and therefore wrote a good deal about the needs of performances like *Rasa* and musical elements, *Raaga* and *Nritta*, those semiotic features associated with the *Gita Kaavya* (poetry for recitation). Metre (*Vastu*) and rhythm (*Anga*) seemed to have attracted critics like Abhinava because these semiotic features greatly project evocative suggestions (*Dhvani*) and above all impressions collected and reproduced when favourable stimuli prompted them (what is termed *Pratyabhijnā*).

Abhinava was the most famous among the *Pratyabhijnā* thinkers of the 11th and 12th centuries A. D., for his lucid exposition of the doctrine of *Pratyabhijnā* as the means to the highest degree of perception of Reality, the understanding of *Chaitanya* (*Vimarsa*) or consciousness at its purest. The physical or objective reality outside exists, but value is added to reality through the “state of mind.” Mrs. Virginia Woolf went to the extremes of proclaiming mental perception as the only reality — “Nothing exists outside us except a state of mind” (*Mrs. Dalloway*). From the *Pratyabhijnā* point of view, physical reality exists in parallel with impressions produced within the consciousness. Mount Kailas exists far away in the Western Himalayan ranges, but without once observing it, no impression could be produced. While observing it even once, the mind is capable of building up various exotic possibilities of the mountain as the abode of Siva Mahadeva. *Pratyabhijnā* is concerned with the building up of impressions within the consciousness, which has been made possible by the trigger of a mere physical view of the peak. A mere brief sight of the peak at sometime in the past, becomes so productive that at a later time-segment, the consciousness can build up a totally new idea, with even pictures in the mind of Isvara in eternal

meditation, or undertaking a cosmic dance as Nataraaja. In Mrs. Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, Time-segments of a daytime are marked out at which different characters capable of diverse impressionistic possibilities, revive within their own memories of reality. This capability of *Recognition* of the multi-faceted reality is *Pratyabhijna*, which includes perceptions from the past, the present and the possibility within the world of conjecture also, and hence it is spatio-temporal in nature, a continuum within which man's existence is placed, placed so to say, within a world of "flux". In the *Trika* philosophy of Abhinava, *Chitta* or Supreme Awareness holds what is the highest possible in perception, similar to what W. B. Yeats postulates in his poem *Byzantium* —

And all complexities of fury leave
Dying into a dance,
An agony of trance

An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

Such a state is a "disembodied" one, with no "complexities of fury". After the highest *Chitta*, there is the level of *Viswottara*, what is conceptuable, and there is *Paramasiva*, the form that is visualized. These mental states form the *Trika* the *Thatthwa Thrayam*, the Triad in human perception.

In the writings of the Impressionists, the same problem is seen in poem after poem, play after play and novel after novel — all forms *Genres* having this in common, the "Quest" for Absolute Perception. Perceptions are not only those derived directly through the five senses, but more important, others like dreams, hallucinations, archetypal behavioural patterns. As already stated, Abhinavagupta's idea of *Pratyabhijna* includes these aspects of perception as part of Reality. Realization of the nature of Self means Recognition or *Pratyabhijna* which as Dr. K. C. Pandey, the authoritative interpreter of Abhinava to our times, is "recollection of impressions" — the same as Marcel Proust's title to his mammoth work: *Remembrances of things past*. The human consciousness, as is well known, is a vast storehouse of varied impressions derived from diverse time-segments, and sometimes it includes also vague images from the twilight-side, representing racial memory, from regions beyond the three states of *Jagrat*, *Swapna* and *Sushupti*. Abhinava uses the term "*Anuttara*" to denote a state in which there is subject-object identification or overlapping. As Dr. Radhakrishnan puts the problem lucidly in his *An Idealist View of Life*, writing of "pure awareness" or pure *duration* which is not just memory, but "it is the undivided present to which categories of Time are irrelevant." In modern Western thought also, Space-Time

is the matrix the stuff of things from which aspects of reality like matter, life, mind and Deity have emerged and for Henri Bergson, it is "duration" (Duree) — which, the present writer feels, is equivalent to Abhinava's *Anuttara*.

The writers of the Impressionist period had developed an immense sensibility, a kind of spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue", as Henry James has written in his *House of Fiction*. They were great experimentalists with the "form", whether in fiction, play or in poetry. No emphasis is laid as in the olden days, on the typology of the literary form. The main pursuit for all, whether writing fiction, or play or poetry, was the quest for the nature of Reality. Yeats was always concerned with a serious search for evocative symbols from various sources, because for him "every symbol is an evocation which produces its equivalent expression in all worlds", as he explains in his *Autobiographies*. In his poem *The Tower*, he extols the power of images all stored up for they compliment one another when occasions demand and this is what Abhinavagupta demarcated as *Pratyabhijna* experience.

"...Images in the great memory stored
Come with loud cry and panting breast
To break upon a sleeper's rest."

Yeats went to the extent of postulating the presence of a "supermind of humanity of which all individual human minds are partial manifestations", as Louis MacNeice puts it in his work, *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats*. He even postulated a theory of experience suited to his own artistic vision, with two planes of Reality, what he termed, The Will and The Mask, equivalent to Abhinava's *Chitta*, and the two *Viswottara* and *Paramasiva*. In the celebrated poem, already mentioned, "all complexities of furies" inhabit the lower levels, but the true life of reality becomes visible beyond "time's filthy load", on the higher plane of bodiless pure conscious state.

A similar idea is found in his contemporary, not a poet, but an "Artificer" with the novel, James Joyce. In Stephen Dedalus in his early work, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Youngman*, the mind wanders with freedom to collect impressions, "image finding and image transmitting". There is the famous passage when Stephen is bewitched with the sight of a bathing beauty on the beach in Dublin, leaving an indelible impression of beauty. It takes all kinds of impressions some beautiful and some others repulsive, some moral and others immoral which crowd into the consciousness, out of which an idea of Reality could be framed which is comprehensive.

In E. M. Forster, he was clear about the duty of a writer, that is "to reveal the hidden life at its source", "to descend even deeper into the subconscious...". In his well-known work, *A Passage to India*, Forster has remarked that "we exist not in ourselves but in terms of each other's minds" (ch. xxv). This view of an individual's reality agrees with the *Pratyabhijnā* idea of "Recognition" or "Self-Realization". In Forster's novel, there is no great significance in what happens on the external plane, as for example, the arrival of Mrs. Moore with her young son Ronny Heaslop, appointed Magistrate in Chandrapore, bringing the young girl Adela Quested. Her intention is to see the two young persons get into a marital relationship. But this is not to be, because an "unseen hand had impacted on the seen" (ch. xi). Mere objective world leads to frustration, as nothing in it is extraordinary — "Everything exists; nothing has value" (ch. xiv). In *A Passage to India*, the external event which obstructs human relationship is the usual Indian communal disharmony. The riots break out fed only by vague rumours about Dr. Aziz, a simple honest mind, who only arranges a trip for Mrs. Moore and Adela to the Marabar Caves at the outskirts of the town, has tried to molest the modesty of Adela! What terrified Miss Quested within the Marabar Cave was just an echo in the empty granite space within. Out of this peurile episode, come a social disturbance, the trial of Aziz, the departure of Mrs. Moore and Adela with the abandonment of the marriage proposal and all! Mrs. Moore realizes, an example of *Pratyabhijnā* Recognition that marriages, so dominating the fabric of human relationships, are really not meaningful, never made in Heaven — "Why, all this marriage... The human race would have become a single person centuries ago, if marriages was any use. (ch. xxii) Almost as a symbolic act, Mrs. Moore dies while sailing along the Red sea!

In his other famous novel, *Howard's End*, there is again the contrast between two sets of values, the life of material prosperity of the Wilcoxes with their motor cars and stocks and shares, and of the world that lies at the periphery of the material sphere, suggested by the Fifth Symphony which touches the sensitive chords in Mrs. Wilcox. Real Recognition in the *Pratyabhijnā* sense, comes only if one quotes Forster's motto to this novel: Only connect, interweave what is seen and what is just suggested.

If one turns to Mrs. Woolf, "life is a luminous halo", "a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end", as she herself comments in her work, *Common Reader*, Series I. At each moment of

time, some external event acts as the trigger to set in a 'stream of consciousness'. In her well-known work, *Mrs. Dalloway*, set within the duration of a day-time, a list of personalities — Clarissa Dalloway, her husband, her daughter, an old lover, and someone she just comes across being mentioned — Septimus Smith, experience ordinary external events of no significance like sitting on a bench in a public park. But within the consciousness, it is not the spatial co-ordinate that matters. For example, in the case of Septimus Warren Smith and his wife Lucrezia, there are impressions which come from the battlefields of Italy. Smith outwardly suffers from shell-shock, though he is decorated for bravery. But the so-called shell-shock has left his consciousness crowded with images of disaster, and symbols of a new hope — those inward signs which an ordinary psychiatrist will not understand. Smith commits suicide which externally is only putting an end to this physical being. He is a telling example of the sense of *Anuttara* experience when the impressions embedded within the consciousness, have greater play than direct experience of physical reality.

The pursuit of Reality, the *Pratyabhijna* experience, led T. S. Eliot to the contemplation of the role of myths, symbols and images in understanding truth of experience and the ability to express that, in appropriate language. This struggle for Reality and suitable expression, one finds in his *Four Quartets*. About his lifelong pre-occupation with the role of time, one finds in the opening lines of the first quartet,

Burnt Norton :

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past
If all time is eternally present,
All time is unredeemable.

Consciousness is like a running river with flotsam and jetsam floating being carried away. In the consciousness, it is "Garlic and sapphires in the mud/clot the bedded axle-tree ". As he realizes, "to be conscious is not to be in time..." because that brings impressions in a crowd. True consciousness is to move from the temporal into the timeless — Only through time, time is conquered." This coincides with Yeats's "sailing" and arriving at the "Byzantium" of disembodied existence.

One gets a feeling while reading *Four Quartets*, as though one is going through lucid commentaries on some of the concepts put forward by our ancient critics and philosophers like Abhinava and Anandavardhana. Abhinava's concept of *Pratyabhijna*, though made for giving a theoretical background

to an important Hindu school of theology — Kashmir Saivism, explains convincingly man's experience of Reality — the place of the objective and how the subjective impressions are based on it, and how the fusion of the two could form a "timeless" mental state. The essence behind life or reality, is extracted and taken out of time. What is past is only what we perceived in the past, and only impressions continue within the consciousness. If an elephant with a Mahant sitting on it, going out to have his ceremonial bath in the Ganga, is perceived, this leaves an impression. It is possible then seeing simply an elephant alone sometime later without the Mahant, the mind remembers the older impression with Mahant earlier. That's how time past and present become blended into a continuum. A Jivanmukta is one who is able to take consciousness outside the framework of the Space Time continuum or Flux and have an unrestricted experience of Reality :

But to apprehend

the point of intersection of the timeless
with time, is an occupation for the saint —

No occupation either, but something given

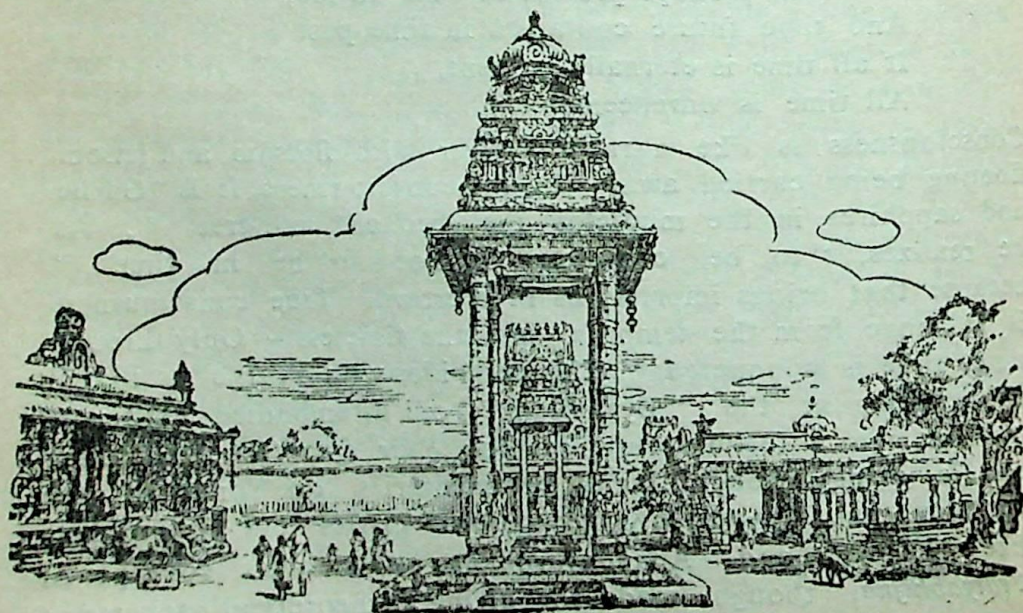
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,

Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender. (*Dry Salvages*)

Eliot expresses the concepts of *Pratyabhijnā* and *Anuttara* in Abhinavagupta's thought when he concludes his *Dry Salvages* —

And right action is freedom

From past and future also.



BOOK REVIEWS

Beginnings of Life, Culture and History. Bhishma's Study of Indian History and Culture : Gen. Editor : S. D. Kulkarni. Shri Bhagavan Vedavyasa Itihasa Samshodhana Mandira, B 7-8 Sreepal Apts. Near Aradhana Talkies, Panch Pakhadi, Thane-400 602. Price : Rs. 320.

This is the first volume of a daring project to rewrite the history of India. It is recognised on all hands that most of the extant histories — whether by Western scholars or Indian — are prejudiced or err with half-lights. With a view to arriving at an objective, authentic account of the evolution of the Indian peoples, Sri Kulkarni has begun this venture with the collaboration of authorities in their respective fields.

The origins of Indian civilisation are undoubtedly to be traced to the Vedas whose central purport is generally missed by the Indologists. "One is amazed to know that some thousands of years ago, the Vedic Aryans could grapple in their own way with the mystery of the creation and life. Their ideas on the subject appear to be far ahead of their times. The Vedas are regarded as the foundation of religion, culture and philosophy of the Indians but in actuality they belong to the world at large. The Rig Veda clearly reveals that the home of the Vedic people was a vast expanse of land encompassed by the Caspian Sea in the west, the Pamir and the Himalayas in the north and north-east, the Ganga and the Yamuna in the east and Arabia, Iran, Iraq and Mesopotamia in the south. It was here that the Vedic culture initially flourished. Later, the Aryans dispersed to different lands in Europe, North Africa, the rest of Asia and America, and developed the ancient world civilisations in their respective regions. Unfortunately, those who migrated from their original homeland, almost totally lost their links with their ancient culture, while only the Indians could preserve the Vedas and their links with the ancient Vedic civilisation, making such modifications as the climes and times demanded."

Some of the chapter headings indicate the lines on which these studies have been carried on: Sources of Indian History; Origin of the Universe; Problem of Consciousness; Vedic model of creation; Home of the Vedic people; Geographical references in the Vedas; Veda as History; Corporate life in the Vedic age; Science of Measurement of Time; Problem of Indian Chronology; Note on Gupta Chronology; Saraswati-Sindhu civilisation; Art of writing in ancient India. Maps, charts, photographs add to the documentary value of the work.

The conclusions are stimulating. One may not accept all of them, but one is obliged to think again on the subject. The editor observes: "We now know that the Bharat War was a historical event which took place in 3138 B. C. The contemporary of Alexander, the Greek adventurer, was Chandragupta of the Imperial dynasty and not Chandragupta Maurya who really belonged to the 6th century B. C. The age of Adi Sankara was also 6th century B. C. and not 8th as is generally held."

There is a happy blend of the ancient thought and the modern spirit of research in these pages. It will be a landmark when this project of 18 volumes is completed. History, Religion, Warfare Technology, Fine Arts, Economics, Positive Sciences, European Interlude and Revival of the Indian Spirit — all these rub shoulders in this well-printed and hard-bound volume.

M. P. PANDIT

The Heat And Sacrifice in The Vedas: By Uma Marinavesei.
Motilal Banarsidass, Bungalow Road, Delhi-110007. Price: Rs. 100.

To pooh-pooh and decry Vedic rituals has become a fashion of these days in India. In this context it is not only heart-warming but also surprising to note that many foreign students are coming to India, studying the Brahmanical and Sruta texts and expounding the significance and relevance of Vedic rituals. The book under review is one such written by an indefatigable research student, a native of Rome and author of some other books also. Unlike the religious rites of other countries, it is only in India that cooked rice is offered to gods. The reason for such a treatment forms the subject matter of this thesis.

The first four chapters describe the emergence and development of the concept the Fire as god of energy, and heat as an important element of rituals. Other chapters take into account four emblematic rituals where heat is especially prominent. Spirituality underlying these rituals also is pointed out.

The famous Vedic sentence "*atapta tanus na tat amo asnute*" is explained. Ritual heat, in Rigveda, is a source of energy. Filter when heated before use in sacrifices, purifies, transforms and endows Soma with power. Efficacy of the heat in horse sacrifice and funeral rites also is brought to our knowledge. Ritual, according to her, is a fundamental factor for the construction of a world in which a human being can live in peace.

In short, one is reminded here of the Gita's teaching "*Parasparam bhaavayantah sreyah param uvapsyadha*". This book exemplifies this teaching, and opens our eyes to the greatness of Vedic rituals and culture.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

Goda's Garland of Devotion: By Dr. Prema Nandakumar. Samata Books, Congress Buildings, Mount Road, Madras-6. Price: Rs. 15.

Prema Nandakumar's *Goda's Garland of Devotion* is her garland for Goda, an act of love, faith and devotion. It is a sensitive, endearing recounting and rendering of Sri Krishna-devaraya's magnificent Prabhandha Kavya, the *Aamukta Maalyada*, as well as a scholarly presentation of the work's intricate plot, its religious and socio-cultural context and content, and its symbolic and allegorical dimensions. *Aamukta Maalyada* is considered to be a highly complex and difficult masterpiece, a classic stylized and textured in the Naarikelapaaka, and hence not easily accessible to the common reader without the Paracletean intercession of a congenial interpreter. Prema Nandakumar has undertaken this task and accomplished it with great distinction. A daughter of Tamil Nadu and an adopted daughter of Andhra, there is a fittingness in Prema's critical response to a Telugu classic so deeply soaked in the Tamil ethos. We are indebted to her for her rendering it in the graceful and lissome manner of the Draakshaapaaka style.

Aamukta Maalyada, subtitled *Vishruchittiyamu*, stands for the gifting of the worn garland, the garland of celestial flowers culled in the fields of God, blooming in the human consciousness and sanctified by the life empowering *Dohadu* of the Divine Bride, a mystic offering legitimised by the aesthesis of *Sringara* and *Bhakti*, and accepted by the Lord of Creation and Sustenance with loving concern for the human kind. This symbolic mythos frames and integrates the divern Prabandhic constituents of *Rasa*, *Dhvani-Varnana* and *Paatra-Chitrana* into a marvellous *Mandala* of the shaping imagination in Devaraya's work. Prema Nandakumar's exposition brings out the intrinsic alliance of feeling, form and content that

effects the dynamic aesthetic balance as well as the congruence of the Kavya's existential coherence and its secular plasticity. Her exegesis of the *Avatarika* or the preamble demonstrates the organic unity and continuity of *Aamukta Maalyada* from its genesis in *Iha* to its gnosis in *Para*, charting the varied contours of the soul's pilgrimage toward the Divine. Her own votive song of adoration, *A Lyric Dawn*, stands out not as a mere appendix but as an affirmation of the spiritual progression from advent to epiphany which defines and informs the architechtonic principle of *Aamukta Maalyada*.

Tracing the origins of the poem in the Emperor-poet's historical, psychological and spiritual circumstance and motivation, Prema draws attention to the long tradition of Vaishnava classics, especially the hymnology of the Alvars indited in the *Divya Prabandham* as the inspirational foundation of *Aamukta Maalyada*. The stories of Vishnuchitta, Khandikya and Kesidhvaja, Yaamunaachaarya, and finally of Goda Devi herself, are presented as the thematic interfaces of a single, paradigmatic narrative which celebrates the Bhakti Yoga which draws earth and heaven into a cosmic *Kalyaana*. Naturally Goda Devi's story is at the ontic-epistemic centre of *Aamukta Maalyada* embodying the Vaishnava theodicy of *Prapatti*, and Prema Nandakumar shows how closely Devaraaya's work adumbrates the mystic's path of aspiration, waiting, vision, dark night of the soul, longing and union as archetyped in the *Tiruppaavai*. Her identification of the poet's *Dasaava'ara* apostrophes with the asketic salutations of *Nachiyaa Thirumozhi* establishes the doctrinal and aesthetic authenticity of the Telugu *Prabandha* as a Vaishnavite classic as also Goda's pathway to the Divine, as Kaavya Naayikaa, through "a love of beauty in Nature and Art." (p. 45) The episodic fable of the Maaladaasari and the Brahmaraakshasa, one of the highlights of the poem, is discussed both in its narratological and its ecological significance. The symbolic connotations of the Goda Devi-Sri Ranganatha wedding are charmingly correlated to Krishnadevaraaya's own spiritual quest and fulfilment as the celebrating bard of the holy wedding.

In the brief compass of 58 pages Prema Nandakumar has offered us God's plenty. If criticism is an invitation to creative reading, it is very much in evidence here. At a time when Indian scholar-critics are preoccupied with their chimerical pursuits of the critical idiom in the wilderness of deconstruction, and are busy defamiliarising us, with their *Reeti Vaada* and *Sushka Paanditya*, from literature as a living process, it is soothing to come across so agreeable a mode of sensibility as Prema

Nandakumar's, which affiliates itself with the genius of a great world classic like *Aamukta Maalyada*. To say more than praise is to tempt the evil eye. Suffice it to assert, with Prema, that *Aamukta Maalyada* is a well-worn garland-of-love and devotion and grace.

DR. D. V. K. RAGHAVACHARYULU

Vision of the Sacred Dance: By K. C. Kamalaiah, 6, 65th street, 12th Avenue, Asoknagar, Madras-83. Price: Rs. 60.

Mr. Kamalaiah's book is obviously inspired by Tirumular's *Tirumantiram* and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy's *Dance of Shiva* in the *Siddhanta Deepika*. Attempting a work of this genre needs a large measure of devotion, besides scholarship and the ability to give expression to one's innermost thoughts. The book is a fine combination of religion and art and is more religious than mere art explication.

The six essays in it have been the work spread over nearly two decades. To these have been added the author's English rendering of the *Tiru-k-kutti-t-taricanum* which reveals the poetic quality of the inspired seer, Siddhar Tirumular.

The cosmic dance of Lord Shiva has been a subject of deep contemplation by seers and sages down the ages. Shri Adi Shankara sang in melodious verse the indivisibility of the Supreme Being and the Supreme Mother: "*Shivashaktayukto yaai bhavasi shaktuh prabhavitam...in Saundaryalahari*. Nataraja, the master of cosmic dance, inheres in his Supreme Being the Supreme Mother for the one always inheres the other. Contemplating the one is contemplating the other too. Tirumular says (the translation is Mr. Kamalaiah's):

The invisible Shakti is the will power of the Invincible Lord
Goading Him and the Souls into action

Instilling in the latter a sense of discrimination

That is agent provocateur, guide and instrument of love

Leading the souls unto the feet of Haran.

The translation is competent. The book would surely appeal both to art-lovers for the writer's study and explication of the various icons of Nataraja and to the God-loving for its quality of devotion.

DR. V. V. B. RAMA RAO

William Golding — A Study: By V. V. Subba Rao. Sterling Publishers Pvt. Ltd., L-10 Green Park Extension, New Delhi-110 016. Price: Rs. 125.

The outbreak of World War II was a turning point in the career of a school master—William Golding—who was not very happy in that profession. "It was the turning point for me,"

Golding is quoted as having said, "I began to see what people were capable of doing. Where did the Second World War come from? Was it made by something inhuman and alien—or was it made by chaps with eyes and legs and hearts?" *Lord of the Flies*, Golding's first published novel was based on the vision of evil inherent in the human heart that he found in the war.

William Golding: A Study based on the author's doctoral dissertation, studies the mind of William Golding that visualized the universe as "cosmic chaos". Though such an idea is felt in all his writings that include poems, essays and plays, the researcher has chosen only his fictional writings for the study. This thesis is intended to make a study of man questing for order on various levels and encountering in the process chaos within and without as seen in Golding's novels.

Dr. V. V. Subba Rao takes up the novels of Golding from *Lord of the Flies* to *The Paper Men* one after the other according to their order of publication and devotes a chapter each for his discussion. Thus in the main ten chapters of the book he succeeds in showing us the world of Golding in which chaos manifests itself in various forms. The book examines Golding's projection of a vision expressive of his tragic sense of human destiny and thereby helps us acquire a better understanding of the complex nature of Golding's fiction.

P. R A J A

Bangkok Desk (Reminiscences of Thailand Days): By A. B. Das Gupta. Writers Workshop, Calcutta-45. Price: Rs. 60.

Dr. Das Gupta, hailing from Calcutta, joined an Emergency Commission in the Medical Service of the Government of India during the Second World War, which took him to Burma (as it was then called), Malaysia, Singapore and Thailand (erstwhile Siam). After relinquishing the Commission in 1946, Dr. Das Gupta left for Thailand in 1947 and practised medicine there till 1979 when he returned to his native city.

The book, as the sub-title itself indicates, is a faithful and factual record of the writer's experiences in the land of his adoption, Thailand—the people, their manners and customs, their courtesy and hospitality, their charm and camaraderie, their helpful nature and obliging attitude, as also the Royal family and its members (who are held in great esteem and reverence by the people), the officialdom and bureaucracy, the universities and places of public interest, the consular representatives of various countries stationed there including the Indian, the conviviality of these well-assorted comrades in the enjoyment of the good things of life and a host of other minutiae regarding life in that country. Dr. Das Gupta writes about them all with

engaging ease, unobtrusively and straight from the heart, without ornate literary embellishments or conceits of phase and expression. It is just like a narration of events in all their colourful, and at times not so palatable, details to a friend sitting on the opposite side of the talk-table, listening intently.

POTHUKUCHI SURYANARAYANA MURTY

Brahma Vidya: The Adyar Library Bulletin Vols. 51 and 52 of 1987 and 1988. The Adyar Library and Research Centre, The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras-20. Prices: Rs. 120 and Rs. 50 respectively.

Volume 51 of 1987 was published as a special issue on the occasion of the 60th birthday of Prof. Ludo Rocher. In addition to a biography and bibliography of the works of Prof. Rocher, we have here in a rich harvest of fifteen research articles on a variety of subjects like Jurisprudence. Religion, Philosophy, Grammar and Ayurveda, written by eminent scholars, students and admirers of Prof. Rocher. Many of these have something to say afresh, and provide interesting reading.

Volume 52 contains eight articles with the titles "Limitations in the scientific and phenomenological study of scriptures," "Sanskrit metrics as studied in Buddhist Universities", "Was Ramakrishna an Advaitin", "The Advaita theory of meaning", "Kavyasyatma Dhvani", "Pramana Vartika problem of definition in Indian logic, contextual reference and relation of identity. In addition to these, we have a text dealing with Mudras used in Archana, Arghya and Guruvandana, all 32 in number, with slokas, their English translation and illustrative photos. A commentary named "Grandha Yojana" on Sabara's Bhashya on Jaimini Sutras is also published for the first time. These two texts, together with a section devoted to review of about ninety books, make this volume a valuable and permanent asset to all indologists and students of Mimamsa and Tantra in particular.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

The Affair: By Sharat Kumar. Writers Workshop, Calcutta-45.

This tiny volume of short stories within a hundred pages tries to pack fresh ideas in the shape of story. The author, belonging to naval and military assignments, has not ignored observing the life around. His idea of literature is conceived well as evident from a passage in his Preface. He says: "Literature offers opportunity to constantly assess the value which people hold sacrosanct and which they live with. The anxiety to preserve life propagates conventional morality which makes claim to wisdom, forgetting that wisdom cannot reside in the state, for

it is always in motion, that it can only lie in the nimble movements of the human spirit. Traditions become earth-bound and heavy. They promise stability and thrust responsibility. But no flights of imagination leap from tradition's unquestioned discipline. It smothers the ecstasy and ethereal fragrance of love which stirs the inner depths and brings consciousness of life as a new elevation with a joyful upsurge of the creative spirit."

In the title story, which happens to be the fifth in order of contents, here, represents the author's theory in a successful manner. Meeting a divorced woman who leads a free unconventional life, young Ashok finds the uninhibited companionship in a way that is not much different from that of love. They express themselves to each other of their own feelings which do not take away the sanctity attached to pure married existence. Still they are not married or rather the author does not mention marriage. The other stories, most of them bear traces of experiences which are not commonly felt by the general run of writers. Each of the other ones possesses a strange elusive quality without at the same time estranging us from the characters. Events of a gripping nature are few, though that by itself does not take away the absorbing interest of the reader owing to the smart yet convincing dialogues throughout.

As usual, the Writers Workshop has produced the book attractively.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Two Plays : By J. P. Das. Writers Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 20.

Here are two playlets whose main themes centre round the present day agitation over the evil of dowry system. Despite legislation to ban the dowry by severe punishments for violations, the effect seems not much of a gain to the community, as resorts usually to devious methods or make-believe reforms result only in moral deprivation of one kind or other.

The first play is a total entertainment to the reader because of the attempts at competition between two fellows bidding for higher and higher prizes, only to end in a farce of disappointment of their own making. The second one deals with a girl sought by the parents to be shoved against her desire, on a person whose claim to probity is nil and who only descends to weaknesses of duplicity and deception, while he is discovered by the sensitive would-be bride with a strong will to resist any pressure from her parents.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

S A M S K R I T

Kumarasabhava of Kalidasa with the commentary Panjika by Vallabhadeva : Editor and Publisher Dr. Gautama Patel, "Valam" L-III, Swatantra Senani Nagar, Nayawadaj, Ahmedabad-380 013. Price : Rs. 57.

Kalidasa's Kumarasambhava Kavya needs no introduction. There are many commentaries on that Kavya. Vallabhadeva's commentary named Panjika is one among them. It was not in print all these days. Dr. Patel, a Samskrit Professor, who had many research papers and publications to his credit, unearthed not less than 25 manuscripts, selected and collated eight of them and offered this edition with all the critical apparatus. He made a good job of his work, an arduous one indeed.

A critical and scholarly introduction comprises three sections. The first two sections give detailed information about the manuscripts, Vallabhadeva and his achievements, and commentators preceding and following him. The third section is entirely devoted to a critical study of the commentary, its salient features, merits and demerits thereof, and the extent of the Kavya.

Variant readings in Kumarasambhava text and Vallabhadeva's commentary are noted under every verse. The three appendices list out (1) the variant textual readings arranged verse-wise, (2) quotes in the commentary with their sources, (3) all the sayings in the commentary and (4) Panini's Sutras quoted by the commentator. Variants in the commentary according to some traditions on some verses are recorded separately. Bibliography and abbreviations are not left out. Kudos to the editor.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

T A M I L

Sti Ramanuja Vaibhavam of Vadivazhakiya Nambi Dasar : Edited by Vidwan R. Kannan Swami, Author, 91, Tulasinga Mudali Street, Perambur, Madras-600011. Price : Rs. 54.

The first biography of Ramanuja was written by his Andhra disciple, Vaduga Nambi. Later on, numerous accounts of Sri Ramanuja's compassion-laden life and spiritual ministry came to be composed by devotees, scholars and poets like Garuda Vahana Pandita, Anantacharya, Vedanta Desika and Varada-charya. The Guru Parampara Prabhavam of Vadivazhakiya Nambi Dasar is justly famous. Sri Kannan Swami, who combines scholarly erudition with oratorical brilliance, has edited Dasar's hagiography with a lucid translation into Tamil prose. The present (second) volume contains the lives of Nathamuni, Alavandar and Ramanuja.

The intense Narayana Bhakti of these Acharyas is a familiar but ever-wonderful story. Nathamuni who rescued the hymns of the Alvars from oblivion is literally the founder of Sri-vaishnavism. His grandson, Alavandar (Yamunacharya) had a colourful life and is a major presence in Krishnadevaraya's Telugu epic, *Aamukta Maalyada*.

Ramanuja was born in 1017 A. D., and became a Sannyasin in his 32nd year. As the spiritual head of the Vaishnavas he tended his devotees with maternal solicitude, perfected the day-to-day administration of the Srirangam temple and travelled all over India. For a few years he had to go to Karnataka in self-exile because of the Chola king's enmity. In Karnataka, Ramanuja converted the Jain king Bittideva to Vaishnavism. As Vishnuvardhana the king built the marvellous temple at Belur to worship Narayana, Ramanuja also wrote a few seminal commentaries like *Vedanta Sara*, *Sribhashya* and *Gitabhashya*. His three *gadyas* in Sanskrit — *Saranagati*, *Sri Ranga* and *Sri Vaikuntha* are, of course, flashes of radiant devotional fervour.

Vadivazhakiya Nambi generally follows the traditional account regarding Ramanuja's life. The Acharya's student days in Yadavaprakasa's school, the parting of ways, the Kanchipuram sojourn, renunciation, spiritual ministry at Srirangam, listening to the Aadi Kavya in Tirupati and the building of the Tirunarayanapuram temple are all referred to succinctly but with suggestive poetic similes. Ramanuja passed away in Srirangam when he had attained the advanced age of 120. The Udayavar Sannidhi in the temple complex where the Acharya's mortal remains were interred is today a place of holy pilgrimage. Sri Kannan Swami has earned our special gratitude for showing us how Dasar's biography uses phrases from the *Divya Prabhandham* hymns with telling effect. A welcome entrant to the shelves of Bhakti literature.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

TELUGU

Mahayogamu: Telugu translation by Ramachandra Kaundinya. Sri Ramanasramam Book Depot Tiruvannamalai. Price : Rs. 15.

Soham: Part I: Telugu translation by Ramachandra Kaundinya. For copies Vedam Venkata Ramasastry, Linghichetti Street, Madras — 600001 Price not given.

The first book is a translation of the original work in English which itself is a brilliant Bhashya or commentary on Sri Ramana Maharshi's memorable work, "Unnadi Naluvadi", written by Dr. K. L. Sharma and heard and approved by the Maharshi. Sri Sharma and the translator also are close disciples of the sage Ramana.

A book with the title "I am That" in English is the original for the second book under review. This is a collection of dialogues on several days of late Nisargadatta Maharaj of Bombay, a Grihastha-saint whose teachings savour of the salubrious preachings of Sri Ramana Maharshi and Morris Firdman, a seeker of truth, doing Sadhana for the last several years.

These two books contain the teachings of two Jivanmuktas. They give a lucid exposition of the theory and practice of Advaita. They dispel our doubts, answer and solve the questions raised and problems posed by many rationalists, prescribe tested remedies to all the maladies of spirit that we are victims to, and put us in a righteous and spiritual path. In short, these two books in modern parlance can be named as "Golden Guides" to the theory and practice of a divine life.

The book *Mahayogamu*, is otherwise named as "Upanishad Darshanamu" in twelve chapters, deals with the cause of our unhappiness, importance of a Guru, Ajnana, Adhyasa or superimposition. Pramana or valid authority, nature of the world, Jiva, Iswara, Atmavichara, Bhakti, Naahamsthiti, Jnana etc. The chapters dealing with the Jagat, Atmachintana, Bhakti, Naahamsthiti, and Maharshi deserve a careful study for practical guidelines.

Soham: The subjects dealt with and the questions raised in the first book are dealt with here also in a new form. Many more points also are discussed. All of these are the teachings and statements found in the *Prasthanas Traya* and commentaries thereon but presented here in precise and pithy sentences. "To know what you (I) are, know at first what you are not," "negate everything that is not you" (*Neti Neti*). In short, for an understanding of Advaita's tenets without tears, one cannot find a better book. These two books, troves of Upanishadic wisdom, deserve to be read and preserved by all.

B. K. SASTRY

Guru Ramana Vachanamaia: (Tr) Ramachandra Kaundinya. Sri Ramanaashramam, Tiruvannamalai—606 603. Price: Rs. 4.

This little book is of immense value for all spiritual *sadhakas* in general and for the devotees of the Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi in particular. This is in fact a translation of a translation and yet is of great value because the present Telugu translation of English version of *Paramartha Deepika* itself a rendering from the Tamil compilation of the Bhagavan's teachings called *Guru Vacakakkai* by Muruganar, one of the celebrated *sishtyas* of the Bhagavan, is himself a close disciple of the Bhagavan and is a scholar-poet in Telugu in his own right. Sri Kaundinya's prose has classical elegance about it

and at times catches the rhythms of poetry, too. The translator's long association with the Maharshi and his philosophy stands him in good stead in translating the teachings from English.

In addition to giving literary Telugu rendering from English, he provides a number of elucidating notes by way of footnotes, which go a long way in avoiding pitfalls in understanding the text. For example, on page 17 (paragraph 58) he adds a footnote to explain that although the text says that there is a state above *turiya* (the fourth one), it should not be taken literally as such. He elucidates: *Pai Vaakyamu nikrista-arthamukaadu* (above sentence does not constitute the considered opinion) and adds that the Maharshi had elsewhere made it clear, beyond any shadow of doubt, that above the state of *manas* there is only one state called *turiya*. If the translator had chosen easier or colloquial forms of words, it would have served the needs of modern men whose grounding in classical Telugu is not much. Sri Kaundinya, being a scholar, cares more for exactitude than for spontaneous communication. But then it should be remembered books of this type are not everyone's cup.

DR. G. SRIRAMAMAMURTY

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Migrant Brahmanas in Northern India*: By Swati Datta (nee Sen Gupta) Motilal Banarsidass Delhi-7. Price: Rs. 150.
- Statistics and Truth*: By C. Ramakrishna Rao. Council of Scientific & Industrial Research, New Delhi.
- Animal Welfare and Hindu Scriptural Perspectives*: By G. Naganathan. Center for Respect of Life and Environment, L Street, N. W. Washington, Dc 20037.
- Gandhi Sookti Muktaavali* (Telugu): Translated by Ramachandra Kaundinya. Sri Ramana Satsangamu, Ramnagar, Anantapur. Price: Rs. 10.
- Archana* (Telugu): By Devarakonda Subrahmanya Sastri and Rachakonda V. S. Subbalakshmi. Kala Bharati, Bobbili. Price: Rs. 4.
- Savitri Charitra* (Telugu): By Kapilavayi Lingamurty. Vani Prachuranalu, Nagarkurnool. Price: Rs. 15.
- Kinkini* (Telugu): By Vajjala Kalidasu. Andhra Vijnana Samiti, "M" Road, Bistupur, Jamshedpur. Price: Rs. 6.
- Philosophic Movings and Other Poems*: By C. Jacob, Retired District Judge, Narsapur. Price: Rs. 12.
- Reconsidering Socialist Man*: By B. P. R. Vithal. Visalandhra Publishing House, Hyderabad-1. Price: Rs. 10.

CHILDHOOD

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from Bengali by

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

[The passing away of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya has left a great void in the literary firmament of India. He was an eminent poet, playwright, actor, painter, musician, social worker, freedom-fighter and philosopher. Born in 1898 in a reputed family of Bengal, he died in July 1990 at Bombay -- full of years and honours. He was one of the distinguished contributors to TRIVENI, almost from the beginning. *Editor*]

Has man the simple courage to
Remain a little child?
He has'nt Thus it is we grow so old
Our life is spent in sorting out
The silver we have pil'd,
And little bits of copper and of gold.
We heap to-morrow's burden on
To-day the moment of its dawn.
Upon to-morrow's back the next day's burden...
Our search forever goes in vain,
We seek again and yet again,
And seeking, ever find an empty guerdon.

The Future fills our hearts with fear;
We scarcely know the way,
We fix our troubled gaze on two days hence.
The Future will the Future be
To-day as yesterday,
And we are prisoned in its dark suspense.
Our lamp of Wisdom in the wind
Burns with a flame that's nearly blind,
Our steps go moving to a muffled beat...
At every turning of the road

We keep on adding to our load ;
A hundred trivial details dog our feet.

May Childhood's faith be mine again,
My sails again be full
Of breezes pure and bountiful and pleasant !
O with that faith the Future's mask
This instant I would pull
Away, and see the Future in the Present.
Then, as beneath some faery's wand,
Upon my terrace, past the pond,
The Known for the Unknown will cease to cry.
I'll build my houses out of just
A little heap of sand and dust,
I will not have to pay for what I buy.
Grown old and wise I've come into
This crowded market square
Where people push each other every minute.
And when the hour is struck, I'll sell
My world, and sadly bear
My basket to the house, with nothing in it !
Thus trying to weigh my trivial wealth
The day will disappear by stealth,
And with a hollow dusk my heart be haunted
At the dim ending of my day
All weary grown, I'll sigh and say
" I've never really found the thing I wanted ! "

O end my life as it began !
Let Childhood's throb again
Wake up my being with its magic stir ...
O give me back my comrades all,
Remove my heavy chain
And guide once more this way-lost wanderer.
Then will my faery dream-boat toss
Upon Impossible and cross
The whirling current of its wizard stream.
And I would come to know at last
That this creation is a vast
Changing creation of our changing dream.

When first I came into the world,
Upon my body smil'd
The infant sun-god in its golden birth ...
It almost seemed as if it was
Some lone mysterious child

Who came to play with me upon the earth.
 All night some silent hidden One
 The dew into a garland spun,
 The firefly played upon his emerald lyre ...
 I found, when dawn crept out of night,
 That light was beckoning to light
 And weaving symbols out of delicate fire.
 In Childhood's days I used to think :

The Wind its holiday
 Spends seeking some one in the sapphire skies,
 And everything within the world

In Childhood's chariot gay
 In search of a companion swiftly flies.
 The branches play at budding flowers,
 Flowers play at fruit in mellowing hours,
 While seeds are just the inward play of fruit ...
 For aye with water plays the land
 And with the wind the water, and
 The play of wind is just to play his flute.

With children you are aye a child.
 You bring them, as of old,

Your sacket filled with tinsel and with toy ...
 Across the sky you set a-float

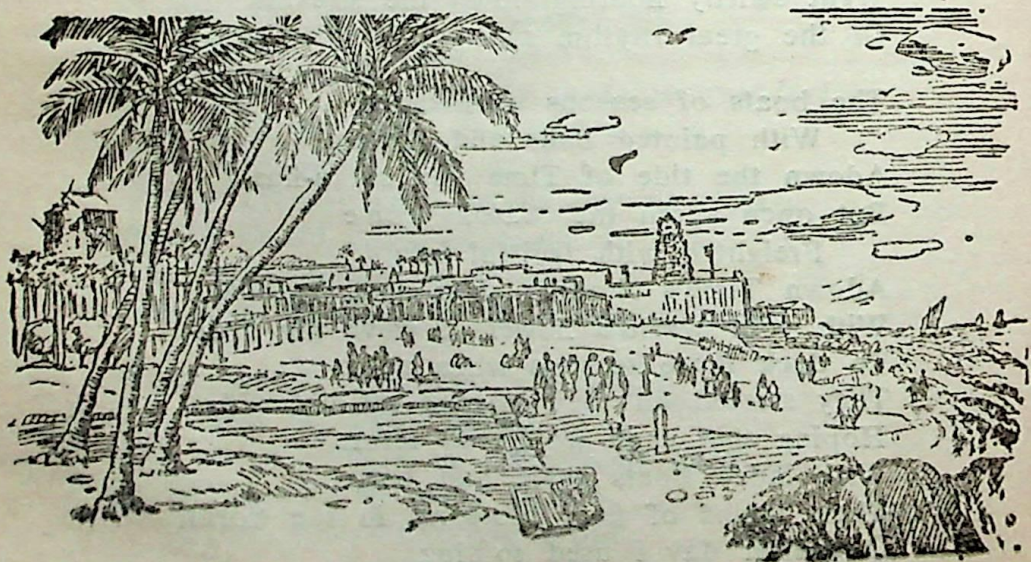
Balloons of blue and gold
 And paint your colours on the clouds for joy,
 Thus, Childhood's rainbow season through
 I stayed with you and played with you.
 We danced together on the flowering way ;
 My tears and smiles, my moods and dreams
 Went swiftly floating down the streams
 Of the great rhythm running in your play.

The boats of seasons overheaped
 With painted buds and flowers
 Adown the tide of Time you set a-float,
 But once again the seasons come

Freighted with fruitful hours
 Adown Time's rippling river boat by boat
 With your world's flowers I wove my chain
 To deck these seasons when again
 They started on their voyage sail-unfurl'd ...
 Hoping that they would all return
 With laden boats again and burn
 Their lamps of fiery blossoms in the world.
 Day after day I used to sing

Neglecting all my work ...
 I sang alone until the daylight's end ...
 But all the while within your eyes
 I felt a laughter lurk
 As though in me your soul had found a friend.
 I used to love your dust and love
 The light that filled your heaven above,
 Your flute within my heart kept ever ringing ...
 So from the songs I used to sing
 You guessed that in those days of Spring
 I had the power to lose me in your singing.
 My day has passed by field and shore,
 Its light is growing pale.
 And in my world the deepening shadows quiver.
 O take me in your evening-boat
 And spread your evening-sail
 For I am waiting now to cross the river.
 Unfold again, O children's Friend !
 Your childhood-sky from end to end,
 So we may play together, you and I ...
 Gazing at you my eyes will see
 Beyond the blinding mystery
 That clothes the body of your earth and sky.

Reprinted from TRIVENI, 1934



THE VISION

[ONE-ACT PLAY]

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

An Old Labourer

His Old Wife

His Daughter

A Labourer Boy

An Old Man. a Vision of twenty years hence.

[*Scene : Interior of a labourer's cottage ... Evening. The labourer's wife, an old woman, is cooking her husband's meal in a dark corner to the right. Her young daughter is seen sitting by kneading wheat-cakes.*]

Daughter : You slept a long sleep at mid-day, mother of me, and I all the while keeping watch over your quiet face. Dead and gone to the other life I thought sometimes you were, but then again you smiled in your sleep and I knew you full of life.

Old Woman : Child of me! God in the blue skies were good to us if he would close up our life ... for we are poor and poverty they say now-a-days do be a crime! The poor ones suffer while the rich folk hold the whole big world in their strong hands and mock our poverty ... It was not this like in days gone by ... Ah, child of my bosom! these be bitter times!

Daughter : I have often heard my father say this too, that hunger like a tongue of fire is licking the children's empty stomachs and of women, he often does be talking ... who hide their pure naked bodies in cold earth digging out graves for themselves, there being no money to buy them their share of clothing and he often speaks of their men; God save them from shame their men, father says, are hard-worked as if they be bullocks or dumb creatures ... They are flogged till their strong male flesh cries out "Tyranny!" "Blood!" and such-like noises!

Old Woman (weeping) : And your father is a man too ! ... He comes to his cottage how often with a dark cloud on his brow, and when I ask him "What be the matter with my child's father?" he smiles and cools my burning bosom with a cheerful word ! ... and when at the deep of night he sleeps, I wake and under his share of tattered shirt, I see stripes like blue flame, and marks like purple flame, and such-like signs of his master's cruelty, out there among the fields. These are cruel times, dear child of my womb, but we must live somehow till the great Master of all sings "Come to my Field of Glory!"

Daughter : Poor mother ! how brave you are, and you so old and broken and that sorrowful ... and father, he is a saintly soul the like of him they shall find beyond the great big clouds !

Old Woman : But, my girl, our chains must break somewhere, sometime, if we only wait, for, as I slept at mid-day, I fell into dreaming.

Daughter : It was then you smiled and I knew you full of life ! What did you dream, mother ?

Old Woman : Fields ! green fields ! and millions of poor labourers ... The hot sun baking their naked brown bodies, men, women and children ... The poor women hiding their shame beneath their tattered breast cloth, and a meagre rag round their pale bodies. The children crying, crying for bread and yearning for a patch of cool shadows ... Among them of a sudden sprung a man, their master, with hard cruel looks of him, cracking his whip in the air ... The cracking sound frightened the young ones who shrieked in themselves, and choked their shrieks in their tired little throats parched and desert-like for want of water. Then again, as of a sudden, dear child of me, I glimpsed your father labouring and wiping the sweat at his brow, among the labourers. The blood of me jumped up like a mad woman and yelled, when the master lashed his body because he saw a tear-drop break in the edge of his eye ! "O cruel God !" I cry in my dreaming, "Where be justice ? Be there justice ?" when a voice brake from the trees in the field "Yea ! as long as God do be in the blue sky and the heart of the labourer !"

Daughter : Mark you mother ! "As long as God is in the blue sky and the heart of the labourer" ... and have we not always thought on His mercy ?

Old Woman : Then a figure, as of the days to be, stood in the midst of the labourers in the fields and cried "The day is yours ! You are all kings ! The tyrant shall bend low and drop his eye-balls in the dust !"

Daughter : May be, it is a vision, for we poor people do often see visions ... We dream ... and the dreams of the poor, they say, are born in God's purple heart-core.

Old Woman (looking out of the cottage-door) : The sun is red on the edge of the sky. How like a bit of bleeding flesh ! May be your father comes on his roadway home ... where he shall rest after his scanty meal ... Child ! ... but, God knows, how many new stripes our eyes must suffer on the old trembling body of him in the darkness of night !

Daughter : I shall wet them with my tears, mother, and cover up their flames with the love of my heart ... but who be he coming on the roadway alone ... a boy quietly weeping.

Old Woman : A labourer lad may be ; call him in that we may love him and ease his little breast of its vast sorrows. (Exit Daughter)

A labourer-boy ... God have mercy on the labourer and his woman and his young one.

(Enter Daughter with the little labourer-child who is sobbing.)

Boy : O ! Grandmother of me !

Old Woman : What hath befallen thee, little angel ?

Boy : I have no corner of the world to hide me ... Hide me in your lap ... O hide me — anywhere !

Daughter : The poor wee soul is trembling ... and he so young and lovely ! ... who hath hurt thee little lonely angel ? ...

Boy : My master ... the cruel master ... His eyes are dark and poison-like, and in his tongue a black scorpion crawls ... He flogs us all day, and with a long long whip, looking serpent-like ; His fingers are thick and hard and strong like mountains that we do see ... and we hate him ... He is a bad master ... I don't want to serve a bad master ... A cruel unfeeling master ... and he not paying us wages at the end of daylight !

Daughter : Poor tiny sorrowing bosom !

Old Woman : And he is only one of the millions that do be crying ...

Daughter : Have you no father ?

Boy : They say he is gone to another land where the fields are fine and the Master that do be there is a good kind Master, and He paying wages to him in silver stars, they say ... and my mother ... my own darling mother ... (Sobs).

Old Woman : God rest her soul in peace, may be she too has run away from our world of pale shadows ... Poor boy of the bleeding heart ! ...

Boy : Gone ! ... but not to father. She is gone, no one knows where, and she leaving a bitter tale in the mouths of the labourers.

Daughter : Poor woman ! and she brought him into the world to be living by his little self all lonely in this great big world ! ... why did she leave thee, little one ?

Boy : The master that does be treating us like worse than dogs, the field-folk say he took her with him one evening ... for wages, he said, she, the mother of me, believed his lips that lied ... for we poor folk do be simple and believe the world truthful ... and then, the field-folk say, she fled in shame, in a kind of rage ... an outrage, the field-folk say, and I living alone now in this world of many fears. Hide me, O grandmother of me, or send me to my father in the fields that do be fine and the Master do be kind and good doling out wages in silver stars as they say.

Old Woman : Child of me ! let us feed this little angel. It is hungry he is ... this boy of the fields ... Fear no more, wee heart ... It is you will be with us and call me your mother, you will ... and a father will come to you at the setting-in of dark. Forget the cruel master.

(The daughter sets a plate of evening meal before the lad and a mug of water.)

Boy (eating hungrily) : Good folk ! I have not supped nor eaten I have for two days past, nor could I forget my share of pride and ask for a morsel, for we poor folk do often be proud and ashamed to beg ... we are ... and we that sore and hungry ... Now God be praised, there do be kind folk among the poor ... O ! the wealthy folk are cruel, cruel, no mercy in their hearts, or no heart may be for mercy to enter ... For days we hunger and no wages given us ... What are we to do, God save us ... Many there do be steal and plunder to keep them full of life ... and often it is caught they are and sent to closed rooms with bars, prison, the field-folk call it ... and they do be happier there for sure of bread and water it is they be, and scanty work, and a roof to keep the sun-burn from them ...

(The boy finishes his meal.)

Old Woman : He is weary and sleep will hush the flame of his eyelids ...

(The daughter spreads a piece of mat in the corner to the left.)
There little boy ! sleep till the dawn be red on the hills and a new day begin for your heart that has known sorrow.

Boy : *(Goes towards mat to sleep)* : Now God be praised ! there do be kind folk among the poor ... The rich folk are cruel ... cruel ... *(falls asleep)*.

(The stage begins to grow dark. Only a faint sense of approaching star-light is felt pulsing in the darkness.)

Old Woman : His wee body is old with sorrow ... He has stripes too, and they do be the badge of the tribe of labourers.

Daughter : Mother ! the hills are beginning to sleep too ... and father is still out in the fields ... Punished, may be, and forced to end more work than is his usual share ... But there he comes with a quiet splendour in his eyes ... Father !

(Enter Father unusually calm and preoccupied ... as if he were touched with vision and prophecy.)

You come late and the darkness growing on the hillside ... already a star breaks.

Old Woman : Punished may be and worked into the heart of the grey evening.

Old Man (smiling with an inner consciousness of new power) : No ! Woman of my poverty ! a strange thing hath befallen ! ... I fell asleep on the roadside ... and I coming over the tired fields to our home the labour of the daylight being done ... my limbs trembling and worn, my eyes closing on the red wake of the sun ... and, as of a sudden, a soft touch on my feverish head woke me ... then darkness folding the hillside ... In my dreams I dreamed that we knelt ... You, your daughter, and I, ... in prayer to the great Master in the Land of the Stars and of the sunrise, where everything that chanceth do be beautiful ... Oho ! but who may you childer be ? ...

Old Woman : A labourer child ... and seeking that he is refuge in our love and poverty ...

Old Man : How like a God he sleeps !

Daughter : But they say that God does never be asleep ... He ever waketh, some say.

Old Woman : And some, that sleepeth He for certain ! ... for there are strange things befalling the world of His own making ! no justice in any corner ... But when He wakeneth, the flowers shall blossom once and the desert laugh like a red rose.

Daughter : Let us pray the great God then and wake Him ... (wakes up the sleeping boy) .. May be the prayers of four souls do be stronger than of three ... and the fourth a pretty child of pure heart ... That may be will make our voices fill His blue sleep in Heaven ... for the child's voice is sweet ever ... and God loveth children.

(The boy wakes up and comes to the Old Woman.)

Old Man : Here is your father, dear angel.

Boy : A night of stars to you father ...

Old Man : How like a God he speaks !

Old Woman : Child of our poverty ! Bend low and kneel with us. We shall wake up the sleeping God in the blue skies ... that is.

Boy : That is where my father does be working in fields that are fine ... and the Master is good and loving he is.

Old Man : Pray with us. The prayer of the poor may be heard for once, if they be from the flowering mouth of a child !
(*They kneel to pray. Suddenly a lightning runs through the room as if to herald the voice of thunder. Then an Old Man, the Vision-of Twenty-Years-Hence-appears.*)

Vision of Twenty Years Hence : Rise, souls in prayer ! I live in the present, I who have always lived in the past ... I come from the Master of the skies and my lips are flaming with prophecy ! People who know me call me "Vision of twenty years hence !" — and many there are who feel my presence day and night ... Labourers ! poor labourers, fear not ! times are soon coming when you shall be powerful masters ! when your race that is now bruised and under the word of fetters, will seek its freedom through you. Labourers ! fear not ! for the tyrant shall not prosper long ! He shall die a bitter death, his eyes shall be put out, and his mouth, closed with a coward's silence ... His limbs will tremble in heavy chains, and all the rich blood that has oozed out of your bodies and the bodies of your women and children shall gush in an eternal stream from out his nostrils ... He shall kneel before each one of you ... man, woman and child, in the garments of a slave, he that was once your hard master ... Rise, Souls in prayer, Labourers ! a destiny of kingship awaits you ! You are the makers of the future ... and at your bleeding feet opens the splendid white Road to Peace and Immortality.

(*Disappears. The stage is growing bright, as though a new dawn were being ushered into the world of darkness.*)

Boy : God in the blue skies hath woken, mother !

Old Man : My dream of mid-day hath come to pass !

Boy : A fine old being ! He cometh from the blue skies and the Master that does breathe there, may be ...

Daughter : Miracle !

Old Man : Twenty years hence ! and then a white dawn shall break through the black hills of our sorrow ... This boy may be hath brought vision with him ... I shall go, stand in the midst of the suffering labourers and give them this message.

"The tyrant shall die ! ... Ye shall be kings — Twenty years hence !"

[*Curtain*]

— From "SHAMA' A", July 1920

A WATER COLOUR PAINTING

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Half of my inspiration I declare
 Attributable to my easy-chair
 On which the livelong day I love to sit
 With eyelids closed, behind whose darkness, lit
 With changing lights, dappled with changing shades,
 A thousand pictures riseLife slowly fades
 Into the faery twilight of the mind
 Rememored of beauty left behind
 In childhood's realms, and all prophetic grown
 Of future miracles already sown
 In the Unconscious, Childhood lives again
 In the awakened slumber of the brain,
 The treasure-house of myriad memories,
 I see once more will woodlands full of trees
 And roaming butterflies behind the old
 Romantic house, where noonday lavished gold
 Upon the bleak bare rocks, and mornings came
 Like elfin festivals of coloured flame
 And sunset like red music came and went
 Struck on some angel's magic instrument.
 I still remember how we chased and caught
 Warm butterflies, bright as a poet's thought,
 Winged into lambent liberated flight
 And shot courageously into the light;
 And how we climbed the branches where we sat
 And watched the grey and ruddy squirrels at
 Their mid-day meal of fruit which seemed to wait
 As though the rich fulfilment of their fate
 Depended on their hunger; and I yet
 Remember every grassblade dripping wet
 At dawn with midnight dews which slipped and fell
 Like slow dissolving diamonds in the dell

Marking the moments.....I remember well
 The creaking bamboos margining the glade
 Tall and unquiet, and the sounds they made
 As though they mourned incalculable loss
 And then we watched the clouds like camels cross
 Unending azure desert miles of heaven
 Between the glowing noon and glimmering even.

They all come back to me; the bees, the doves,
 The sky, the trees, the stones, my childhood's loves
 To whom I have been loyal to this day
 All suddenly out of the far-away
 Forgotten past they leap in recognition
 Of me, their lover, when the hour of vision
 Bridges eternity with time, the vast
 Unhappened future with the happened past.
 What else do I remember? The queer sense
 Of indefinable Omnipotence
 Hidden within all things I heard and saw.
 Some vaguely-felt, imperishable law
 In silent operation everywhere;
 I trembled at the blueness of the air,
 The whiteness in the lily and the sweet
 Coming of rain which, falling in a sheet
 Of woven pearl, sent through my heart intense
 And nervous tingles, coursing through, each sense
 Like scented splendour. Every bird which sang
 Went through my being like a sudden pang
 Of parting, but from whom, I could not tell!
 Each thing of beauty was an urgent bell
 Calling my heart to prayer, while childhood was
 As beautiful and dreamy as the pause
 Of light upon a hill just at the break
 Of morning when the first bird is awake.

I yet remember how I used to thrill
 When in the rainy time the light lay chill
 Sombre and magical, quiet and cool
 Upon white lotuses along a pool
 When overhead the heavy clouds appeared
 Like heaven's drooping eyelids many-teared.
 How the leaves trembled in the trembling wind
 Like to sweet poems in a poet's mind,
 Poems of life and death and joy and pain
 In God's cool breath which blows before the rain

Of gathered inspiration ... In a while
 Each rainfed runnel was as good as Nile
 Or Ganges on whose waves we set afloat
 One carefully constructed paper boat
 And then another boat and then another
 Laden with news for our exiled brother
 Living in Germany, a place that stood,
 According to us, in the neighbourhood,
 Perhaps, a furlong from our gardened wood.
 But then, invariably O evil luck ;
 Our boats in a few moments would be struck
 Against rough pebbles in the way or stuck
 In some obstructing branch lying across
 The swollen runnel O, our childhood's loss
 Of paper boats perchance, intenser than
 The loss of real ones to grown-up man.

And when the sun came out again, the trees
 Where loud with dark innumerable bees,
 Purple reminders of the joy that lives
 In never-failing Nature and forgives
 The thrice unnatural wretchedness of man
 Who hurts her harmony and pulls the plan
 Of heavenwardness to pieces man, the traitor
 Of the original trust of the Creator
 To whom creation with its fire and cloud
 Bird, beast and man, bending in silence, vowed
 Full, absolute obedience to His word
 Ere they, out of travailing chaos, stirred
 Into a perfect rhythm of intense
 Self-mastery, exalted reticence.
 All things and beings, save man, fulfil the vow :
 The greeny yellow parrot on the bough,
 The scarlet berry and each quivering leaf
 Which, had not mortal coloured them with grief,
 Had been unsullied rapture . In his pride
 Of loathsome ignorance on every side
 Man, hurling a blind challenge, wounds and draws
 The blood of beauty, breaks the Law of laws
 At every turn as easily as a flower
 Believing that he hath defied the power
 Vanquishing It, because It humbly bows
 In patience for a period and allows
 His hands to trifle with the pledge and tamper
 With Its virginity without a hamper.
 Until at last in high retaliation

It rises in the wrath of all creation
 Against his huge corruption and demands
 Full compensation at his errant hands
 For all the hideous ruin that they wrought ...

Think you the offended Power remembers not
 The offender? Fool! the broken Law breaks him
 Who breaks It since It is both quiet and grim
 And jealous of the wonder It has set
 And never never never can forget.

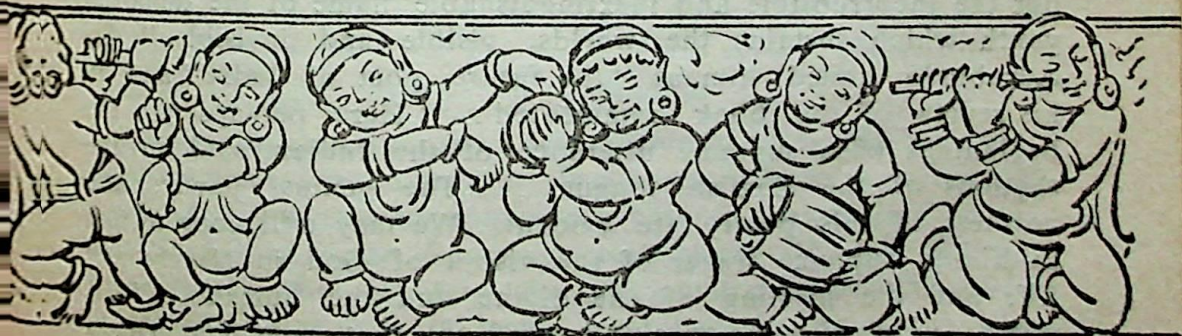
I loved such placid stones as dwell and dream
 In the clear silent flowing of the stream,
 Stones that are dead to us whose mortal sight
 Behold not in their greyness brimming light
 Issuing from the womb of heaven which knows
 No difference between a stone and rose,
 Sweet equal nurslings in the Master's vision
 At the still ancient hour when the division
 Of fire and breath and colour was begun
 In the immortal scales the moon and sun
 Weigh equally with worm and dust and herb,
 And when man's inequalities disturb
 The harmony, within a little while
 The Maker with His unperturbed smile
 Comes down to earth in His resistless form
 Of retribution, blacker than a storm,
 And under lightning's wrath and thunder's stress
 Resuscitates the broken loveliness
 Holding the scales again, and will not rest
 Until all things responding to their test
 Are equal to each other in the far
 Unalterable balance where things are
 Evasive essence, undecreed of earth,
 Unmanacled of life and death and birth,
 Unbondaged of the cyclic wheel which whirled
 Incessantly sustains the visible world
 But on the surface of existence dwell
 Combating contraries which make the hell
 Of inequalities around our lives
 Wherein harsh exploitation rules and strives
 Relentlessly reducing Nature's house
 To a huge sepulchre; Death like a mouse
 Lurks in Life's granaries and nibbles at
 The gathered grain, and all the beauty that
 Trembles outside of us is as a sleep

In which the canker never fails to keep
Its constant tryst, casting its ugly shade
On the world's blossom, making it afraid.

Escaped from Singlehood, from shape to shape,
Back to the Singlehood we must escape
Through death and devastation and disease
Inevitable threat of contraries
Continued through the ages All that's born
By the sure shadow which it sheds is torn
And twisted into agony and dread
And at the fountains of its own blood fed
Under the fiery crimson-coloured pall
Of time's enormous shadow covering all.

The lizard pounces on the moth at night,
The kite upon the chicken in the light
Of morning red upon the cottage-yard;
Under the mobled midnight many-starred
The tiger leaps upon the tethered cow,
The serpent on the frog, and on the bough
The blue-black crow feasts on the weak white worm
Since lo, life holds within itself the germ
Of secret death in which her safety lies
Beauty is beauty all because she dies !

Through the dim portals of her myriad deaths,
Between the ceasing of her myriad breaths,
Her shadow into Time's bare garden thrown
Touches at length the feet of the Unknown.



HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

PROF. I. V. CHALAPATI RAO

MAN AND POET

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, one of the great sons of India — poet, playwright, philosopher, actor and freedom-fighter — was born on April 2, 1898, in Hyderabad in a family known for rich cultural traditions and modern outlook. His father, Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, was a man of science, teacher and litterateur “with a great white beard and the profile of Homer.” Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, and his sister Sarojini Naidu (known all over the world as the Nightingale of India) are a pair of passion flowers that blossomed on the stalk of the Indian Renaissance.

At the age of eleven his sister wrote her first poem, and he produced his first play “Valmiki” which was followed by “Abul Hasan” and “The Sleeper Awakes.” His juvenile composition, a poem entitled “Coloured Garden”, won Rabindranath Tagore’s praise: “I have genuine admiration for your poetry. I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in a lavish measure.” His first collection of poems “The Feast of Youth” appeared in 1918 when he was nineteen years old. This brought him instantaneous fame. In his foreword, James Cousins, the celebrated writer, said: “He is, I am convinced, a true bearer of the fire — not the hectic and the transient blaze of youthfulness but the incorruptible and inextinguishable flame of the immortal youth which sustains the worlds, visible and invisible.” Sri Aurobindo hailed him as “the future poet of India” and in his review of the book commented: “Here perhaps are the beginnings of a supreme utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue.....The genius, power, and newness of this poetry are evident. We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human.....” His poetry is a pleasing cocktail of Sufi mysticism and Hindu Advaitism and a happy blend of the two cultures.

When he was 19 years old, he went to England where he was permitted by Cambridge University to work for a Ph. D., by writing a thesis on the basis of "The Feast of Youth" and two later publications "The Magic Tree" and the "Perfume of Earth", the subject being "William Blake and his Eastern Affinities." He was particularly attracted to William Blake for the ideas of the love of freedom and hatred of tyranny. Another foreign writer who exercised considerable influence on him was George Russell (1867-1952), the famous Irish poet and dramatist. The young poet was highly impressed with Russell's revolutionary poems which were written when the Irish people rose in revolt against the English. In fact, Harindranath took his title of the poem "The Magic Tree" from Russell's lines:

"And from the Magic Tree of Life
The fruit falls everywhere—"

He utilised the period of his stay in Great Britain to study Theatre Craft and to get acquainted with outstanding men of letters like Walter De la Mare, Harold Munroe and George Bernard Shaw. To the last-named celebrity he was introduced by Annie Besant.

He obtained thorough mastery of the writings of Sri Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo and Iqbal. He was offered a teaching assignment in Ceylon but he declined it. He did not stick to any position—teaching or research—because his mind was constantly churned by excitement, discontentment and eternal quest for Truth.

The fecundity and variety of his literary output and his endless interest in poetic creation are astonishing. The more important titles are "The Magic Tree" (1922); "Poems and Plays" (1927), "Strange Journey" (1936). "The Dark Well" (1939), "Edgeways and the Saint" (1946), "Spring in Winter" (1956), "Masks and Farewells" (1951), "Virgins and Vineyards" (1967), "Life and Myself" written in 1948 is splendid, though a fragment, containing the core of his life. He describes his all-engrossing passion for poetry. He dwelt more and more in the innermost recesses of his heart from where poetry comes. Words and phrases became an obsession.

On an invitation from the Soviet Union in 1927, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, together with Jawaharlal Nehru and Motilal Nehru, visited Russia in connection with the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. He was inspired by the new rhythm of life in the first socialist state of the world. This visit enabled him to make an intensive study of theatre craft under masters like Stanislavsky, Granovsky, and Meyerholdt.

His rebellious soul caught fire in Moscow and on returning to India, he plunged headlong into the freedom struggle under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi.

The poet deals with poverty and the immanence of socialist revolution in India in some of his plays typical of the leftist literature of the 'Thirties. We find his identification with the lives of the poor and the fate of his motherland in his reference to "starving of babies, cruel masters, poor sad women, and people who are shot because they asked for bread." His poems like "Lenin", "The Red Army", and "Stalingrad" show his friendly feelings towards the Soviet people who waged a relentless war against tyranny and poverty.

In the Satyagraha of 1930 Harindranath played a leading role by functioning as the 14th Dictator of the Bombay War Council. He was committed to rigorous imprisonment in Nasik Jail and suffered incarceration for a fairly long period. It was during this period that he wrote his patriotic songs one of which was translated into the Chinese language and sung by the Chinese army on its marches. He composed spirited and soul-stirring national songs like "Shuru Hua Hai Jung Hamara", "Inquilab Zindabad," "Nabhmay Patak Nachat Hae", "Agaye Din Swadhinataka", "Rakt Gulalse Bharkey Joli." He could compose lilting music and sing in a charming voice. About his impressive voice Somerset Maugham, the great English writer, said: "His voice is the richest I have ever heard in the East."

He was a multi-dimensional man. He is a great actor on the stage, screen, radio and television. He rendered many character roles in English, Hindi and Bengali. He played the role of Desdemona in Shakespeare's "Othello". His recent role in the T. V. Serial "Aeds Pados" is, indeed, memorable. In the General Elections held in India after Independence, he was elected as Member of the Parliament representing the Vijayawada Constituency (Andhra Pradesh).

In recognition of his versatility and literary achievement, the Andhra University conferred upon him honorary Doctorate. He won the prestigious Dr. B. C. Roy National Award for Literature in 1972. The Government of India honoured him by conferring "Padma Vibhushan" in 1972.

Some literary critics tried to label him and put him in a pigeon hole of narrow classification by calling him "the last of the romantics". But he was all things to all people in the realm of poetry in which lies his forte. He was primarily a poet and essentially a mystic. He was not an ivory-tower philosopher

with an inclination to moralise. His verse has no didactic tinge. However, some of his poetry has its social side. He composed short verses which were satirical of society, ironical in its tone and critical of human foibles. His gentle satire is like the Worm of Nilus "which kills but does not hurt".

For example, in his popular "Curd Sellers" we find epigrammatic, versified sentences which may be regarded as wisdom in capsules — medicine in small and sweet doses. The following lines may serve as samples :

I am sure God above would
cease to feel a fool

If every temple would become
a hospital or school.

In dust and heat they stand and break
the stern and stubborn stone
But every hammer stroke foretells
the breaking up of thrones.

You fashion ships and aeroplanes
and huge machines of power
Fools, you never dared to make
a single summer flower.

"Prohibition has come to stay"
Is what we would like to think
But we are drunk with ignorance
Which is far worse than drink.

Behold thee the tower of silence
For vultures spread the feast
The graveyard feeds the jackal
And the temple feeds the priest."

"Behold ! the poet writes his rhymes
to suit the public's harlot needs."

"Merchants and ascetics both are
crying out their tinselled wares".

PROLIFIC WRITER

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya was a prolific writer having an output of 200 volumes to his credit. This number is tentative and is by no means final, because many more are yet to be published. He handled every literary form — verse, drama, prose, short story, song, sonnet and biography — with remarkable facility and adroitness. 3000 lyrics and 5000 sonnets comprise his current poetic stock. Writing about him in the "Indian Writing in English" Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar summed up

with the comment "In the course of his life he has veered spasmodically between the extremes of Aurobindonian mysticism and Marxian materialism and he has sampled every variety of experience and exploited every possible mood, pose and stance ... And always he writes because he cannot help writing and also because poetry is man's — the poet's as well as the reader's — elemental need ; no expendable luxury but the very oxygen of existence". When this writer interviewed Harin a few years ago on Hyderabad Television, he said : "I don't write. It writes."

In his sonnets "Foot Falls" and later lyrics we find that the poet had adopted a mystical and truly spiritual attitude to life. A deep transformation had taken place in his soul. The change is reflected in the following passages :

"Let me retire a while, I have sung long.
And now these lips are aching for the hush ;
Withdraw, and leave me to myself O' song!
Come not to me in such a ceaseless rush".

* * *

"I have put out the lamp of my love and desire
For their light is not real".

* * *

"I fix my sight upon a sure
Inevitable goal"

At last, this "world deserting wanderer", the tireless traveller, got rid of "life's brief ecstasies" of "lampless years". We hear about "new beginnings and forgotten ends". He had achieved his "union with his highest self".

He says : "I, poet, dip my pen
In mine own blood to write my songs for men
Since every song is but a keen self-giving
To tired life which now and then
Seems but a drab apology for living"

(Prelude to "Edgeways and the Saint")

It is interesting to note what some of the great writers thought about him because it is a rare privilege for any writer to win applause and accolades from his contemporaries. As Richard Steela said, "There is no pleasure like that of receiving praise from the praise-worthy".

Rabindranath Tagore : "One marvels while reading Harin's poetry. Storm clouds of intoxicated richness turn and wonder borne by strange whirlwinds, all night and day and out of

them, cleaving through their collected glooms golden sunrises appear suddenly and spread from end to end" (Translated from Bengali). When someone asked Tagore who would succeed him, his ready reply was :

"My mantle falls on Harindranath".

A. E. (George W. Russell) said in a letter dated 25th May, 1935 :

"You have the root of poetry in you. Your poetry has changed in its character, and your mind and imagination, probably as the result of mystic concentration and meditation, now point only to the Great Spirit".

Alice Meynell commented on his poetry: "It is exceedingly interesting to me to see such a meeting of Eastern and Western imagination, as I think your poetry brings about".

HIS SONNETS

There are several of Harindranath's Sonnets yet unpublished. A good number of them were composed in his spiritual retreat at Pondicherry, the Ashram of Sri Aurobindo, over 55 years ago. It is an assortment of his soul's mystical and philosophical outpourings in the 'Thirties. It is just a fragment, though splendid. This cluster is culled from a lush creeper of perennial flowers in his literary garden. Harindranath says: "These sonnets may be considered as an expression of my union with my highest self, a sort of intimate journal of my experiences of a constant life within, which has always made me thirsty to reach the River of the Soul ever waiting for all who may care to quench such thirst. The highest self indwells everyone. Only some are conscious of it, while others are not. It may be described as the bride eagerly and patiently waiting to unite herself with her lover. I have been such a lover all my life."

The sonnets reveal the poet and his faith in the supremacy of spiritual values and the futility of the evanescent pleasures of life which have a meretricious glitter but mean nothing. He says :

"I am an artist full of wondrous things;
My thoughts are boats arrived from many a shore
A rich sensation of unnumbered wings
Is mine for ever, that is why I soar
I never look behind. I look before
My inwardness with beauty is afire"

(Vol. I, 38)

His rich imagination, gift of art, vision of man and intimacy with the interior aspects of beauty (which is not skin-deep but soul-deep) are brought out very well.

He explains his contempt for the shows and shams of life (tremendous trifles) in the following lines :

“I cannot sing as other poets can
As other poets do, for wealth or fame.” (Vol. II, 142)

He knows that they are superficial and short-lived. He asserted, “I, authentic poet, sing at day's opening, day's close”. In one of his poems he said :

“A thousand gold bags of a Persian King
Are equally balanced with a grain of sand.”

As a seeker of truth, the poet realised that poetry progresses towards “silence” as the soul is impregnated with devotion. Eloquence is the symbol of fermentation of feelings en route to soul-transformation. The idea has been expressed with clarity and sincerity in the following lines :

“Song cometh not of fullness but, indeed
Out of a state that is a little less
Where there is yet an emptiness is need” (Vol. III, 208)
“How foolish of me trying to express
This inner happiness in outer words.” (Vol. III. 240)

Yet the poet needs the medium of song to convey the fullness of his heart and the secret workings of his soul to the seekers. In spite of his seeking, fully aware of the inadequacies and limitations of poetry, he finds it to be an indispensable tool of communication to convey a message or an experience. So he declares :

“Song is to me no pastime, but a need” (Vol. III, 226)
“When have I ever sold my song or art
To a commercial hollow-world that pays? or
bartered in the loud competing mart?
My precious soul for man's ephemeral praise?” (Vol. V. 491)

Finally, with supreme confidence in his role as Mother's messenger and the still small voice of the inner spirit, the poet reveals himself in his full glory and panoply of power :

“I am eternal poet Thou didst crown
Before the centuries were handed down
To human Time, with all its fires and songs
And multi-coloured glories that have stirred.”
(Vol. III, 343)

The transition of the poet's love of Nature and Beauty to spiritual quest and "silence" was not sudden. This is aptly described by Sri Aurobindo, who wrote a Preface to his early poems—"Feast of Youth". The sage-critic commented: "We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human." He also calls it the "spiritualising of the earth existence."

Harindranath sings:

"Nature is calling me, and I must run
Responding to her call that sounds like wine."

....
"Slowly O' Nature! I grow more aware
of your minutest miracles and moods."

After explaining his deep concern for the mystical aspects of Nature, we are treated to a delicious description of Nature, not "red in tooth and claw" but "to advantage dressed."

"Wave-heaves of waters, cloud controls of air,
Echoes of mountains, painted calms of woods,
moon-glow, pale twilight shadow noon-day glare
combine in me their separate brotherhoods."

....
(Vol. I, 72)

"I go forth into the wide open spaces
And dwell among the waters and the birds"
(Vol. I, 64)

Soon the poet became free from Nature's chains and charms; he declared his freedom in the following lines:

"For Nature's joys, I am no more athirst
I have forgotten sea and cloud and space."
(Vol. II, 165)

Then it becomes "denatured" Nature — Nature spiritualised and etherialised.

Although Harin liked to avoid the "red and juice of life", he was not a coward to run away from the realities of life. He was not for "Cloistered and fugitive virtue". He professed his scornful indifference to hypocrisy and subterfuge in the following lines:

"I do not understand penance or prayer
Nor interested in wise holy cant
Something in me can see Thee everywhere
From the tall mountain to the smallest ant."
....
(Vol. III, 242)

“Not for ascetic glories am I here
But to declare Thy beauty in my song”.
..... (Vol. III, 251)

“Suppression of desires is not release.
Nor yet a life of piety which prays
Wearing a worship-robe of outer peace,
And moving through monotonies of days,
Nay, not to run away with failing breath
From life and its desires, but to control
The moral self, till it renounces death
And turns its myriad passions towards the soul”.
..... (Vol. V, 454)

Having said that inhibition or suppression of desires is not “release”, he expresses his own perception of what is “release”. It is not “joy or peace”. It is not “some heaven lived on high”. He defines it in the following passage :

“Nay, it is a fullness, absolute, complete
A total transillumination wrought in body, soul
and thought.”
“For God must be in every pulse and beat of every
fibre, else release is nought
I am grown conscious of a growing power
Working towards a wonderful release”. (Vol. II, 102)

But the poet had to go through a period of loneliness and travail before he attained his release or liberation.

“What solitary cleansing hour is this
Of what eternal rapture, gripping earth
Which must, perforce, suffer dark nemesis
Before the golden spirit can have birth”.
(Vol. I, 13)

It is a loneliness that is refreshing and re-invigorating. It is a loneliness that looks down from the Himalayan heights.

“Ask no questions, let me be alone,
An eagle resting on a lonely peak;
The sea below rolls like an undertone
Of my dark silences that hardly speak”.
(Vol. I, 63)

“My heart is in a home-returning mood
Not any home builded of any brick and mud
But the great home of deathless solitude
Builded out of the rhythms of my blood”
(Vol. I, 64)

I move amidst a world of men and stones
Alone !

(Vol. II, 102)

" I bear a paradisaal undertone
In thought and movements, flowing like a stream
All suddenly, I seem to be alone
Bearing the burden of an inner dream ".

(Vol. II, 115)

" I have so many lonely lifetimes " . (Vol. 4, 363)

" Now in this crowded hour I seem alone " . (Vol. 5, 482)

Loneliness is the key-note of the above-quoted passages. It is not the crowded loneliness of the urban residents whose bodies jostle but minds feel forlorn. The poet's loneliness has a spiritual touch. He is never less alone than when he is alone !

The poet gives a symbolic and metaphorical description of his spiritual journey :

" Calm is the ocean, blue and meaningful
The boat hath definitely now set sail
perhaps on its last voyage " .

Calmness of the mind develops into " stillness " and " silence " of the spirit. The stirrings of the mind need to be quietened. As Tagore said : " If intellect alone were sufficient, Bacon would have been honest and Napoleon just " .

Harin continues :

" The mind is the most mean of human masks
It shall not tempt me any more to trust " (Vol. I, 66)
" For mind is after all a monkey-man
Gaudily turbaned with his monkey thought " . (Vol. III, 257)
" And it is no use thinking with the mind
To understand Thy principles aright " . (Vol. III, 272)

In the pursuit of truth and the spiritual goal, the heart assumes greater importance than the mind. The mind is probing and questioning. The logician " peeps and botanizes over his mother's grave " . The heart, on the other hand, watches, listens and remains receptive. Therefore the poet rates it higher than the mind in his scale of mystical judgement. The scales can be tricked and tilted by the mind. As Jaimini said, reason (logic) is a lawyer who thinks that every case is arguable. It will prove anything we wish. For every argument it can find a counter argument. What we need is " insight " (not oversight) which makes us grasp at once the essential from the irrelevant, the eternal out of the temporary and the whole out of the part.

"Fie on all science, fie upon all art
That does not help to make this human heart
A home for you who are the total sum
Of wisdom and of knowledge and of Light."
(Vol. V, 476)

"Let me not with pride of intellect
Grow completely inane with drunkenness".
(Vol. V, 461)

When the heart wells up with divine love and is brimful with the presence of the Mother and "Consciousness", words are weak and expression fails. The seeker is reduced to silence which is more eloquent than song. When song turns inward, it becomes "silence." Like a veritable maestro who plays variations upon a musical note, the poet produces infinite shades of meaning from this word "Silence":

"In this wide universe, I am alone
With thee, O' Silence!" (Vol. III, 237)

"Home, to Thy silence, I return at last
And there in calm exceeding rapture." (Vol. III, 295)

"A spirit whom no shadow ever haunts
A silence which no tempest ever daunts." (Vol. III, 298)

"I am the silence behind lilting birds
I am the silence behind poet's words
I am the silence behind thunder-breaks
I am the silence that for ever wakes." (Vol. V, 432)

"There burns a marvellous silence in the breast"
(Vol. V, 433)

"In moments when I turn away from rhyme
A rhythmic silence starts from my breast." (Vol. V, 457)

Harindranath is more mystical than metaphorical, more romantic than religious, more individualistic than traditional and as much of an aesthetic as a spiritualist. There is himself in every word of his utterance. Let us see how he has depicted the changes in his attitude towards life as he journeyed along like a passionate pilgrim — a tireless traveller. Seeking to transform "the lingering hungers of the dust", life must prepare to meet immortal life. "The beggar must prepare to accept the Crown." In his own words, he is in a state of wide awakefulness, asleep within a sleep forever wide awake." Only a person who has actually experienced this state of restful alertness and God-intoxication can understand the poet's lines wrapped in mysticism. It gives him invincible faith and inextinguishable hope:

“ Though winds blow chill and loud
and might be black
My lantern burns with such a
steady flame ” (Vol. II, 111)

“ My faith is like a ship that sails along
The roughest sea which rises, roars and raves
For it is builded very very strong
And understands the working of the waves. ”

This passage oozing faith and optimism may be contrasted with what he said in his earlier poem:

“ I know not where I am being driven
This barque of mine is very frail ”.

He deplures the fact that this earth is inhabited by “ songless souls ”. However, he takes comfort in realising. He possesses a sensitive and singing soul :

“ My soul keeps ever soaring like a bird
Above the crawling mists of time and change. ”
(Vol. II, 119)

“ Resting a little in the silent inn
Of meditation through the midnight hours
Another journey, we shall both begin. ”

This must be a reference to his fellow-traveller and co-pilgrim, whom he calls “ Comrade. ” He made a brilliant discovery which he is prepared to disclose to his companion

“ I have discovered new and sudden ways
Of inner life which is a mighty thing. ”

He has understood the true value of self-surrender.

“ Surrender has no suffering or care
It is a light that has never cast a shade ”. (Vol. III, 207)

“ O God ! it is so good to be alive
These days of sacred miracles that press
Everywhere. My God ! do not deprive
Any of us of the rare consciousness ”. (Vol. IV, 327)

After all the difficulties and obstacles of life, he attains peace—peace “ that passeth all understanding ”.

“ A giant reticence begins to come into
my life ; ecstatic and sublime ”. (Vol. IV, 363)

“ This sense of kindled buoyancy foretells
A final liberation from the flesh ”. (Vol. IV, 370)

“ Great heights are calling me to greater heights ”.

The Mother herself calls him. This is indeed a climactic experience.

“Thou callest me towards the Light of Lights
Thou callest, “Come” and I reply, “I come”.
The chains are truly fallen now,
One after one, in rapid wonderment.
I stand, each hand stretched like a quiet bough
Expectant of the beautiful descent”. (Vol. IV, 375)

He hails Her “I am your garden, queen, walk into me”.

Poetry with Mysticism and Advaitism

Writing about his poetry Sri Aurobindo said : “There is a background in it of Hindu Vedantic thought and feeling ... It will be found repeatedly elsewhere and runs through the whole as undercurrent, but the mould of the thought, the colour and tissue of feeling betray a Muslim, a Persian, a Sufi influence ..” Something of the union of the two cultures is visible in all his poems including the sonnets.

The truth of Sri Aurobindo's appraisal of Harindranath's poetry is illustrated in the following passages which combine mysticism with Advaitism, and spiritualise what appears to be sensuality or eroticism on the surface :

- “Our eyes met and the universe was last.” (Vol. I, 93)
- “Beautiful Comrade, hand in hand we go.” (Vol. II, 122)
- “Behind the veil of me there is a Me
Dwelling in intimatest touch with Thee.” (Vol. II, 159)
- “For everything I do or dream or say
There is a secret mystic counterpart.” (Vol. II, 161)
- “What was I but a silent thing of death
Until Thou didst accept me as Thy flute ?” (Vol. II, 175)
- “Thou art the essence of all beauty, and
I am a hollow cup receiving Thee”. (Vol. II, 193)
- “For human life to grow a perfect whole,
Body and soul must in perfection meet
Since body is the bride-groom of the soul. (382)
And there are certain moments when I do
Forget that I am I, and feel that I am you.” (391)

When the mood, the moment and the word coalesce, Harin writes wonderful verse :

“Behold ! the hour is wonderful and ripe
Fire-blooms are breaking out of drowsy mind”. (449)

HIS MESSAGE

When the mood of philosophising, one of his rare moments, is upon him, he strikes the right note. Without consciously stepping into the role of a preacher he delivers the message :

“ Brief are both human joy and human sorrow
What seems unbearable tragedy today
Becomes a hollow memory tomorrow. ”

“ Desires are birds of passage dusky-fired
Which for a moment, loom like interference
In the soul's spaces — but they soon grow tired
A deeper light follows their disappearance. ”

(Vol. I, 68)

“ To all my brother-travellers, farewell
In separate forms, for now the time draws nigh
When in a single God-light we shall dwell. ” (500)

Messages like this come from no printed page but from the book of life. All religions belonged to Harindranath. His poetry is not circumscribed by the sectarian touch. At 90 he wrote in the same strain, never reminiscing but looking forward. His mind was on things to come. His goal was ‘ To Be, not to Have. ’ He uncorked the bottle of perfume hidden in his heart and sprinkled the contents over all those who came his way. His pen was free to stir men's hearts and touch their souls in every corner of the earth. Struggle for human brotherhood was still more absorbing to his mind, although it would long remain unwon. There sat forever in his heart the “ unfaltering angel of the dawn. ” His intense patriotism was happily blended with world humanism. He belongs little less to his country than to the world.



In Search of A Reason

Dr. P. K. JOY

On Good Friday he drank
to drown his sorrow
and on Holy Saturday
to remove hangover.
With the Easter morning drink
he rejoiced at His rising
and then called the neighbours for a
Holy Communion.

He converted the bar
into a make-shift Altar
and the eucharistic worship
they read out in haste.
Solemnly they consumed
the sacrament things
and thanked Jesus Christ
for dying and resurrecting.
The altar folded back
to unfold next year
and the bar reappeared to usher in
real Easter spirits.

While the congregation was floating
on strong East spirits
Christ appeared in garments
as white as snow and said
"think up now a reason
why you should drink on Monday,
and try if you can delink
my name from your boozing."

FROM MYSTICISM TO MARXISM

An Approach to Harindranath

Prof. K. VENKATA REDDY

When a journalist enquired of Rabindranath Tagore, "Sir, after you ... who?", he replied at once: "My mantle falls on Harindranath". And he was prophetically right. Like Tagore, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, who passed away on June 23, 1990, creating a void in the Indian literary world, a void that cannot be so easily filled, is unquestionably a poet born to sing. His domain of song has its own themes and rhythms. Love poetry, Nature poetry, philosophic poetry in which philosophy is the least obtrusive and almost melts into song, satirical poetry — such has been his preoccupation in poetry. He recited his poetry with a marvellous sense of rhythm and it was always a pleasure to listen to his recitations. As lyrical as his sister and more exuberant in his imagery, he does not go in for jewelled phrases like Sarojini who was naturally influenced by her "decadent" contemporaries in England. His lyrics have the spontaneity and simplicity of Shelley's, with a transparent and easy-flowing diction.

Yet, surprisingly enough, Harindranath has not received the social recognition and the critical attention he deserves. He has not been given his due by the Bengalis themselves, the literary institutions nor by the film-world and the leftists for whom he did so much. The Central Sahitya Akademi never honoured him. The Indian P. E. N. or the Writers Workshop in Calcutta hardly mention his name. Though he was an exquisite singer, none of his songs in his own voice are now available in the cassette market.

Sublime poetry may be born out of creative inspiration and may often be found to be different in quality from the quality of life its poet had lived on the surface. However, there are poets who, instead of leaving themselves at the mercy of the

mysterious inspiration, choose to submit their propensity for getting inspiration to a mentally accepted earthly mission or ideal. Harindranath has subscribed to both the principles in his life. Veering spasmodically between the extremes of Aurobindonian mysticism and Marxian materialism, he sampled every variety of experience and exploited every possible mood, pose and stance.

Harindranath had the unique privilege of living in the Ashram of Sri Aurobindo at Pondicherry in its early phase, drawing inspiration from the Master for his aspirations as a poet. It is during this period that he wrote nine volumes of sparkling *Reflections*, the reflections of a many-dimensional sun of consciousness on the mirror-like lake of a creative mind. They inspire in us many a mood and make us wonder afresh on things we thought we knew well and bring issues and ideas, hitherto considered remote, closer to our nearest. One comes across in them impressive flashes which can be linked to Sri Aurobindo's vision of man's evolutionary journey :

"Out of the rough black stone of animal desires and propensities man appears slowly but surely, losing the dark hue and chiselled into the higher being by the hand of error whose blows are myriad and terrible..."

This theme is distinct in one of his early poems, *Futurity*

Time is Eternity's womb-hole ensconcedly bearing
Each man like a foetus in projected formation
Warmed into ripeness conceived by some far evolution;
Sealed grave-lids of eyes, strange image of funeral pathos.

Rawness of limb awaiting the strength of a giant
Moment of master-maturity, rounding of motive,
Sidereal substance, stranger to dream and delirium.
All birth is as yet to be born since man is unfinished
And still in the making, the foetus awaiting the birth-time;
All death is as yet to be dead on the lap of that instant.

Couched sometimes in prosaic poetry, sometimes in poetic prose, the *Reflections* are epigrammatic and aphoristic. They are imbued with a poetic spirit throughout. There is great poetry, for instance, in the sentence in which Harin says :

"I am deepening into a sense of homewardness—
solitude of spirit embarrasses me like a mother."

To Cowper, the English poet, "solitude is sweet." To Shelley "solitude is tranquil" and for Wordsworth solitude has "self-sufficing power." But what Harindranath finds in solitude is a

truth serene and exclusive, as authentic as his Indian consciousness. His revealing observations have matured out of his own experiences.

One of the most versatile and vigorous literary personalities of contemporary India, Harindranath surrendered himself to the magic of poetry at an early age. When he started writing at the age of nineteen, there were no available models for modern Indian poetry in English. People studied the *Golden Treasury* in colleges and universities and very few had access to Greek or Latin, French or Russian poetry in original or in translation. Harindranath had, therefore, to carve out his own way. He had to plough his lonely furrow.

Harindranath's poetic career spans a creative period of seventy years or so and presents diverse genres, themes, trends and techniques. He has responded spontaneously, but most creatively, to several shades of life, movements and personalities. Finding in him a spontaneous and inherent poetic gift, Sri Aurobindo greeted him as "a poet of almost infinite possibilities." Harindranath's first book of poems, *The Feast of Youth*, appeared in 1918. Reviewing his first collection of lyrics in the *Arya* of November, 1918, Sri Aurobindo observes :

"This is not only genuine poetry, but the work of a young, though still unripe, genius with an incalculable promise of greatness in it. As to the abundance here of all the essential materials, the instruments, the elementary powers of the poetical gift, there can be not a moment's doubt or hesitation. Even the first few lines, though far from the best, are quite decisive. A rich and finely lavish command of language, a firm possession of his metrical instrument, an almost blinding gleam and glitter of the wealth of imagination and fancy, a stream of unfailingly poetic thought and image and a high though as yet uncertain pitch of expression, are the powers with which the young poet starts. There have been poets of a great final achievement who have begun with gifts of a less precious stuff and had by labour within themselves and a difficult alchemy to turn them into pure gold. Mr. Chattopadhyaya is not of these; he is rather overburdened with the favours of the goddess, comes like some Vedic Marut with golden weapons, golden ornaments, car of gold, throwing in front of him continual lightnings of thought in the midst of a shining rain of fancies, and a greater government and a more careful and concentrated use rather than an enhancement of his powers is the one thing his poetry needs for its perfection."

This is, indeed, a great tribute and a rare treat which Harindranath received from the prophet of *The Life Divine*.

Between 1918, when Harindranath's first collection of poems appeared, and 1967, when his last volume of poems, *Virgins and Vineyards*, saw the light of the day, Harindranath published numerous collections of poems and plays — *The Magic Tree* (1922), *Poems and Plays* (1927), *Strange Journey* (1936), *The Dark Well* (1939), *Edgeways and the Saint* (1946), *Spring in Winter* (1956) and *Masks and Farewells* (1951).

Harindranath reveals the core of his poetic faith as well as his endless interest in the process of poetic creation when he, in his autobiography, *Life and Myself* (1948), expresses himself:

"I dwelt more and more...in the innermost recesses of the heart from where poetry comes. Words and phrases became an obsession; thoughts floated across the mind like clouds, some delicately tinted, others stormy, but past all their movement I began to grip more firmly the thought..."

As a born-poet Harindranath makes it clear:

"By right of ages I belong
To the dominion of song
And so from out of everything
I draw a lovely song to sing."

Poetic thoughts came to him flapping across the wide ocean like light-winged birds. He declares:

"Verses open to me
As blossoms to a tree
As colours to a shell
As seconds to a minute
As circles to a well
When a pebble drops within it."

Harindranath's early poetry is full of beautiful soul-stirring imagery and haunting rhythm. Vedantic themes or images directly or indirectly lighted the way for his inspiration to unfold itself exuberantly in poetry. In *Noon*, for instance, Harindranath uses an original and daring image of the noon as a mystic dog with paws of fire. In other poems there is the Vedantic feeling that man is a traveller on earth and he has, therefore, to cultivate the dispassion and detachment of a traveller. The Vedantic feeling changes later to one of surrender and other self-absorption in what one is doing. Harindranath shares this feeling with us when he says:

"I have ceased to be the potter
and have learned to be the clay.
I have ceased to be the poet
and have learned to be the song."

Influenced by Western methods and models, Harindranath took to lyric poetry with ease and grace, and gave it charm, dignity and thought content. The 209 lyrics that make "*Spring in Winter*" are a poetic record of the efflorescence of love, and have an authentic ring throughout. Like most of his lyrics these are simple, sensuous, direct and neither stale nor startling. The lover's varied moods and fancies, faithfully rendered in these exquisite lyrics give them something of an orchestrated unity of its own. A personal romantic experience becomes a poetic paradigm of lover's ways and moods, and aches and joys.

"*Virgins and Vineyards*" was his most recent and mature contribution to literature. As Harindranath himself says in the preface :

"The poetry has come through at white heat and I have glowed throughout the writing of it, feeling a sense of gratefulness to my ancestors who continue to dream dreams through and in me, never losing touch with modern trends and events of history, which continue to alter the values of me."

The poet is perfectly at ease here, mixing memory and reverie, fact and fancy, politics and philosophy. There is a mingling of metrical ease and verbal fluency which was Harindranath's main strength as a poet.

Through all the vicissitudes of his early chequered poetic career, Harindranath has retained his interest in mysticism which he owed mostly to Blake. Like Subramania Bharati, Harindranath was overwhelmed by the mystic vision of the "dance and doom." For Bharati, it is Kali who destroys the worlds in a frenzy of dance and then creates them anew as Shiva, the auspicious, approaches her and quenches her divine rage. But, for Harindranath it is Shiva who is lost in the "Tandav" — the mystic dance of doom :

"In a rich rapture of intoxication
Dream-lost you move from deep shadowy deep
Along infinitudes of mortal sleep
Which veils the naked spirit of creation.
Star upon star breaks forth in swift pulsation
And multitudinous oceans swell and sweep
Behind you, and enchanted forces leap
Like giant flames out of your meditation.

Your dreaming done, once more you dance your reckless
Dance of destruction, and from globe to globe.
You wander, fashioning a mystic necklace of
shattered worlds".

Harindranath's poetic career underwent a metamorphosis. The mystic poet seemed to have realized that for years and years he was "kept like a hot-house plant, secluded, away from the realities of the world." He wanted "to move among the poorest and lowly, live among the downtrodden and write about the truths of life as they exist." So, he promised himself that he "won't write about God and the birds and the flowers any more," and that he "will write about starving babies, about cruel masters, about poor sad women, about people who are shot because they asked for food."

From mysticism to Marxism is, indeed, a big leap. But, Harindranath took it when he moved from Pondicherry to Bombay and produced *Blood of Stones* (1944) and *Son of Adam* (1946) and *Freedom Came* (1947) responding boldly to the political and socialist stirrings of the day. Instead of exploring the inner consciousness and evoking images from the world of dreams and broodings, Harin began to concern himself with stock realities of life from the viewpoint of Marxism.

With early impressions of Hyderabad, and living in Bombay, close to the tinsel world of the silver screen, nearer to slums like Kamathipura and Dharavi, under the shadow of the mafia and its god fathers, corroding crime and carnal lust in excess, Harin could not continue to be a romantic poet. How can he listen only to the "music of the spheres" and not face the music of machines, and menacing men? He becomes an odd man out, a person who finds himself lonelier and lonelier in the crowd. He finds cheating, deception, betrayal and ingratitude at every step. Images of street walkers, blood and wounds, murder and disease abound in his present writing. In Harindra's poetry, this new noise takes weird shapes like surrealistic painting, mobile sculpture, absurd drama and rock music, all rolled in one.

Harindranath is no longer a prayer-prone theist. For him there are no spiritual solutions, escapades into El Dorado or a blind clinging to dark tunnel. His spirit is completely shattered. His alienation is unmitigated. There is no easy answer to his angst. Like Louis Untermeyer's *Prayer* he seems to say —

Open my ears to music ; let
Me thrill with springs first flutes and drums --
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

Harindranath's later poetry is very disturbing. It has no contemporary references to any political and international figures of events. We find only an occasional reference to Charles Sobhraj and a personal friend Antshen Lobo who died, but the rest of the references and digs are anonymous. There is no relief, no earlier ecstasy, but this is a long soliloquy of pining and pain, as Shakespeare says in *Romeo and Juliet*: "One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish." At places, Harindranath, like the beatniks, the angry generation of Bengali poets or Digambara Kavis of Telugu, or the Dalit Panther poets of Marathi, spews very shocking and loud images of poverty, misery and suffering. Small wonder, if Harin, who was greeted by Sri Aurobindo as a mystic poet, is hailed today as a leftist highgospeller.

Harin's reputation as a poet overshadowed his eminence as a playwright. His dramatic output is by no means negligible, with a score of plays to his credit. And over a dozen of them are "devotional plays" dealing with certain situations in the lives of religious leaders like Jayadeva, Ravidas, Eknath, Pundalik and Sakku Bai. They are all written in verse, and are playlets rather than full-length plays. The criticism generally levelled against these plays is that they are loose in construction and blurred in characterisation with predominance of poetry over action. *Tukaram*, which is free from these faults, is easily the best of the devotional plays. The hero's saintly ardour and his sense of humility and detachment are clearly brought out in his mellifluous songs as well as his dialogues with his wife and Rameshwar. The different scenes are well-knit and the poetry is functional rather than decorative as in some other plays. Its chief merit lies in its being effective as both a closet play and a stage play.

The most significant of Harindranath's social plays are found in his collection, "*Five Plays*" (1937), which includes "*The Window*," "*The Sentry's Lantern*," "*The Coffin*" and "*The Evening Lamp*." They heralded the emergence of a significant working-class dramatist with innate potentialities. Like Mulk Raj Anand in the field of Indian fiction in English, Harindranath succeeded in bringing a kind of life to the Indian stage that was never there before. For the first time in the history of Indian Drama in English, he introduced working-class characters on the stage. No Indian dramatist in English had ever cut such large slices of the working-class life. Sympathy for the exploited, revolt against stultifying morality, a plea for purposeful writing — such are the themes of these plays which are at once realistic and symbolic.

Harindranath's plays of social protest were essentially products of an earnest and deep commitment to certain values of life. Like the plays of Arnold Wesker, they are warm, humane, sincere, passionate, compassionate, brave, honest, energetic, outspoken, full of enthusiasm and concern. They lay bare the dramatist's acute awareness of the social problems around him and register his protest against the cruelty of the capitalist factory-owners.

Harindranath's social plays are dramatically more effective than his devotional ones. Though heavily coated with purpose, they have a tautness and intensity that are seldom found in our dramatic writing. With their simple stage-setting, quick movements, limited number of characters and racy dialogue, they can be successfully enacted.

The most ambitious of Harindranath's plays *Siddhartha, Man of Peace* (1956) is a simple and straightforward enactment of Gautama's life and message, in eight Acts. The elaborate plot, the enormous number of scenes, situations and episodes and the large number of characters make for a certain prolixity and ostensible lack of tautness and concentration. In other words, what the play gains in detail, it loses in intensity.

Harin's writings bear the distinct stamp of the Indian mind. Whether he wrote a poem or a play, it was unmistakably an Indian speaking English. His metaphor and simile were refreshingly new and strikingly Indian. He always wrote because he could not help uniting, and also because poetry is man's — the poet's as well as the reader's — elemental need: "No expendable luxury but the very oxygen of existence."

Harin has a message to deliver, a message of "sympathy and understanding" between man and man, which one can never miss, even in his repetitive, sometimes self-contradictory and nagging verse-form. Harindranath seems to join Rabindranath Tagore when the latter says:

"The human world is made one, all the countries are losing their distance every day, their boundaries not offering the same resistance as they did in the past age. Politicians struggle to exploit this great fact and wrangle about establishing trade relationships. But my mission is to urge for a world-wide commerce of heart and mind, sympathy and understanding and never to allow this sublime opportunity to be sold in the slave markets for the cheap price of individual profits or be shattered away by the whole competition in mutual destructiveness."

GOD

SUBRAMANIA BHARATI

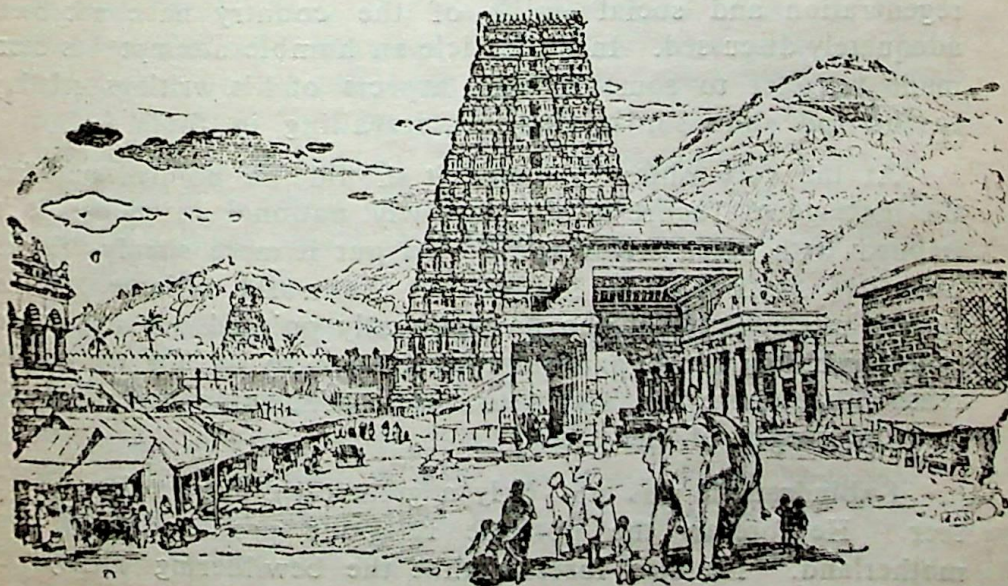
Translated from Tamil by R. Sundaresan

O ignorant, roaming about everywhere
and seeking a thousand gods !
will you listen to me if I say
that the thousands of Vedas proclaim
that God is but the flaming knowledge !

O ignorant, worshipping Nada, Kadan and Vedan in
frenzied devotion !
Realise that knowledge that is immanent in everything
is God.

Have you heard epics say that pure knowledge is Sivam !
Will you lose your direction
having lost yourself in the maze of fanatical religions ?

Vedas enjoin on you to live care-free,
but as one who eats the chaff
imagining the pleasure of eating rice
you pursue purposeless acts.



THE MESSAGE OF TAGORE

PROF. D. K. CHAKRAWARTY

"The song that moves a nation's heart, is in itself a deed," wrote Lord Tennyson. There is hardly any doubt that the songs and other writings of Tagore moved the nation's heart and continues to do so even now. Modern India owes a great debt of gratitude to him. Dr. Radhakrishnan very aptly pointed out: "We do not know whether it is Rabindranath's own heart or the heart of India that is beating here in his writings. In his work, India finds the lost word she was seeking. The familiar truths of Indian philosophy and religion, the value of which it has become fashionable to belittle even in the land of their birth, are here handled with such rare reverence and deep feeling that they seem to be almost new."

There is no denying the fact that Rabindranath's writings have been receiving extended critical attention from great minds, yet one feels that the relevance of some of his writings relating to the realities of India as well as his contribution to the moral regeneration and social uplift of the country have not been adequately discussed. In this article an humble attempt has been made to refer to some notable aspects of his writings relating to the rude and sordid realities prevailing in India.

At the very outset however it should be pointed out that the message of Tagore is not narrowly national in spirit. It is imbued with much wider spirit. To put it more simply, Tagore does not speak only to Indians but the world at large. At the same time however it can be pertinently pointed out that some of his writings have particular relevance to us for the simple reason that those are related to certain problems specific to India and the people of the country.

Rabindranath was not only a great poet, he was also a great seer. He foresaw the possible religious problems facing his motherland. He also foresaw that the bewildering variety of faiths and creeds flourishing in the country could create enormous

and insurmountable problems. Therefore in several writings he presented to us a vision of India where different religions won't divide the people but unite them. He pointed out again and again that this could only be possible when all Indians would realise that it were only the externals of religious worship that divide us, the deeper care of religious truth always bind us together. The Sufi mystics, the Christian divines and Hindu sages all realised this. The religious message that emerges clearly from the play "Fruit Gathering" makes us aware of this fact. We realise that the path of real happiness lies in clinging to religion and let religions go. In this play he also teaches us to try to free ourselves from exhausted traditions, meaningless religious rites and rituals, dogmas and superstitions.

In one of his writings published in *The Modern Review* (June 1913) he expressed his hope that "Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and Christians will not fight each other on the soil of India; they will here seek and attain a synthesis. That synthesis will not be un-Hindu, it will be peculiarly Hindu. Whatever its external features may be, the resultant harmony will be Indian in spirit." It is a great pity that this hope has been belied. Religious bickerings still divide us. Yet one fervently hopes that a careful study and analysis of his works would one day make us aware of the true significance of religion and a realisation would dawn upon us that the soil of our motherland contains the dust our true saints, Hindus and Muslims and Christians alike, who made India their home and dedicated themselves to the wellbeing of the country, thus making our land sacred where religious bigotry and fanaticism should be considered nothing less than a sacrilege.

We can hardly deny the fact that these days we find ourselves shackled by exhausted traditions and spent forces. We engage ourselves in idle rites and ceremonies. Dogmas and superstitions blind us. Our intellects fail utterly to free ourselves from snobbery and meanness. Men in authority lack humility. They are plagued by pride and prejudice of authority. Tagore in his several writings stated that India must be made free from all these besetting sins.

In several essays published during the years 1911-14 in the reputed journal *The Modern Review*, Rabindranath expressed his views about the caste system prevalent in India. According to him, there was a time when the caste system served some useful purpose. Today, however, it has proved a positive hindrance to the spiritual faith within and social progress outside. This system hinders nobility of mind and the flow of life. It would

perhaps be quite a surprise to many readers that in one of his numerous letters he referred to the problem of population explosion in India and gave his considered opinion that the family planning measures were a must in India and other poverty-stricken countries of the world. This would surely give us an idea of his awareness of the problems concerning India and there is hardly any doubt that his writings give us hints to the solution of many problems confronting the country.

Rabindranath cautioned us again and again against adopting a materialistic attitude to life. According to him such an attitude invariably generates social discontent and unrest. In this connection, a noted philosopher L. P. Jacks rightly observed: "The root evil is that a community, which makes wealth its object and pursues it on the terms laid down by the economic machine, is living under conditions which satisfy no body and against which all men are by the higher human nature born rebels." Unfortunately for us now-a-days in our country we find that whereas, on the one hand, the vast majority of the people are steeped in dire poverty, on the other, a sizeable section of the people have become shameless worshippers of mammon. Their lives are dominated by money culture. The craze to acquire material objects rules the roost. A spiritual vision of life has given way to material point of view. The solution, therefore, lies in attaining spiritual individuality. Rabindranath aptly observed: "If India becomes free in soul and preserves her spiritual individuality, then all other things shall be added into her. Then in India, province will join province, race will join race, knowledge will be linked with knowledge, endeavour with endeavour: then the present chapter of Indian history will end and she will emerge in the larger history of the world."



SONG OF THE FUTURE WOMAN

(*A celebration of the destiny and evolution of woman*)

PROF. V. RAMA MURTHY

I have my uterus hung in the lab
It is in a glass flask
There my eggs will fertilise
And there my children will grow.
Isn't it disgusting for a woman
To carry another life in her belly?
So I have my uterus out in a flask
I won't rear another life in my own belly
Like an animal, like a kangaroo.

I have my uterus out in a flask
To say 'no' to deliveries
To keep my muscles taut
And my mouth of pleasure tight.

Hail evolution !
Hail technology !
The uterus has dried up in me
Like the human tail
And appendix.

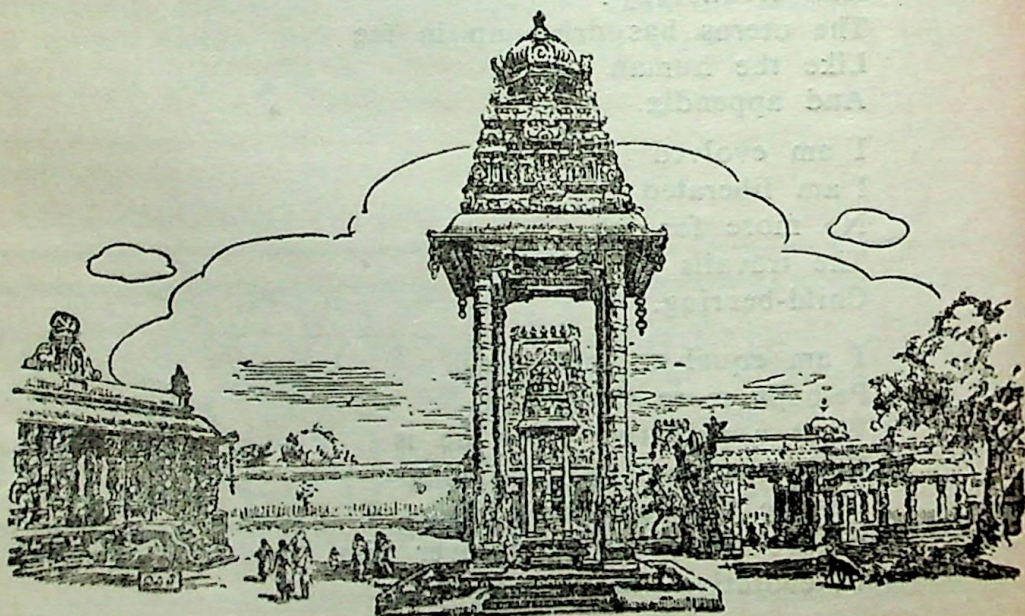
I am evolved
I am liberated
No more for me
The travails of
Child-bearing.

I am equal to man now
Perhaps more than man.
What a primitive thing he is
With his beard still growing
Despite his new razor blades.
I have stolen a march over him
In evolution, in emancipation.

No more child-bearing for me
 No more monthly flows
 No more I fear rape
 As I run no risk
 of pregnancy.

I'll myself chase the man
 Till he takes to his heels
 And I shall laugh
 At my own impetuosity !

Under the banner of
 The uterus in a flask
 Women of the world
 Unite, fight the MCPs
 Kick off their impudence
 And assert your
 Independence.



Shakespeare's Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained

DR. M. P A D M A

Shakespeare, the myriad-minded magician, while exploring the human predicament, depicts the state of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* through his tragedies and tragi-comedies. If Milton employs the medium of epic-poetry to enlighten the fall and rise of Man, thereby justifying the ways of God to men, Shakespeare brings home the truth through the more popular medium of drama. The four major tragedies and the four tragi-comedies of Shakespeare deal with almost the same situations, but the actions and reactions to them culminate into a different setting. While the tragedies have a *Paradise Lost* offer, the tragi-comedies regain the lost *Paradise*.

Shakespeare in his tragedies poses the fundamental questions on man's existence, his relationship with God, to what extent man is free or is controlled by predestination, and what will happen to man when he dies. The tragic protagonist is uncertain as to the relation in which he stands to the transcendental real, and he experiences with regret and dread "a sense of separation from a once known normative and loved deity or cosmic order or principle of conduct".¹

As Shakespeare moves from tragedies to tragi-comedies one can see a perceptible change. *Measure for Measure* serves as a connecting link between the world of tragic forces where virtue is not always rewarded though vice may be punished, and the world of tragi-comedies, where divine providence manifests itself through deeds of benevolence to the deserved and the merited, Shakespeare's dramatic art takes a new dimension with *Measure for Measure* and this is the forerunner for the tragi-comedies. Despite all the trials and tribulations that Isabella faces, she triumphs and through her the forces of virtue succeed. Instead

of leaving virtue to be demolished by vice ruthlessly. in *Measure for Measure* we see justice being done and virtue being rewarded in an ample measure.

The tragi-comedies present a life totally different from that of the tragedies. A quiet happy ending, a recognition of long lost daughters, a reunion of husband and wife, typify the world of romances. "It is plainly the golden world in which situations potentially tragic, but softened by decorative poetry, seem to be resolved by fortunate accident".² Shakespeare seems to be reverting to romances with a greater understanding of life. The universe, which he has presented as chaos in his tragedies, now turns to be one inhabited by God. In this world of tempests and separations of the loved ones, one is inclined to doubt what the unsearchable dispose of highest wisdom (*Samson Agonistes* 1. 1746) has in store for them, but in the final analysis it is found that "all is best." (S. A., 1. 1745)

The contrast between the four major tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth* and the four tragi-comedies, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, reveals the inner working of Shakespeare's mind. *Hamlet* is the study of revenge. *The Tempest* presents the virtue of forgiveness. *Hamlet* maps the progress of Hamlet from self-assertion to self-surrender to the will of God. *The Tempest*, on the other hand, shows the world of a fully evolved man, the ideal man. Hamlet, coming from Wittenberg, with his intellectual refinement looks at the rotten state of Denmark with all the zeal of a reformer. He says,

The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right (I VI 89-190)

The sudden death of his father, the hasty marriage of his mother with its incestuous relationship, the revelation of the Ghost with its ambiguity, all these confuse, perplex and puzzle Hamlet's reasoning power. His moral consciousness, his artistic sensibilities, his preparedness to accept responsibility, make him feel the dizziness of a stupendous task lying heavily on his shoulders. He impersonates to himself the role of God and tries to remake the world. Later he accidentally kills Polonius and realises that he has become the scourge of God and that his error is duly punished with his voyage to England and imminent death there. But on his miraculous escape and return to Denmark he accepts the workings of the "special providence" (V. ii, 218) for he says,

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. (V. ii, 10-11)

However, he realises that evil inevitably holds a poisoned rapier. In the frankness of his conduct during the fencing match cunningly arranged by Claudius, we see him settling down to the role of a heaven's patient minister accepting death as retribution. So Hamlet dies at the threshold of revelation, when he has learned to put his bookish knowledge into practice. Though he attains wisdom through his varied experiences of life, he does not live long enough to attain the maturity of Prospero.

Prospero, being "rapt in secret studies", (I, ii, 77) grows strange to his subjects and his kingdom. Taking advantage of this, Antonio, his brother, usurps the throne and puts Prospero and his daughter aboard a "rotten carcass". Gonzalo, Prospero's minister, takes pity on him and provides him with essentials and the books he prizes most. Left on the seas, Prospero surrenders himself to the forces above and he is driven to a strange island. Here he masters the art of magic. He is now the all-knowing, all-seeing wizard, and with Ariel as his deputy, he introduces a storm wherein all his former foes get caught but they are safely landed on the island. The island brings about a seachange in them. All of them go through a series of happenings ending in Prospero's thundering pronouncement, through Ariel, of Antonio, Sebastian and Alonso as the "three men of sin." (III, iii, 53) Ariel lets them remember the dark abysm of time when they wronged Prospero and his daughter,

For which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace (III, iii, 72-75).

Prospero can punish them and the way he deals with Caliban's rebellion is an example of his power. He tells Ariel,

At this hour
Lies at my mercy all my enemies (IV. i, 233-234).

He is in an unassailable position unlike Hamlet who is never the master of circumstances. Eagan feels that Prospero, now, has become "a Satanic personification of revenge".³ Corfield too thinks on the same lines. "As a revenger Prospero assumes the powers of godhead, setting himself up as a substitute for heaven. Implicit in Prospero's project is a degree of presumption similar in its scope to Hieronimo's 'Vindicta mihi!' and also similar in its precariousness".⁴ Here Prospero is like Hamlet in the beginning of the play. But Prospero assumes godhead not to revenge but to forgive. In Hamlet's failure we see the

work of a kindness which is "nobler than revenge". (*As You Like It*, IV, iii, 128) He lacks the moral detachment that is needed for action. Prospero, on the contrary, develops the qualities that Hamlet lacks. Prospero is like Hamlet with his insight into the manifestation of special providence in "the fall of a sparrow" (V. ii., 1, 217) and in attaining wisdom. He would work his "fury" and would believe that

the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance; (V. i. 27-28)

He abjures his magic to join the "brave new world" of Ferdinand and Miranda. He forgives the rankest faults of his enemies and promises, "I'll deliver all". (V. i, 1.312) The strife and friction of *Hamlet* is transformed into the "serene air of celestial harmony"⁵ in *The Tempest*.

Like *The Winter's Tale*, *Othello* is a domestic drama exploring the conflict of good and evil in familial relationships. In *Othello* Iago is the visible symbol of evil, whipping Othello's passion of jealousy into a terrific rage, but evil is mysterious, unwarranted and sudden in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes is overpowered by the deadly sin of jealousy that springs like sin from the left side of Satan's head, as described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. It leads to a reversal of values where Leontes takes good for evil. In this state of topsyturvydom he humiliates divine Hermione who stands like a Christ figure in his court, accepting all his vituperation patiently. Desdemona too faces the blind fury of Othello like patient Griselda. She dies forgiving Othello with a divine lie on her lips stating that "Nobody, I myself. Farewell" (V. ii, 127). Like Hamlet, Othello too assumes the role of a justiciar, but his ego is shattered to pieces once Emilia reveals the theft of the handkerchief and proves her mistress to be "heavenly true." He recognizes Iago as a demi-devil and tries to stab him. But as in *Hamlet*, "It is too late." Othello confesses that he is like "a base Indian", who "throws a pearl away." He is "one that loved not wisely but too well" (V, ii, 1346). He repents and stabs himself to death. His final kiss is "the seal of repentance, the promise of his salvation".⁶ Like Othello, Leontes too, despite Apollo's oracle, proceeds with his arraignment of the queen only to receive the wrath of Apollo in the shape of the sudden death of his son, Mamillius. The queen swoons and is supposed to be dead. In Leontes penitence follows as swiftly as the sin has come to him. Being an extended vision of Othello, he does not commit suicide but controls his passion and performs a saint-like sorrow for sixteen years. But he has to wait for the suspicious appearance of Perdita, his lost

daughter, to bless his barren land and to bring comfort to him. The scene of recognition pictures a world ransomed or one destroyed. His patience is rewarded when Hermione appears on the scene. "The restoration of Hermione is a carefully prepared symbol of spiritual and actual resurrection, in which alone true reconciliation may be attained" ⁷ So what is denied to Othello is given to Leontes in the shape of *Paradise Regained*.

Lear and Cymbeline deal with family relationships. Like Gorboduo, Lear plans to divide his kingdom among his three daughters even while he is living. In this process he disowns Cordelia on pretext that she is ungrateful to him. Lear is obsessed with the idea of filial ingratitude, (I. iv, 252-254). If Lear is abandoned by his own daughters, Goneril and Regan, Gloucester is betrayed by his illegitimate son Edmund in the subplot. Cordelia and Edgar lead their parents to the kindly light of heaven. Lear and Gloucester learn the lesson of suffering and accept life with forbearance. However, they cannot escape tragic deaths and the reunion of Lear with his daughter remains a momentary pleasure. But as Arthur Sewall puts it, "Like the promise of rain in T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, there are moments and images towards the end of *King Lear* which give promise of grace and benedictions" ⁸ *Cymbeline* is the answer to that promise. *Cymbeline* presents grateful, ever-loving children driven away from their parents by the conspiracy of circumstances. Cymbeline under the spell of his "Wicked Queen" and her son Cloten, misunderstands Imogen, "the most tender and the most artless" lady. Imogen laments pathetically,

A father cruel, and stepdame false;
A foolish suiter to a wedded lady,
That that her husband banished. (I, vi, 1-3)

If Lear suffers for his misdeeds, in *Cymbeline*, the children bear the brunt of the misfortune. Whereas Lear is responsible for his actions, Cymbeline works under divergent influences. It is only later when he comes out of the wrong influence of his queen that he is allowed the reunion with his two sons Guiderius and Arviragus and his daughter Imogen. Imogen is united with Posthumus, who, like Othello, was gulled by Iachimo, the lesser Iago. Unlike Iago, Iachimo repents of his sin and Posthumus advises him to have better relationships with others. So the blissful reunion that Shakespeare could not bestow on Lear and Cordelia in *King Lear*, he confers on Cymbeline, the family bond "renewed in ways that are impossible in *King Lear* and perhaps in ways that are seldom seen in real life-analogues". ¹⁰

Macbeth, the anti-hero, is ambitious, courageous and open to temptations. But he is unwittingly drawn into the vicious world of the Weird Sisters like Pericles who confronts the daughter of Antiochus. Her beauty "enticeth" Pericles to "view" touch and taste and it symbolises forbidden experience. But Pericles is firm and demands that he should read the conclusion of the riddle. (I, i. 64-69) Pericles solves the riddle and is able to learn the lesson of distinguishing good from evil. Antiochus's incestuous daughter represents essential evil. It is often argued that Pericles has to flee the country, disguise himself and suffer, because he has deliberately entered the world of disorder and is slow at realising the evil appearance. But he is not too slow like Macbeth who exclaims in the fifth act

be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense. (V, viii, 19-20).

Macbeth has arrived at the stage when in the stream of blood that has been spilled, "Returning were as tedious as go over." (III, iv, 1.139) He fights with Macduff and is slain. Unlike Othello, Macbeth has committed the crime for his personal gain. So he can neither repent nor seek ways of spiritual enlightenment, though he is painfully aware of the wrong path he is treading. It looks as though too much faith in supernatural soliciting has produced tragic dimensions in Macbeth. Both Macbeth and Pericles are tempted though their reactions differ. Macbeth with his vaulting ambition moves from one murder to another. Pericles assumes a vicarious burden of tragic guilt and muses upon the prevailing sins of the world in the manner of Hamlet. Pericles goes from place to place, tossed by tempests and bewildering experiences. At Pentapolis he passes through the trial combat to win Thaisa, who eagerly bestows her love on him. She is quite the opposite of Lady Macbeth, the White Devil, who, while giving milk to her babe, would not hesitate to dash "the brains out." (I, vii, 1.58) Pericles loses Thaisa in the tempest and he entrusts his newly-born daughter to the care of her nurse. When he goes to Tharsus sixteen years later, to see his daughter. Marina, left with Cleon and Dionyza, they tell him that she is dead and they show her grave. Pericles is overpowered by grief, but finally he is rewarded for his silent suffering and acceptance of God's will through the recognition of his long lost daughter. Marina, at Myteline, and the reunion of his wife Thaisa at Ephesus where she was restored to life by Cerimion. Pericles says,

You gods your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports ... (V, iii, 41-42)

So while Macbeth is an egotist, Pericles is a saintly figure. Macbeth refuses the offer of heavenly forgiveness and his sick heart cannot live for redemption. Pericles faces the trials and tribulations, and suffering with heroic virtue. So the gods become benevolent and he has the beatitude of fulfilment.

Shakespeare in his late romances seems to have understood the riddle of life that the lost Paradise can be regained by understanding God's ways and by establishing right relationship with God. The self-assumption of godhead for taking revenge in Hamlet, the rage of the "green-eyed" monster in *Othello*, temptation and misplaced priorities in *Macbeth* and filial ingratitude, in *King Lear* all these create such havoc that neither the redeeming figures of Desdemona and Cordelia nor the self-realisation of Hamlet, Macbeth could bring back the Paradise Lost. On the other hand when Prospero forgives his enemies, Leontes sincerely repents of his sin, Pericles faces the trials patiently and Cymbeline accepts "the harmony of this peace" (V. v. 1.465) we have the Paradise Regained. In the tragi-comedies, like Gonzalo in *The Tempest*, Shakespeare may be dreaming of a golden age and an enlightened commowearth where

nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison all abundance (II, i, 162-63)
to feed the innocent people and to establish peace and harmony.

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THE DAWN

KUMAR SRIKANTA

The sky is pitch black
The tiresome earth
In deep slumber
Still in rotation
With burdens of
Anguish and dreams
Pleading for clemency
Reminiscences are in the dust
Nostalgia attacks her !

I contemplate
At the eastern horizon
Stars bury their dead
Glimpses of a fluorescent glow
With contrast not too sharp
Usher into this
Care-ridden earth
The stubborn resistance
Of the unscrupulous darkness.

The intensity amplifies
The winsome earth is
At her first blush
The breath-taking silhouette
Of the tranquil hills
Renaissance of light !
A large applause
From the chirping birds
Exhilarating !

The anxiety's all over
A revolutionary change
in the eastern sky
A scarlet disc
Of pre-historic origin
Assends
From among the horizon
Under His surveillance
And sky's mediation
An immortal embellishment
For the living beings
The joys of rebirth are over.

GURMUKH SINGH'S LAST WISH

(Short Story)

SAADAT HASAN MANTO

Translated from Urdu by

MADAN GUPTA

To start with there were only isolated incidents of stabbing. Now riots between the two communities had become frequent. Besides knives and daggers, guns and swords were also regularly used. Even locally-made bombs were exploded.

People in Amritsar were generally of the view that the riots won't last long. As soon as tempers cool, things will quieten down. These were not the first communal riots. There had been many in the past. But they had never lasted long. Ten or fifteen days of killing and then there was peace. On past experience people were of the view that the current trouble will also end soon. But this time it did not happen. In fact, as days went by, the situation became worse. Muslims in Hindu localities started evacuating. Similarly Hindus in predominantly Muslim areas started moving to safer places. All these moves were, however, considered temporary. There was confidence that things will come under control soon.

Mian Abdul Haye, retired sub-judge, was absolutely certain that peace will be restored in a few days. That is why he was not worried. He had a son aged eleven years and a daughter aged seventeen. There was also an old servant around seventy. It was a small family. As a matter of precaution, Mian Saheb had stored up rations so that, God forbid, if the situation did not improve and the shops remained closed, at least in the matter of food there would be nothing to worry.

Mian Saheb's daughter Sughra was, however, full of concern. Theirs was a three-storeyed house and was much higher than the neighbouring buildings. From the roof-top could be seen nearly

three-fourth of the town. For a number of days Sughra had seen fires far and near. To start with shrill bells of fire-brigades could be heard but then this stopped. The reason was that practically everywhere there were fires. The scene at night was terrifying. Flames leaped up in the darkness of the night as if some dreadful dragon was vomiting fire. Strange sounds mingling with slogans of 'Har Har Mahadev' and 'Allah U-Akbar' became fierce and frightening.

Sughra did not share her fears with her father because he had emphatically said that there was no cause for anxiety. And he was seldom wrong. However, when the water and the electric supply got disrupted, she mentioned her concern hesitatingly to her father and suggested that they should shift to Sharifpura where a number of neighbouring Muslim families had moved. Mian Saheb, however, did not change his decision and said, "No need to get panicky un-necessarily. Things will normalise soon."

But things did not normalise. With the passing of days they, in fact, worsened. The locality in which Mian Abdul Haye lived was now without any Muslim family. To make matters worse, Mian Saheb had a sudden attack of paralysis and became an invalid. His son, Basharat, who used to spend his time in the house with one game or another, now stayed by his father's bed. He also developed awareness about the gravity of the situation.

The bazaar near their house was deserted. Dr. Ghulam Mustafa's dispensary lay closed for months. A little distance away lived Dr. Guranditta Mal. Sughra had seen from the house-top that his shop also lay locked up. Mian Saheb was very ill. Sughra was at her wits' end with worry. Taking Basharat aside one day, she said, "Abbajaan's condition is serious. I know that it is not safe to go out but you will have to go and bring some help." Basharat went. But within minutes he was back. His face was deadly pale. In the "chawk" he had seen a dead-body drenched in blood. Nearby men carrying swords and shields were ransacking a shop. Sughra took her terrified brother in her embrace, thanking God for his safe return. Her father's condition continued to make her restless. Mian Saheb's right side was without any life. His speech had got impaired. He communicated only with gestures to convey to Sughra that by God's grace all will be well again.

The situation did not change. Ramzan was coming to an end. Only two days of fasting were left. Mian Saheb had been confident that things will quieten down before Id. But now it

looked that Id may herald the day of doom. From the roof could be seen clouds of smoke rising from practically every part of the town. Terrifying bomb explosions made it impossible to get any sleep at night. Sughra had in any case to be awake to keep a vigil on her father. At times she felt that bomb blasts were taking place in her brain. Helplessly she looked sometimes at her invalid father and sometimes at her frightened brother. Seventy-year old Akbar was as good as not being there. He mostly lay in his quarter coughing and spitting mucus. One day in a fit of temper, Sughra scolded him saying, "There was a time when servants sacrificed their lives for their masters. But look at you. Mian Saheb is seriously ill and needs help and here you are pretending that you are down with acute asthma." The release of pent-up anger made Sughra feel lighter but on second thought she felt sorry that she had been harsh to the old man. In the evening she went to his quarter with a plate of food. The quarter was empty. Basharat looked all over the house but there was no trace of Akbar. The front door lay unlatched. "Perhaps he has gone out to get some help," Sughra thought [and prayed that he may succeed. But two days passed and Akbar did not return.

It was evening. The Id festival was only a day away. The excitement on this occasion in normal times was still fresh in Sughra's mind : eyes rivetted to the sky looking for the new moon. How impatient did they get. How furious if a cloud came. And now how different everything was. When she and Basharat went to the roof all that could be seen were clouds of smoke. In the distance some human shadows were visible. Whether they were looking for the moon or at the fires around, it was difficult to say.

The stubborn moon did not let the clouds of smoke hide it. Sughra sighted it, raised her hands and prayed that her father may be well again. Basharat was annoyed that because of riots there would be no festivities.

The day had still a few more hours of life. The evening shadows had not darkened yet. After sprinkling water in the courtyard, Mian Saheb had been put there. He lay without making any movement and gazed at the sky above, thinking God knows what. When Sughra came down after seeing the moon and greeted him, he responded with a gesture and gave an affectionate pat on Sughra's bowed head with his unaffected hand. Sughra could not hold back her tears. Seeing her, Mian Saheb could not hold back his. To give her courage, he muttered with his damaged tongue, "God is merciful. All will be well again."

Just then there was a knock at the door outside. Sughra looked towards Basharat. His face had ashened. There was another knock. Sughra's heart missed a beat. Mian Saheb gestured to her to go and see who it was. Thinking that it may be old Akbar, she said to Basharat, "Go and see. It may be Akbar." Mian Saheb heard this and shook his head in disagreement. "Who can it be then, Abbajaan?" Sughra asked. Mian Saheb was putting pressure on his vocal chords when Basharat returned. His face was white with fear and he was breathing heavily. Taking Sughra aside he whispered, "It is a Sikh."

Sughra shrieked, "A Sikh? What does he want?"

"He wants the door to be opened."

Sughra pulled trembling Basharat to her arms and went and sat on her father's bed, looking at him with vacant eyes. The lifeless thin lips of Mian Abdul Haye opened up in a smile. He mumbled, "Go and open the door. It must be Gurmukh Singh." Basharat shook his head to say that it was someone else. Mian Saheb said with finality in his tone, "Sughra, go. It must be him."

Sughra got up. She knew Gurmukh Singh. Before his retirement, her father had done a favour to a man by that name. Sughra did not remember the details. Perhaps he was saved from a false case against him. Since then Gurmukh Singh used to bring a bagful of home-made "savayans" (noodles) for them on the occasion of Id. Her father had told him several times that he should not take this trouble but he had always replied, with folded hands, "Mian Saheb, by the grace of God, you have everything. This is only a small gift from a grateful friend. The favour you did to me cannot be repaid even by hundred generations of mine. May the Almighty bring you happiness."

Sardar Gurmukh Singh had been bringing a bagful of "savayans" (noodles) for many years for Id. Sughra was surprised that it did not occur to her that it must be him when she heard the knock. But then the thought came why did Basharat say that it was someone else. He had also seen Gurmukh Singh several times.

With these thoughts Sughra went through the courtyard to the front door. She had not been able to make up her mind whether she should open the door or only ask who it was. Just then there was another knock. Breathing heavily she asked, "Who is there?" Basharat stood by her side. Pointing to a crack in the door, he said to Sughra, "Look through this."

Sughra looked through the crack. It was not Gurmukh Singh who was an old man. The man who stood outside was

a youngster. As she stood appraising him through the crack, another knock came. Sughra noticed that the man was carrying a paperbag in his hand — the same sort that Gurmukh Singh used to bring. Turning away from the door she asked loudly, "Who are you?"

The reply from outside was, "I am Santokh, Sardar Gurmukh Singh's son."

Sughra's fears were allayed. Very politely she asked, "What brings you here?"

The man outside said, "Where is Judge Saheb?"

"He is not well," Sughra replied.

Santokh Singh said, in a voice showing concern, "Oh". Then jingling the paperbag, he added, "I have brought some home-made 'savayans' for Judge Saheb. Sardarji, my father, is no more in this world. He has died."

"Died?" asked Sughra with concern.

The reply from outside was, "Yes: He died a month ago. Before his death he said to me, 'Son, I have been taking home-made 'savayans' for the Judge Saheb for the last ten years for Id. After me you will have to do this.' I am here to keep my promise to my dead father. Please take these 'savayans'."

Sughra was overcome with emotion. Tears came to her eyes. She half-opened the door. Gurmukh Singh's son pushed the bag in. Sughra took it and said, "May God give Sardar Saheb the joys of Paradise."

Gurmukh Singh's son said after a pause, "Is Judge Saheb very ill?"

Sughra said yes in confirmation.

"What is the ailment?"

"Paralysis."

"Oh ..." said Santokh. "Had Sardarji been alive, he would have been very upset to hear this. Till his very last breath he remembered the favour Judge Saheb did to him. He used to say that Judge Saheb is an angel, not a human being. May God give him a long life. Please convey my respects to him." Before Sughra could make up her mind whether to ask him to get a doctor, Santokh had got down the steps to go.

Hardly had Santokh gone a few yards after leaving the Judge Saheb's house when he encountered four persons with their beards tied up with a protective covering. Two had burning torches in their hands. The other two carried cans of kerosene oil and other explosives. One of them said to Santokh, "So you have done your job Sardarji, have you?"

Santokh looked up.

The man said to his companions, "Let's then put finishing touches to the job."

THE ENIGMATIC MONUMENT

DR. V. V. B. RAMA RAO

"Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity." — John Keats

The sixty-four Yogini temples are few and far between. There appear to be only just four in the entire country. One is Bheraghat near Jabalpur in Madhya Pradesh and another in the renowned Khajuraho, though not so known for its Yogini temple. The other two are in Orissa — one at Ranipur-Jharial near Titilagarh and the other at Hirapur about 9 km. from Bhubaneshwar, the Ekamrakshetra of the distant past.

Orissa has been the land of temples down the ages. The Lingaraj Mandir at Bhubaneshwar, the Sun temple at Konark and the Jagannath temple at Puri have become immensely popular. Puri-Konark-Bhubaneshwar, the Golden Triangle, have become centres not only for religious and cultural tourism but also for pleasure tourism over the last few decades after Independence. The pleasure principle in travel has been a recent trend. Orissa has a hoary past attracting pilgrims from all over the country and even abroad. The Shakti and Tantric cults have been dominant in particular ages as have the Vaishnava and Shaivite worships both before and after the advent of Buddhism.

The hypaethral temple of sixty-four Yoginis in Hirapur has been the treasure of an enigmatic monument for art historians. Perhaps this temple too had been the pride of our brethren in Odhradesa in the distant past. This temple is circular in shape. Though a little difficult of access, it is an identified National Monument. The diameter of the circular shape inside is about 25 feet and the height of the wall from the level is 6 feet. In the middle of the enclosure there is a rectangular Mandapa, a sanctum enshrining originally the principal deity, Lord Shiva. The Mandapa has four openings (not exactly doors) facing

the East, West, North and South. The east-west openings are three feet four inches wide and the north-south two feet and one inch each.

In the circular wall round the enclosed space there are sixty niches holding the icons of the Yoginis. The conception of the Yoginis as mentioned in the scriptures is approximated to by means of more Yoginis represented on the outer walls of the Mandapa.

The Mandapa too is open to the sky and known as Chandi Mandapa. It is 9 feet 6 inches wide and 8 feet long which was adorned with eight images. One of these had been missing for decades. There are two icons on the inner sides of the narrow passage which is 2 feet 6 inches wide and 8 feet long and two more on the outer side. Besides these there are nine Katyayani icons on the outer wall of the circular construction.

In all, of the 81 icons 80 remain, though mutilated. Of these, though there are four-armed ones and ten-armed ones, the number of the two-armed icons predominates. The Yogini figures are the most important of these; the size of the icons varies from 1 foot 8 inches and 1 foot 11 inches in height and 9 inches and 1 foot width. The images on the outer walls of the Chandi Mandapa are somewhere between 1 foot 8 inches and 2 feet high and 10 inches to 1 foot 1 inch wide. The four images on both sides of the passage are between 2 feet 10 inches and 3 feet 8 inches in height and 1 foot 7 inches to 2 feet in width. The Katyayani images on the outer wall of the temple are between 2 feet 6 inches and 2 feet 11 inches in height and 1 foot 5 inches to 1 foot 7 inches in width.

The Yogini figures are highly ornamented female forms (there are some male forms also) some frightful, some graceful though awe-inspiring. They may be Yoginis dedicated to the service of the Supreme Mother as believed by the adherents of the Kaula and Vamachara ways of the mysterious and awe-inspiring Tantric cult.

Charles Fabri in his *History of the Art of Orissa* tries to get at the bottom of the mystery, unsuccessfully though. Writes Fabri:

Who are these sixty-four Yoginis? I have been unable to find out much about them; and I seem to be in good company, for no one seems to have been able so far to give an explanation about their function, their cults and tribes, not even their names — though we have a plethora of names, far more than presumed to belong to them — and what they symbolize or stand for is unknown.

The images seem to be given different names by different people. Fabri mentions that there are as many as a hundred names to these sixty Yoginis. Some are simply called Yoginis by the generic name, while the others are given names such as Narmada, Yamuna, Gouri, Indrani, Vaishnavi, Charchika, Vindhyavasini, Ghatabhara, Kakavali, Saraswati, Kauberi, Bhalluka, Navasimhi, Kaumari, Rudrakali, Matangi, Brahmani, Jwalamukhi, Agneya, Agnihotri, Chamundi, Maruti, Ganga, Tarini, Ajaikapada Bhairava and Chanda Bhairava.

The strange cult (or, was it an order?) of the sixty-four feminine godlings strikes us as sensuous and erotic, nearer to the Kaula and Kapalika ways. The cult, or order if you will, may not be entirely Brahmanical or Buddhist.

Academically speaking the Hirapur shrine was the discovery of Kedarnath Mahapatra as stated in his article in the *Orissa Historical Research Journal*, July 1953. Around 1965 it was repaired. Today it remains a rare sequestered spot of awesome beauty. Fabri described at length the various aspects of the structure. Finding the architectural qualities vastly different from the Indian temple architecture of various times and styles, Fabri suggests the *raison d'être* for the form must have been functional, to be open to the sky and yet secretive, be secluded allowing admission in ones or twos at the most. The kind of ritual and observance must have made the design so. It is circular, roofless and was more away from human habitation than it is today. In the 9th century the structure must have been witness to esoteric, orgiastic rites — may be sacred, may be profane. Against the background of the Yoginis in the niches, under the sky, orgies of all corporal forms must have splashed. In the words of Fabri, there hovers about the enigmatic monument “a mystery of creation, re-creation, the origin of all life, all happiness, all beauty, in the feminine element.” Writes Fabri :

The temple of the sixty-four Yoginis at Hirapur is a great work of art, an exquisite monument, born out of emotional inspiration. There is an atmosphere here such as pervades the great cave temples of India or the fine Cathedrals of the West ; yet the circular temple of Hirapur is hardly bigger than a room.

Fabri considers the shrine aesthetically more inviting than the one at Ranipur-Jharial. Small is beautiful. He waxes poetical and lyrical as many an aesthetecian when he writes :

With its smaller size, its compact design, admirable proportions, its hard close-grained stone sculptures neatly arranged in small niches, and exquisite variety and beauty

of many poses it is only a fascinating monument, it exercises a strange effect on the spectator. What touches the entranced spectator is the fleshly humanity and the sensual beauty of these belles (the Sanskrit word *Sundari* means precisely that).

In Tantrism the acquisition of primordial energy and the male-female union in corporal ecstasy was a central tenet. Copulation is the nearest approximation to heavenly bliss: Yoni is the place nearest to heaven. Yoga, among several things it connotes and stands for, means junction and union. Yogini may not be exactly a goddess but is certainly a devotee of a high order. Yogini Kula and Shajayana cult demand propitiating and satisfying human nature with its sex passions. Copulation is a mystic process. Initiation into the order through sexo-Yogic practices leads to Mahasukha and the realization of Sunyata — the void — which may mean anything from Nirvana to uninhibited copulation as a religious rite.

Are the icons or idols given worship? Are they Tantric figures associated with Vamachara and practices like Yoni Puja? Were they godlings or merely rare incarnations of devotees with libidos unleashed? What were the rites, orgies and sprees they, their followers, or their worshippers, experienced? These remain ponderables for ever.

The Yogini Peethas are believed to have been established when Tantric cult became popular and began to vie with the Vajrayana of the Buddhist belief which originated in Orissa in the 7th and 8th centuries. The Kalikapurana embodies in depth and detail the origin, development and religious significance of the rituals associated with it. The Lalithasahasranama Stotra describes the Supreme Mother as *Chatushshashti koti yogini gana sevita* — the one worshipped by sixty-four crore strong group of Yoginis. These may be followers of a very special cult.

Today their Tantric halo may have been lost, their religious glory clouded and their benignancy or otherwise may be of no particular credence and so of no consequence — but they remain an invaluable treasure-house for the art-lover, the historian and the cultural tourist. The structure is well-maintained. We find no hectic rush of pleasure-seeking drifters here as we see in places like, say, Agra. The Shiva temple at the entrance of the monument appears to be receiving worship. The charred and spot-covered icons in the niches are awesome: the loneliness and the seclusion of the spot augmenting the effect. The Yoginis are approached with fear. Though Fabri waxed poetic and the icons reveal exquisite art, the purport remains enigmatic. It struck me

that the people of the area (as in the vicinity of Bhetal Deval in the capital) seem to believe that the Yoginis are not benign forces altogether occasionally to be propitiated though out of an inspired awe.

Except in the hot summer months the place is almost inaccessible. Even when the state is reeling under drought (to the point of attracting the personal attention of the Prime Minister and his frantic visit) the Hirapur shrine is surrounded by the cool effulgent green of paddy fields. An adequate description of the spot in tourist guides and maps and an approach road to the place straight from the national highway would go a long way in restoring the importance the shrine must have had — if only for a few — for centuries.

REFERENCE

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TO PANDIT JAWAHARLAL

HASIT BUCH

You had your flaws :
We and you too knew :
But all did note :
You were our ray rare in global view.

In your thoughts and deeds —
May they be colourful or colour-proof —
You were honest to care ;
You, therefore,
Were our loved-most rose
Whether on sea or on throbbing shore.

Friend dear,
Will our constant puzzle touch your ear ? —
Did you like
Your Prime Minister's role,
Or your that freedom soldier's role ?

NISSIM EZEKIEL'S "BOMBAY POEMS"

K. R. RAMACHANDRAN NAIR

Indian poetry in English has had a chequered growth since H.V. Derozio wrote his sonnets and narratives in the tradition of the English romantics. Today, after about hundred and fifty years, Indo-Anglian poetry clearly shows indications of an attempted breakaway from the romantic traditions of the early poets like Derozio, Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu. Both in content and craftsmanship Indo-Anglian poetry has diversified into new fields and strange modes and today it stands amazed at its own growth and consequent agonies. However, most Indo-Anglian poets are restrained in their moment of sublimity by the absence of a common Indian cultural milieu, lack of a tradition in their bones. Poetry in our regional languages is mostly sustained by our racial and religious traditions and only recently the breeze from the West has begun blowing into its tissues. The Indo-Anglian poet educated in English and western literature has to be content with the tricklings of Indian literary tradition he has assimilated and face the challenges of the age of science, technology, politics and social resurgence. Thus Indo-Anglian literature today is in search of a definite form and style and the futile search is likely to continue until the Indo-Anglian writer affirms the essential Indianness of his inspiration in his writings. Only when the writer has an uncramped philosophical vision of the universe in the light of Indian cultural traditions and experience and is capable of assimilating a world outlook, he is able to express the Indian ethos quite effectively.

Nissim Ezekiel is one of those poets of the post-independence era in whose writings we discover a genuine attempt to harmonise the diverse elements of our volatile urban culture. Ezekiel was born in Bombay in a Bene-Israel family and has spent most of his life in the highly westernised circles of the cosmopolitan

city. He claims that he began writing in English because he did not know any other language well enough to express himself. "Contemporary poets in India generally write in English when they have gone through English medium schools", wrote Ezekiel, "I write in English for this reason and cannot write in any Indian language".¹

Ezekiel began with a sense of alienation with the world around him. His poetry has been attempted to establish some kind of recognisable order and relevance for his self in the irrational and featureless world that surrounded him. The poet's gradual emotional disassociation from the immediate environment of the city where he was born began in early childhood. At school he considered himself a "Mugging Jew" among the Hindu, Christian and Muslim "wolves", perpetually a "frightened child".² His failure to get into the mainstream of Bombay's life is symbolically expressed:

He never learnt to fly a kite
His borrowed top refused to spin.

(Background, Casually)

Later Ezekiel was to write, "I am not a Hindu and my background makes me a natural outsider. Circumstances and decisions relate me to India. In other countries I am a foreigner. In India I am an Indian".³ The original tension in Ezekiel's poetry was probably born out of this agony of being a fortuitous Indian outside the pale of India's dominant culture.

Ezekiel's life and poetry are, in fact, inseparable. The activity of poetry produces a solemn harmony of existence for him in a world riddled with discordant notes. Each poem is a luminous link in that chain of continuity that glorifies and ennobles the poet's life.

Ezekiel is a poet of multitudinous themes. One of the most recurring themes in his poetry is the sensation of oppression in a crowded civilisation represented by the city of Bombay. It is the "bitter native city"⁴ where the poet was born and brought up and where he lives now. A recurring note in his poetry is the wound urban civilisation inflicts on unattached man. His poetry gives the impression of an oversensitive soul caught in the tentacles of a cruel city civilisation, unable to escape from its vagaries and consequently developing a love-hate relationship with its tormentor. Ezekiel has seen the splendour and poverty of the great city, its air-conditioned skyscrapers and claustrophobic slums, its marvellous capacity for survivals and its slow decadence. His reaction to the city's oppression

is a light-hearted, ironic and often sardonic exposure of its several hidden faces. "Many of his poems derive their effectiveness from the poet's puzzled emotional reaction to the modern Indian dilemma, which he feels to be poignant conflicts of tradition and modernism, the city and the village: a somewhat obvious theme but treated by Ezekiel as an intensely personal exploration".⁵ For Ezekiel this Indian dilemma is symbolised by the city of Bombay.

Most Indo-Anglian poets have dealt with the oppression, inertness and decay of city life. Particularly, the city of Bombay has become a tantalising symbol of the bitterness and decadence of urban life in India. The poets who have made Bombay their native city and the poets, who have known Bombay through short spells of residence there, have written about Bombay's divergent moods and modulations. The impact of the city's growing and decaying civilisation on the consciousness of these poets has produced some of the most telling Indo-Anglian poems. The poets, one and all, have developed an ambivalent attitude of love-hate towards the city and have been unable to escape its several seductions. For Dom Moraes, the city is merely a "cave" suggesting its primitiveness and savageness.⁶ Gieve Patel is disgusted with the "eternal station odour"⁷ of Bombay which hits every nostril. The squalor and putridness of the metropolis is reflective of the decay of human existence caused by industrialisation. The woodenness and insensitivity that have gone into the Bombay soul is subtly expressed by Keki N. Daruwalla thus :

I am the doctor who bangs his doors shut
On a queue of waiting patients.

(Bombay Prayers)

Even less eminent poets like Amit Choudhuri, Iqbal Monani, Abhanjan K. Mishra, Dilip Chitre and Aroop Mitra have expressed shock and disgust at the growing dehumanisation of the city. It is in the milling crowds of Bombay

one feels the greatest distance separating man from man.⁸

In their poems several dirty faces of the city appear with horrifying clarity—its dust and din, "pushing and jostling" unceasing traffic, strident noises, dubious night life, philosophy of live and kill and above all the animalism, greed, jealousy and littleness of its inhabitants. Aroop Mitra's poem "Cityscapes", particularly, focuses on the littleness that lurks behind the facade of greatness and splendour exhibited by the city inhabited by a people.

..... breathing little
 Air, drinking little water,
 Earning little, spending
 Little, wasting little,
 And make a little love
 And spice a little music.

More than any other Bombay poet, Nissim Ezekiel presents a comprehensive picture of the city, at once realistic and ironic. *Background, Casually* expresses the travails of an intelligent Jew boy of "meagre bone" living and growing up in a multi-racial, multi-religious and multi-linguistic urban society where he was so alienated and frightened that

One noisy day I used a knife
 (Background, Casually)

The "point" Ezekiel mentions in this early poem is "how to feel at home". This has continued to dominate his poetry in several forms till today. In *The Edinburgh Interlude* (1983) Ezekiel wrote,

I have become
 part of the scene
 which I can neither love nor hate.

He lived through a "life of cheerful degradation normal in my neighbourhood" until a mature awareness ensconced him. Today towards the fag end of his career, as a condemner of the great city's iniquitous ways, Ezekiel has come to realise

I cannot save Bombay
 You cannot save it
 They don't even
 want to save it

(The Edinburgh Interlude)

In spite of his disgust with the futilities of the sprawling city, Ezekiel, early in life, made a commitment to choose Bombay as his place of residence

I have made my commitments now
 This is one: to stay where I am,
 As others choose to give themselves
 In some remote and backward place.
 My backward place is where I am.

(Background, Casually)

This inevitable choice to stay, however, unsettles the poet. Instead of providing an anchor for his thoughts and hopes, it launches the poet into an unending search for stability and repose. "However,

Ezekiel has kept his commitment by depicting life faithfully as he finds it in the city of Bombay. He has not shown any craze for visiting foreign countries. Instead his poetry has acted as a mirror for reflecting life as it is actually lived in this backward place".⁹ His desire to belong to the city he chose is often frustrated by the impact of the strange city's truculent mass culture. His desire to escape from the tantaliser city of his birth is never realised because one cannot escape from oneself. The city has become his addiction.

To save myself

From what the city had made of me, I returned

As intended, to the city I had known.

(A Time to Change)

The poet's reluctant return to the reprehensibleness of the city exposes him to the horrors of a disintegrating culture. In *The Double Horror*, irony is combined with the urban theme and the distortions of a mass culture are mercilessly exposed:

Posters selling health and happiness in bottles,

Large returns for small investments in football pools,

Or self-control, six easy lessons for a pound

Holidays in Rome for writing praise of toothpaste.

(The Double Horror)

The poet, who was once in advertising, knows the essential ingredients of the insatiable mass culture of his city. Almost everything that corrupts and beguiles in the gallivating culture of the metropolis is mentioned. The subdued reference to the Hollywood film "A Roman Holiday" in the last line anticipates the surrender of the city to the invading film culture of the West.

Urban is a poem of eighteen lines exploring the divergence between the Bombay man's search for the nourished dream of a free, oppressionless existence and his perennial inability to achieve even a partial realisation of it. He never sees the skies; he never welcomes the sun or the rain; his morning walks are dreams floating on a wave of sand.

He knows the broken roads and moves

In circles tracked within his head

(Urban)

The dichotomy between man's hopes and achievements in the distressed city is suggested by the metaphor "broken roads" and "circles". The disgusting routinisation of everyday life, the resulting lack of coordination between action and perception and the sense of futility of human efforts to discover meaning in hope are the outcome of the tyranny of the city over the citizen. The

dilemma of the poet who desperately tries to disown and reject the city which "burns like a passion" ¹⁰ is touchingly expressed in *Urban*. Like Yeats in the "Lake Isle of Innisfree", the poet here longs for a quiet habitation away from the kindred clamour" of the wild city. But all his dreams of solitary morning walks and vision of the far away hills, the beach and the trees are thwarted by an overwhelming passion that turns the traffic of his mind to urban chaos.

No one escapes from the labyrinth of the Circe-like city. The city of "slums and skyscrapers" has seduced the poet to a gradual bitter resignation. In *Island* he wrote,

I cannot leave the island
I was born here and belong.

As a "good native" he is ready to reconcile with the "ways of the island". However, the poem has ominous undertones of frustration and sadness expressed through contrasting images like "slums and skyscrapers", "dragons claiming to be human", "echoes and voice", "past and future" and "calm and clamour". In *Citysong* there is a reluctant acceptance of the ways of the city. From the terrace of a friend, the poet watches the city that lies below. A sudden urge overtakes him to return to the city just as a repentent debauchee returns to his seductress at her sight.

I want to return
As soon as I can
To be of this city
To feel its hot breath
I have to belong

(*Citysong*)

A Morning Walk is a great poem which translates the sense of the bustle of the "barbaric city" into a gnawing pain that oppresses the poet's memory. The picture of the city deprived of humaneness, seething with poverty, dirt, noise and bustle emerges with disturbing clarity in this poem.

Barbaric city sick with slums,
Deprived of seasons, blessed with rains,
Its hawkers, beggar, iron-lunged,
Processions led by frantic drums,
A million purgatorial lanes,
And child-like masses, many-tongued,
Whose wages are in words and crumbs

(*A Morning Walk*)

The paralysis of the will and the finer emotions the Bombay man suffers from is succinctly suggested by a chain of metaphors. The "cold and dim" city is his purgatory. The morning breeze and trees, the cool garden on the hill and the hedges cut to look like birds are the symbols of Bombay man's unattained and unattainable hopes. The poet poses the question why

His native place he could not shun,

The marsh where things are what they seem ?

(A Morning Walk)

A Morning Walk is intended to be a walk out of the city's fatal grip but ends up once again as a walk towards the city's festering fascinations. "The marsh of reality and the distant (but troublesome to the city dweller) hills are the counterparts, in terms of landscapes, to the old dichotomies in Ezekiel's work, between sex and the unrealised goal of an all-inclusive love, between body and soul, a sense of sin and the prospect of redemption, action and patience".¹¹

One of the earliest influences on Ezekiel was T. S. Eliot. *A Morning Walk*, in spite of its unquestioned originality, compels comparison with Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Eliot's theme is the drabness of European civilisation immediately after the First World War. Ezekiel's theme is a walk through the decadence of Bombay's soul which began immediately after the Second World War. Both have their purgatory of existence in the turpitude of sunk values. Both are searching for new insights in a world where new insights are only those of agony and frustration. The central image of *The Waste Land* is that of land blighted by a curse where crops do not grow and animals are cursed with sterility. Ezekiel's morning walk resembles the journey of the protagonist in Eliot's poem to the Chapel Perilous through a parching and agonising area of horror and darkness where "one can neither stand nor lie nor sit".¹²

Love Sonnet shows the sad case of a pair of lovers longing for privacy in the midst of a noisy and crowded metropolis. The poet's total rejection of Indian noise, the irony of the Iranian restaurant instructions and the different disgusting scenes from Indian life depicted in *In India* symbolise, in spite of their bantering tone, Ezekiel's derision for the values of a culture that grips him from all around. The several vignettes of disgust and revulsion Ezekiel presents in *In India* add upto a haunting urban picture of societal doom and individual depravity.

Here among the beggars,

Hawkers, pavement sleepers,

Hutment dwellers, slums,
 Dead souls of men and gods,
 Burnt-out mothers, frightened
 Virgins, wasted child,
 And tortured animal,
 All in noisy silence
 Suffering the place and time,
 I ride my elephant of thought.

(*In India*)

Ezekiel's irony is at its best in *In India*. With him irony is like a moving searchlight that sheds its brilliance on hitherto undiscovered corners of our dark existence enabling us to see the reality that lurks behind appearances. The Roman Catholic Goan boys hastening to prayers after having their "solitary joy" with "high heeled toys", the Anglo-Indian gentlemen drinking whisky in company with secretive Muslims, the wooden Indian wives who sit apart at parties and the ubiquitous Bombay typist (or secretary) who is seduced by her English boss after an initial struggle are some of the tinged close-ups presented with devastating irony in the poem.

The "unplanned city has a death wish"¹³ and attracts several kinds of healers. "All of us are sick".¹⁴ and so need some kind of barbiturate, meditation, a Guru or a godman.

We cannot find our roots here
 don't know where to go, Sir

(*Family — Song for Nandu Bhende*)

Caught in the vortex of a soulless city the poet longs for salvation. His poetry becomes a perpetual quest for identity and commitment in a world of eroding individuality and lack of purpose. The poet expresses his dilemma thus:

.... The door
 is always open
 but I cannot leave

(*The Room*)

The city like the woman on Bellasis Road fascinates and repels the poet. Like the fake Guru on its pavement, the city extends its unscrupulous hands to the unwary citizen. The amorphous crowd in *Entertainment* is a cross section of Bombay's polluted conscience — the crowd that collects, thickens, applauds and finally dissolves in an act of involuntary, meaningless and ungrateful impulse. Thus in Ezekiel's poetry "the city being more than an image is transformed into a symbol of decomposed garbage, a space infected as also it is on a deeper level not a particular place in

the large cosmos but a system of living shattered and corroded at the very core. The sapling of life with its freshness, vigour and innocence does not blossom here any more".¹⁵

Adil Jussawalla says that "Nissim Ezekiel's poems are the records of the moral aches and pains of a modern Indian in one of his own cities".¹⁶ The poet who has gone through the travails of the city finds no alternate tabernacle of hope. This existential frustration is expressed in *Enterprise*. Like *Morning Walk* and *Entertainment*, this poem is moulded out of the fallouts of frustration in a "barbaric city." *Enterprise* is an allegory of the pilgrimage theme with a suggestion of futility. Journey from the city to the hinterland is a metaphor for contrived change from frustration to fulfilment. Even here a "shadow falls" on the group of pilgrims because,

.... .. differences arose
on how to cross a desert patch
(*Enterprise*)

The group ignores the thunder which is nothing but the inner voice that should have guided the group. Man deprived of the inner voice or insensitive to the call of his own soul invariably rushes into impediments :

Another phase was reached when we
Were thrice attacked, and lost our way
A section claimed its liberty
To leave the

(*Enterprise*)

At the end of the journey there is complete disillusionment. Was the journey worth undertaking? Instead of bringing any sense of fulfilment, the "trip had only darkened every face". The futility of the trip, the struggles on the way, the deprivations the group undergoes and the failure to compromise the intention of the trip with its end are succinctly brought out in the final clinching line

Home is we have to gather grace.

(*Enterprise*)

This gathering of grace comes in the form of an awareness in the poet of the regenerative and recuperative power of art. The brilliantly evocative poem *Jamini Roy* is an exception to the general tone of frustration Ezekiel exhibits in his city poems. Jamini Roy was an urban painter who had learnt the secret of self-expression and communication by turning to the rural folk and their style of living. He was able to see things in their primitive simplicity and innocence and could establish a

personal identity with what is beautiful and sensuous in rural life. He refused to recognise sex and power as main motives behind human action; he did not try to depict the soul sickness of the urban civilisation, but "he travelled, so he found his roots".¹⁷ Jamini Roy is an indication of Ezekiel's belief in the possibility of bringing about some sort of order and assimilation through art in a world of moral chaos and ethical confusion. He discovers a new spirit of hope and declares his intention to walk the streets of Bombay "Cezanne slung around my neck".¹⁸ Only the artist can create a new and orderly world out of the ruins of the old. His advice to the artist is,

Do not be satisfied with the world
that God created, create your own.

(Advice to a Painter)

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THE ALL-PERVADING

ANNAMAACHAARYA

Translated from Telugu by Dr. B. Rajanikanta Rao

Either from without, or from within,
When there is no vacuum,
Why do you search for air so often
Both within and without?

The air which is life for the lustrous glory of the moon,
The air which has laid roots on the overflowing lake,
The air which is as tall as the fragrance of jasmines,
Why is this air unreachable like the elusive mirage?

Either from without

The air which holds court in the heart of the tender
mango thicket,
The air which sips honey out of the bowl of lotus petals,
The air which is the storehouse of coolness and happiness,
The air which pours out everywhere, potfuls of silver-shower.

Either from without

The air which is standing still on the holy Venkata hill,
The air which throws people into ecstasy at the end of
their union,
The air which peeps into the displaced robes of dames
engaged in game

Please don't harrass, O air, those who suffer from separation !

Either from without

AS YOU SOW, SO YOU REAP

(Short story)

K. SURYA KOTESWARA RAO

Brindavan was a bigwig of Bombay. He owned a few industries in the city. No one knew when and how he became a favoured minion of fortune. Rumours were thick in the air that he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. While a cross-section of the public opined that he was an orphan adopted by a well-heeled widow, another section was of the opinion that he came from rags to riches with no adventitious aids, but by dint of hard work coupled with sound commonsense. Despite the divided opinion it was an indubitable fact that he was a business magnate of Bombay.

Brindavan had no formal education. He was educated in the rough school of life. People possessing university degrees were no match to him. His incisive intellect, tenacity of purpose and promethean patience enabled him to occupy a pivotal place in the elite of Bombay.

The wheel of time swiftly moved on. Brindavan shut his eyes to all kinds of charity and set his eyes on the wealth which he believed was an easy canter to fame. He put his talents to optimum use. In his mad pursuit of wealth he never cared to taste the bliss of domestic life to his heart's content. His deft handling of business affairs saw wealth pouring in. Money is mother's milk to politics. A political greenhorn soon became an adept without peer in politics. He used his money power as a leverage in various ways. His activities ranged from getting permits and licences to his minions to those of obtaining plum posts for his proteges. He was a past master in the game of enticing and adroitly handling the officials. Very often his game was worth the candle. Official favours flowed freely to him. Even the incorrigibly incorrupt officials seldom escaped from his honey-coated words, winsome smiles and cunning logic. That was the brainy Brindavan.

It is said that wiving goes by destiny. Yasoda, the wife of Brindavan, was cast in an entirely different mould. She was simple and guileless, dignified and docile, deeply religious and philosophical. In her the cult of humility reached the degree of perfection. She was apathetic in the extreme to comforts and conveniences of life. In short she was a chaste jewel of a woman. To her life was divine. Her heart bled at the sight of those dwelling in slums and sordid surroundings, toiling in penury and suffering ill-health. She was the hope and prop for the poor and the needy. Her left hand never knew what her right hand gave. Such was the ego-less self, Yasoda. She could not reconcile with the activities of her husband who was bitten by the "Money bug". Many a time she tried to veer him round to her philosophy of life. But the power and pelf of Brindavan did burn him blind to her words of wisdom. In spite of their incompatible temperaments they never tried to tread each other's corn.

Time sped. The couple were blessed with a son and a daughter. Days rolled by. Brindavan's son Gopal grew into a young beautiful lad of eighteen summers. He was petted and pampered by his doting parents. Life's luxuries were at his beck and call. An only son brought up in the lap of luxury and under the lavishing care of his parents, is likely to fall an easy prey to vices. But destiny willed it otherwise. He was the pink of courtesy and a rose without a thorn. The daughter Sushil was a matchless beauty and a paragon of virtue. An epitome of modesty and simplicity, she was liked by one and all.

All went well for sometime. Inscrutable are the ways of Destiny. Fever gripped Sushil. She was treated for it. It showed no signs of abatement. This caused anxiety to her parents. She was getting emaciated slowly and steadily. The disease defied doctors of eminence. An All-India Medical Conference was taking place at that time in Bombay. The cream of the country attended it. Brindavan lost no time in picking up a young brilliant physician who was considered nonpareil in the diagnosis of a disease. The doctor arrived and studied the patient with utmost care and caution. His fertile brain pitched upon a particular medicine to be administered soon. Gopal who loved his sister more than his dear self offered himself to fetch the medicine. Propelled by the inscrutable influence of Fate he started on his "Bullet" and dashed off with a lightning speed. He literally ransacked every medical shop of Bombay, big or small. As ill-luck would have it that medicine ran in short supply everywhere. He was a bit down in the mouth. Suddenly an idea flashed in his mind. An only medical shop situated some-

where in a narrow lane escaped his searching eyes. It was also reputed for selling rare medicines. Gopal directed his Bullet in that direction. The needle of the speedometer was leaning heavily on the right side. The vehicle had to negotiate a sharp bend at that narrow lane. It had a head on collision with a lorry coming in the opposite direction. A thundering sound was followed by welter of blood in which Gopal's body lay motionless. The news of the accident shocked Brindavan into sublimity. He stood transfixed.

Memories of days gone by started crowding his mind. At one time the Corporation of Bombay indulged in a serious thought of widening that narrow lane. A palatial building situated on its side had got to be demolished. The thought was to be translated into action. This was resisted to the hilt by its owner. He succeeded in stalling the move of the Corporation only with the political clout that Brindavan could command. Brindavan slowly came to his senses. The flood gates of grief were opened. He wept and wailed more so at the thought that he was at the root of the loss of his dearest darling. Meanwhile the life of his daughter was hanging in the balance. The medicine was brought from that "rare curiosity shop". No sooner had it been administered than she collapsed. This shock was a slap in Brindavan's face. Scarcely had he regained his consciousness than he lost it once again. That shop, the very shop from which that rare medicine was brought, was famous for selling spurious drugs. Many a time the owner of the shop was booked by drug inspectors and ironically was baled out every time by this Brindavan who wielded his influence with the authorities. His precious pearls had their lives blasted in the bud by his own actions. It is said that those whom the gods love die young.

Time flowed on. It is the best healer of all agonies and enmities. But it was an exception in the case of Yasoda. With every passing day her agony increased. Her plummeting health caused anxiety to Brindavan. He spared no effort to get her examined by the best of the doctors of Bombay. It was diagnosed that there was lung disorder for which an operation was imminent and imperative. She was admitted into the best of the hospitals. The Chief Surgeon took personal interest in attending the case. Brindavan knew that he was not that expert. He succeeded three young brilliant surgeons in getting his chiefship only with the helping hand of Brindavan. Brindavan had not the temerity to dissuade him from operating on her. The chief took pride and pleasure to take up this challenging case and wanted to repay the debt of gratitude to his benefactor. Destiny conspired against the chief's

ability of handling the case. The curtain came down on Yasoda's life.

Brindavan had no tear to shed, no strength to weep and no sense to feel. He tasted the fruits of his foul deeds. This incomparable loss of his companion in his life's long journey put him in utter desolation and despair. He had nobody to call his own and nobody to turn to. Who can swim against the current of time and pre-destination ! Brindavan yielded to fate. His philosophy underwent a sea change. He was convinced of the futility of his fabulous wealth. He realised that a cup of tea and a couple of cakes were enough to sustain life. He gave up all his wealth to charitable institutions as a measure of expiation of his sins. With a loin cloth on his fragile frame and with an unflinching faith in the Almighty, he left Bombay for the distant unknown. His life is a lesson to posterity. Inexorable is the law of Karma. The divine dispensation 'As you sow, so you reap' seemed veritably true with Brindavan.

I AM GLAD!

DR. T. RAMADAS

"You budding doctor !"

I stopped the dissection on hearing the call
And looked around in Anatomy theatre.
That was the call from the cadaver allotted to us.
"Sorry to disturb you ..."

After graduation I got tired of job-hunt,
Interviews went off just for name sake,
I went round all the offices in hunger ;
By then the excavating bellies of my parents
Too started heckling me,
I couldn't even feed them with my sweat,
In despondency I wanted to slacken my hunger
Even with tears, but they too evaporated,
And I died of starvation —
At least my body is useful to you —
I am glad !"

TWO UNUSUAL BOOKS

PROF. PRAPHULLADATTA GOSWAMI

To hark back a little in the political history of India, the Montagu-Chelmsford Report seemed to promise India some delegation of powers, while the Rowlatt Report, published soon after, brought in measures which were awfully repressive. It was the period when Gandhiji's Swaraj movement was feeling its way. Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* or *Indian Home Rule* was published in 1919 (I will quote from the edition of 1922). In this book Gandhiji wanted to project his gospel of love in place of that of hate. "It replaces violence with self-sacrifice. It pits soul force against brute force." Gandhiji adds, "But I would warn the reader against thinking that I am today aiming at the Swaraj described therein. The only part of the programme which is now being carried out in its entirety is that of non-violence."

We would learn later that Swaraj would come to mean political liberty, but whatever Gandhi might have meant by Swaraj at the time, his major thesis in *Hind Swaraj* seems to be that Indian civilization was the best that the world possessed and that modern technology was rather unnecessary for our country. Gandhi was conscious of critics. He writes, "I offer these comments because I observe that much is being quoted from the booklet to discredit the present movement. I have even seen writings suggesting that I am playing a deep game, that I am using the present turmoil to foist my fads on India, and making experiments at India's expense."

I have brought in *Hind Swaraj* just to introduce *Gandhism-cum-Non-co-operation Exposed* going under the name of Argus (1921) and published by Siva Prasad Baruah, M. L. C., Assam. Who was this Argus? Professor S. K. Bhuyan, educationist and historian, told me that the author was Iswar Prasad Baruah, who was in the Assam administration. Jitendranath Bujarbarua,

who gave me this rare book, tells me that once he had asked Iswar Prasad Baruah if he had been the author. Baruah had said, "No, I didn't write the book. It was written by a tea-garden Sahib, though published by Siva Prasad Baruah. Siva Prasad Baruah, incidentally, was a leading tea-planter.

Even if we do not know who the author was, *Gandhism-cum-Non-co-operation Exposed* seems to have considerable historical and academic interest. The keynote of the book is set in the Foreword in this manner: "A moment's reflection ought to suffice to convince every level-headed Indian that the bright hopes of India are blended with the existence of British India."

The book contains thirty-two chapters and covers a wide range of subjects. Swaraj, the Non-co-operation War, Caste and Untouchability, Strikes and Hartals, the Punjab Affairs, the Khilafat Question, Hindu-Muslim Unity, Gandhian Non-co-operation in actual performance (Doctrine of soul force and non-violence in words, speeches, deeds and thoughts in actual practice by the non-co-operators), England and India (Non-co-operation a direct menace to the glorious co-operative future), and so on.

The author has taken pains to focus on Gandhi's statements and activities and pick holes in them. For instance, "Although the original objective of the non-co-operation war was to put pressure on the Imperial British Government through the Government of India with the view of securing better peace terms for Turkey, consistent with Indian Mussalmans' sentiments and demands, it has subsequently transformed as the weapon for fighting with the Bureaucracy to secure *full Swaraj at once or within one year*, and both the Khilafat and the Punjab grievances became wholly subordinate and secondary to it." (p. 7). The author's arguments are often striking. On p. 9 he writes, "The bare catch-word non-co-operation does not by itself indicate any constructive line of work. In its essence, the idea of non-co-operation is political asceticism. The difference, however, between spiritual asceticism and this new cult of political asceticism is that the former wants nothing but gives up everything, whereas the latter is assertive in its character and that under the garb of *Sannyasa* or asceticism it aims at political aggrandisement.

The book refers to persons like C. R. Das, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Bepin Chandra Pal, Lajpat Rai, and often quotes them, thus lending the book some documentary value. But the author's attitude is clear: "The Martial Law Regime in the Punjab in 1919 which follows the horrors and outrages perpetrated by the people themselves has now become one of the principal

pegs on which the non-co-operation agitation is kept hanging". There is appendix detailing the Legislative Debates, dated 23rd March, 1921, on a resolution on repressive measures moved by one Dr. Nanda Lal.

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Many happenings occur before our very eyes, but it is difficult for a contemporary to assess their long-term effects — to judge which of them would have force enough to turn the wheel of history. A historian like Michael Edwardes opines that in British-Indian relations the massacre at Amritsar was a turning-point even more decisive than the Mutiny. "Henceforth, the struggle was to permit of little compromise, and the good faith of British concessions was always to be held in doubt." The Punjab troubles, the Amritsar massacre and other repressions have been well documented by a pro-Indian British journalist, B. G. Horniman, once attached to the *Bombay Chronicle*. Horniman's *Amritsar and Our Duty to India* (1920), and contrast to Argus's *Gandhism Exposed*, and a book we have perhaps lost sight of, was published in England and ran into two prints in the very year of its publication.

Horniman's attitude is unambiguous. On p. 8 he writes, "It is impossible to believe that the people of England could even be persuaded that a British General was justified in, or could be excused for, marching up to a great crowd of unarmed and wholly defenceless people and, without a word of warning or order to disperse, shooting them down until his ammunition was exhausted and then leaving them without medical aid; or that justification could be shown for indiscriminate and promiscuous bombing on unarmed civilian crowds from aeroplanes, or forcing all and sundry to crawl through a street as an act of retaliation, or public floggings, or enclosing suspects in a public cage — to mention only a few of the measures carried out by the men who administered Martial Law in the Punjab."

Horniman's work may be termed "investigatory journalism." He writes: "As it is clear that the report of the Hunter Committee (which enquired into the matter) cannot place the public in this country (England) in the possession of all knowledge that is essential to a full understanding of a matter of which they are largely ignorant, I propose to set before them as fairly and as briefly as I can in the following pages:

1. CAUSES OF UNREST

The general causes, and, in particular, the policy of the Government which produced so great a ferment in India in the early part of last year.

2. THE ROWLATT ACT AGITATION

An explanation of the Rowlatt Act and the reasons for which it was regarded by the people of India with feelings of apprehension amounting to terror.

The obduracy and provocative policy pursued by the Government of India in forcing such hated legislation through the Imperial Council, in the face of a united national protest.

The aggressive measures adopted in the Punjab which were the immediate cause of the disturbances.

3. THE REIGN OF TERROR

The horrors of Sir Michael O' Dwyer's "Reign of Terror" during the administration of Martial Law, and his deliberate plan of concealment carried out with connivance of the Government of India.

4. RESPONSIBILITY

The facts regarding the responsibility of :

1. The Secretary of State 2. The Viceroy and the Government of India. 3. Sir Michael O' Dwyer and his Martial Law administration.

Horniman builds up his thesis not only on the findings of the Hunter Committee but also on the evidence collected by the Indian National Congress and other sources. He points out how the military officers who had executed the Martial Law brazened out while giving out their evidence before the Hunter Committee. In regard to bombing in the Gujranwala area, he quotes from the official Report and then comments: "The public are asked to believe that this promiscuous dropping of bombs and the firing of altogether 255 rounds of 2 machine-guns apparently at close quarters, into crowds of people, resulted in the killing of nine and wounding of only about sixteen people!"

Unlike Assam's Argus, Horniman pleads at the end of the book thus: "And if the British people believe that their own interests and safety are inseparable from the Indian connection, let them realise that the only assurance of that connection lies in the full recognition of India's right to responsible government now, and without equivocation; for nothing is more certain than that the road to infinite trouble in India and ultimate separation lies along the tedious way of half-hearted reforms and the claim to determine for India from time to time what she is entitled to determine for herself — the sort of Government under which she is to live."

The book contains several photographs, two on public flogging. *Amritsar* deserves reprint, even if to remind us of the humiliating experiences that Indians had to face in their march to freedom.

BOOK REVIEWS

Valmiki Ramayana : Translated into English : By Makhanlal Sen.
Rupa & Co., 3831, Pataudi House Road, New Delhi-110 002.
Price : Rs 95.

Though done over seven decades ago, this translation by M. Sen has a fresh breath of a classic. It is not a verse to verse translation, neither is it a literal one. It is a happy combination of judicious abridgement — so as to avoid repetitions — and a free rendering keeping the spirit of the original and yet without offending the idiom of English.

In his brief introduction, Sri Sen points out that in this *Adi Kavya*, the stress is more on humanity than on divinity of the *Avatara Purusha*, thereby bringing him nearer the common man. He rejects the theory that the epic is an allegory and upholds its claim to be a portrayal of the interaction between the gods' men and the lesser orders of creation. In his footnotes he draws attention to elements of occult knowledge, geography, mythology, embedded in the narration. He also draws parallels with the *Iliad* and other epics of the west.

Rightly does the translator consider the *Uttara Kanda* as a later addition, though he gives a summarised version of the same. He writes, "The first parts of the *Ramayana* — specially the whole of the *Ayodhya Kanda* — is quite natural, poetic and full of human interests. The second part that begins with the *Aranya Kanda* ends with the *Yuddha Kanda* and the later interlude, the *Uttara Kanda*, is full of miracles, absurd fantasies, mysterious and supernatural elements." Incidentally he refers to Jacobi's view that the *Ramayana* is based on the Vedic story of *Indra* and *Vritra* (P 657). It is an ingenious approach but hardly convincing.

— M. P. PANDIT

Bhagavadgita : Translation and commentary: By Richard Gotshalk
Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi-110007. Price : Rs. 100.

This is a fruit of an extended study and teaching of this sacred text by the author for about twenty years. The translator

does not align himself with any school of thought. He rightly opines that the "Gita has a natural dramatic place in a larger context of the epic poem." "It's vision of things is expressed in a dramatic dialogue." It works to draw a reader up into its unfolding drama into the action and interplay of characters which such a reader encounters in the no man's land created in poetry." These statements are exemplified in the translator's commentary of the text. A teacher he is, he gives an analysis of the subject presented. In the second chapter Krishna's voicing of the Samkhya teaching in its relevance to Arjuna is articulated in three phases (1) Verses 11-25, (2) Verses 26-30 and (3) 31-36.

In his notes, he gives the derivations of important words like Buddhi, Parantapa, etc., their different meanings wherever possible and their relevancy in that context. Translation of the verses is literal.

He who can see activity, Karma in inactivity and inactivity in Karma is a man of Buddhi. He is yoked in disciplined action (Karma) whole. It may be noted here that he has not translated the word Buddhi here and kept it as it is, lest a translation of it may not convey all the significance of the original. Different meanings of the Buddhi with its derivation and parallels in Greek language are pointed out in the notes. In the commentary, Upanishadic passages are quoted in relevant places. An elaborated introduction contrasts the themes of the Mahabharata and Ramayana with Iliad and the Odyssey, discusses the date of the Bhagavad Gita, and gives a short summary of the Mahabharata story. A general index of themes and ideas at the end is of immense value to the readers.

We commend the author for his novel approach to the text (dramatic vision) and brilliant and critical commentary thereon.

"SANDILYA"

Freedom, Progress and Society: Essays in honour of Professor K. Satchidananda Murty. Edited by R. Balasubramanian and Sibajiban Bhattacharya. Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi-110 007.

Price : Rs. 200.

Mankind is at the cross roads. Old values are fast disappearing, but they are not replaced by new ones. It looks as if the goal is to establish a value-free society. Man's avaricious outlook has resulted in the total eclipse of moral and spiritual values. The vast resources are being used not to mitigate misery but to show power and pomp. As the modern man has become a Philistine, he pays no heed to the condign signals conveyed by the philosophers, past and present. The majority of the

mankind fail to see the writing on the wall. The result is crisis in every walk of life.

The volume under review was brought out in honour of Prof. K. Satchidananda Murty, one of the foremost philosophers of modern India. Besides delivering lectures on philosophy in India and abroad, he held many prestigious positions before becoming Vice-Chairman of University Grants Commission in 1986. He was awarded "Padma Bhushan" in 1984. Prof. Murthy is the first Indian philosopher to receive the Dr. B. C. Roy National Award which is the highest available recognition in India for philosophy. He is a votary of general education.

The volume under review contains twenty-eight essays by scholars from the East and the West like V. P. Androssov, R. Balasubramanian, Sibajiban Bhattacharya, Paul Gregorios, Intisar-Ul-Haque, Ren Jiyu, Ioanna Kucuradi, Sengaku Mayeda, Hajime Nakamura, Yuri Pavlov, Karan Singh, James H. Stone and Huang Xinchuan.

Some of the themes discussed in the volume are: the Hindu renaissance, man's consciousness of death, philosophy of liberation, Marxist conception of personality, Buddhism and Chinese culture, social progress and its criteria, psychology of transcendence, structure of human action and social values and spiritual insight.

Technological progress and material prosperity no doubt created some problems, but the crisis which besets human society on all fronts is not entirely due to modern technology. The moral inadequacy and inability to understand essential and eternal values led to a consumeristic and conflict-ridden society (p. 365). Also, too much importance is being attached to nationalism which has spawned suspicion and animosity. It has the veneer of virtue, but breeds ill-will.

The facets of Indian philosophy are many and varied. These include religion and mysticism, logic and analysis, meditation and spiritual experience. Very often, each facet has been, and is, pursued as if it covers the whole of Indian philosophy. Also, different conceptions of philosophy have been evolved in India from time to time. Hence, the difficulty in answering the question, what is Indian philosophy?

Countries do aim at social progress. The economy of a country moves from simple and less complicated to a complex and more complicated stage. But, the character of social progress is different from that of economic progress. Social progress includes such indices as the level of integration and unfolding of structures and functions, their optimisation and effectiveness, the level of

automatisation of systems, their fidelity, information criterion and quality of systems of control. Social progress is intimately related to the level of organisation, preservation of the possibilities of evolution and ability to provide future development (p. 185).

The editors deserve plaudits for presenting essays having permanent value. The volume will be read with interest by all those trying to understand man's present pathetic predicament.

DR. I. SATYA SUNDARAM

The Quest Celestial : (A rendering of Katopanishad, Kenopanishad and excerpts of Taittiriyaopanishad into English verse) : By A. Ramamurti. Springs of Wisdom Educators, Machilipatnam. Price : Rs. 20.

The Upanishads which posit the philosophy of universal immanence have influenced not only Indian thought but also Western philosophers. The intellectual who seeks the foundations of Indian culture invariably becomes a Vedantin for the Upanishads cast a spell on his scientific turn of mind that is not quite happy in the ritualism of the Hindu religion. It should not then surprise us that Max Mueller exclaimed about how more new editions of the Upanishads are published in India than books by Descartes and Spinoza in Europe. Yet another translation of Upanishads is always welcome.

Sri A. Ramamurti's introduction rightly points out the need for nurturing the intuitive faculty by penance. Indeed, the Maitri Upanishad says that " by knowledge (*vidya*), by austerity (*tapas*) and by meditation (*cinta*) Brahman is apprehended". The Katha, Kena and Taittiriya Upanishads are excellent manuals of *vidya* that help us take up *tapas* to achieve *cinta*. Sri Ramamurti has chosen to present a rendering of the Katha and the Kena with excerpts of Taittiriya in *The Quest Celestial*.

Each translation of the Upanishads ought to lead us back to the originals and Sri Ramamurti is a dependable guide. The English translation is cast in a simple style and there are helpful footnotes which are educative. The Kathopanishad dramatically describes Nachiketas receiving the knowledge of after-life in the realm of Death and returning to the earth. Kena presents the superb image of Uma Haimavati as the knowledge that leads to Brahman. The *Taittiriya*, of course, is truly a scripture of educational technology that describes how all education is a united endeavour of the teacher and the taught :

" May that pervasive and eternal Brahman shelter
Both of us, the preceptor and the disciple !
May He sumptuously feed us with gnosis and protect us !

“ In relation to the acquisition of this lore,
 So that we both together endeavour to fulfil this task !
 The lore so gained may scintillate
 In us ever resplendant. Let us not
 Spite each other with malevolence ! ”

A thousand pities that this excellent handbook of Upanishadic wisdom should have been marred by innumerable printing mistakes.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Siva Temple and Temple Rituals : Edited by Dr. S. S. Janaki.
 The Kuppaswami Sastri Research Institute, Madras—4.
 Price : Rs. 50.

The ritualism nurtured in the temples dedicated to Siva in South India has a profound symbolical background. Scholars opine that the Vedic Age had no image worship and that it was Buddhism that replaced Vedic sacrifices with temple worship. In South India, the Chola dynasty beginning with Vijayalaya assured the Siva temple culture an uninterrupted reign of glory for more than one thousand years. Temples big and small were built all over South India. Though the imperial Cholas are now but a historical memory, the temple culture enunciated by them has endured for all time.

The Kuppaswami Sastri Research Institute has untiringly worked as a dynamic forum to explain the several aspects of Indian culture to the world of scholarship as well as to laymen. The seminar on “Siva Temples and Temple Rituals” held in 1983 evoked great interest among the literati. It is a happy thought on the part of the organisers to have brought out the proceedings of the seminar as a handy volume. Modestly priced, *Siva Temple and Temple Rituals* is required reading for all of us who are interested in Indian culture. For, here is a pointed introduction to several of the aspects in Siva temples which would help us with worship when we go there the next time.

Dr. Appukkuttan Nair speaks of the Siva temples in Kerala. These temples are yet another attempt to link man's physical body to the transcendent power through structures built in the form of a human figure. The Vedicization of Saiva Ritual by Wayne Surdam refers to the original Dravidian ethos that had its own Saiva Agamic material and the twelfth century manual of Aghorasivacharya which is completely free from Vedic Mantras. However, today “the Agama texts available are so inter-penetrated with Vedic material that any coherent isolation of Vedic from Agamic Tantric material is impossible, except in the most general way.”

R. Subramaniam's "Parartha Puja" is an elegant study of the day-long worship conducted in temples dedicated to Shiva. Other papers in the volume explain the symbolism behind familiar aspects in our religious life such as the Yagasala, the periodic festivals (Mahotsava and Pavitrotsava), the Vimana and the Gopura and the Chinna Melam. Chinna Melam is now extinct. It was once the Devadasi cult that was part of the temple rituals and had perhaps descended from the ancient Tamil *virali*, the danseuse, whom we meet in Sangham literature.

The most informative and research-oriented paper is from Dr. S. S. Janaki who studies the various aspects of the Dhvajasthambha. From whence this importance to the flag-pole in temple ritualism? Dr. Janaki points out that the Dhvajasthambha is the Karana Linga and when installed in the proper manner has several levels of symbolism to help the aspirant in his Sadhana.

"...these symbolisations are also corroborated by the rituals performed to it on the occasion of the annual Mahotsavas. All these details reveal that it is on par with the Siva Linga itself. It is also said to signify the three inter-related, eternal and real concepts enunciated in the Saiva Agamas—namely the Lord (*pati*), the bound individual (*pasu*) and the latter's three bindings (*pasas*) of egoism (*anava*), actions (*karma*) and illusion (*maya*). A third level of symbolism is to the modality of the individual aspiring for liberation (*moksha* in Sanskrit, or *vidu*, *vidutalai* in Tamil), which in the Saiva Agamic Siddhanta School, is the destruction of his bindings (*pasa*) by the grace (*anugraha*) of the Lord."

A timely publication when the younger generation wants to reach out to the foundations of Indian culture to regain a sense, of identity with the Indian ethos in a world of broken images.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Exploration of Reality : The Poetry of Thomas Hardy : By Dr. Azra Begum. Prakash Book Depot, Bara Bazar, Bareilly 243 003. Price : Rs. 90.

Well-known as the author of Wessex novels, Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) wrote also poetry all through his long writing career, though most of it was actually published in the twentieth century. Both in subject matter and the effect he seeks through his style. Hardy has little in common with the Pre-Raphaelites and those close to them. In spirit, too, Hardy is a twentieth century poet. Hardy the poet is in no way different from Hardy, the novelist, for both are extensions of Hardy, the man, the pessimist incarnate.

Why did Thomas Hardy become a pessimist?

Dr. Azra Begum, a poetess in her own right, attempts to answer the question in her study *Exploration of Reality: The Poetry of Thomas Hardy* which forms a part of her doctoral dissertation for Ph. D. Degree.

It is believed that a knowledge of the writer's life is essential for a better understanding of his works. Hence Dr. Azra Begum very systematically delves into all the relevant and significant details in the life of Thomas Hardy, like his premature birth which led to his psychic impotence; his first love affair and its tragic end involving five lives which led to his feeling of guilt that became associated with love; the consciousness of having no child which led to the fear that the family line was going to be extinct — to mention only a few — in order to determine how and why Thomas Hardy became what he was, and not otherwise. By examining Hardy's views on man, love, nature and immanent will as revealed through his poems, she unravels to us how these psychological forces have contributed to the formation of Hardy's ego and directed his way to responding to the realities around him.

All the major points taken for discussion are illustrated with quotes from Hardy's poems. Hardy is shown as a serious artist who could not avoid philosophical speculations. Dr. Azra Begum's success in showing how "the man who suffers" and "the artist who creates" are inextricably bound up together is really commendable.

In the second part of the book Dr. Azra Begum has made a meticulous selection of 42 poems from Hardy. Every poem is sandwiched between a "to-the-point" introduction and relevant footnotes. The work is enriched by a Bibliography. Teachers and students of literature will find this book to be of immense use to them.

P. R A J A

Lessons of Life: By Samarendranath Banerjee. Writers Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta - 45. Price: Rs. 60.

This book, admittedly a volume of autobiographical reminiscence contains the life story of Mr. Samarendranath Banerjee, who retired as a Major in the Indian Army (with many exciting exploits in the field) and later took to the tea industry, and trying out various innovations in the line, successfully progressed to the highest rank, as the introduction tells us. He was also a good footballer and sportsman, and represented Bengal in Hockey in 1951 in the National Championship. This is about his personalia.

The author records, in an engaging style and effortless ease, the numerous events of his life with a candour and frankness that are born of sincerity and forthrightness. Coming from an aristocratic family of Bengal, the author pictures to the readers the old-world values and their flavour cherished by the gentle folks of those days, and the sustained solicitude for maintaining those values by persons in such familial dispensations and backgrounds. As the purport of the book is autobiographical, naturally the subjective element is predominant but not obtrusively so. The narration in vivid detail (at times very lurid and excruciating) of the events immediately after the unfortunate partition of our country in 1947, the hapless exodus of people — men, women and children in distressing and humiliating circumstances — from either side of the cleft country, the horrendous holocaust in the wake of this forced partition, the de-humanizing situations encountered (but not wholly and truthfully recorded and reported even by the Press of those times) by the migrating hordes of Hindus and Muslims, leaving their all in the land of their birth, breeding and living — trekking their weary and interminable way to the other side where seemingly safety and security, sustenance and station, are assured — brings before our mind's eye the nightmarish experiences undergone by those vicarious victims of a political expedient, for no fault of theirs.

Major Banerjee recalls certain incidents in which he had to cast off the rigid and rigorous rules and regulations of the Army Code and Conduct, if only to rescue the restrained young women from the constraining and cruel clutches of marauders out to outrage and trade on them. The human element in him excelled the unbending disciplinarian army attitude in such harrowing situations and Major Banerjee comes out in better light for what he had so tactfully and humanely done to offer succour to such weak victims, affording them confidence and security from the enemies. A significant fact projected by Major Banerjee relates to the harsher treatment of Hindu women at the hands of the Pakistani hoodlums compared to that meted out by their counterparts to Muslim women — and numerically also the comparison holds. It is unfortunate and shameful for the prestige of any country.

This book, evidently a resume of the private life of an Army Major in his retirement, has a public face also in that it portrays the peculiar and pitiable circumstances in which the people in the partitioned areas found themselves suddenly, having had to leave their homes and hearths, their possessions and property, their friends (who had overnight turned foes) and feelings — once

and for all, and make their tiresome trek into the unknown land on the other side — an experience no decent human being ever wants to repeat, a recrudescence God should never will. Hence the relevance of the book and the prestigious imprimatur of the Writers Workshop.

POTHUKUCHI SURYANARAYANA MURTY

The Journal of Oriental Research, Madras. Vols. 47-55 : 1977-86.

Edited by Dr. S. S. Janaki. Published by the Kuppaswamy Sastri Research Institute, Madras - 4. Price : Rs. 80.

We highly compliment Dr. S. S. Janaki for having revived the publication of this journal after a long lapse. This bumper number is published as a Golden Jubilee Special Issue. Dainty dishes catering to the tastes of scholars of Nyaya, Mimamsa, Advaita, Visishtadvaita, Astrology and Dramaturgy are served here.

Dr. V. Varadachary in his article "Tamori" and "Timivari" argues that those two names refer to two different scholars of different systems of philosophy. Dr. Francis in his paper "Dharma Matra Karma" offers his own interpretation of Jaimini Sutra, wherein he reverses the Purvapaksha and Siddhanta adapted by Sabara in his Bhashya. Then follow two Sanskrit contributions, one by Dr. K. Balasubrahmanyam and the other by Sri Tangaswamy. The former illustrates how Jaiminiya Nyayas are applicable to other systems of thought also including Kavyas. The latter counters the allegations that Sankara was a crypto Buddhist. These two are summarised in English.

Then follow three papers on Ramanuja's philosophy. Dr. Tirumala gives a clear exposition of mysticism in Ramanuja's philosophy, quoting from Dravida Prabandhams also, Ramanuja was correct in interpreting the word "Svarga" as an equivalent to Moksha, Dr. Tiruvenkata Nathan contends. While Bhoga and Apavarga are the fruits of the 32 Vidyas enumerated in the Upanishads according to Sri Ramanuja, destruction of sins, prosperity and gradual liberation are the fruits, according to Sankara, Dr. Sampat points out. The Dramatic Aesthetics of Sri Aurobindo by Dr. Prema Nandakumar, correlating overmind or overhead aesthetics of Aurobindo and Anandavardhana's Dhvani, is highly illuminating.

Dr. S. S. Janaki's dissertation "Bhana" forming part of her Doctoral thesis is a valuable addition to studies on Indian Dramaturgy. Reviews of books and an index to the Journal of Oriental Research, Vols. I-XL, authorwise and subjectwise, are of immense value for research students. How we wish all libraries preserve these journals.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

The Man who became a God : By Achyut Ghose. Writers' Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta - 45. Price : Rs. 20.

The story of prince Siddhartha giving up his royal life and taking to that of a monk, reads always of the most inspiring spiritual experience which could be had by striving for and gaining Nirvana for the soul. The Buddha has been influencing generations of men and women of the high sense of compassion and sacrifice which the human mind is capable of.

Needless, therefore, that any book that deals with episodes of the awakening the Buddha had after severe penances, cannot but evoke much interest in the reader. But when added to it, we get from original Pali texts highlighted some of the events of the memorable life of the Great One, natural for us to be thankful to the author for the effort. This addition to the many existing literature on the Buddha must be a source of satisfaction to all. The format and get-up are excellent. Only careful proof-reading could have been more useful for eliminating the mistakes in plenty.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Contemporary Indian Short Stories : Series III. Sahitya Akademi, Rabindra Bhavan, Ferozeshah Road, New Delhi. Price : Rs. 30.

Sahitya Akademi has been publishing collections of contemporary Indian short-stories and this is the third and the latest in the series. This volume has in it eighteen short-stories, including one in English, which rightly takes its place among Indian languages. Since there can rarely be one who knows all the eighteen languages and since English has come to be accepted not only as a window on the world but also as a link language and a window on the other Indian language literatures, the Akademi's collections bring these other language stories to an extensively wide readership.

There are in this volume stories of childhood, adolescence, youth, middle age and old age. Here is human life not only in all its seasons but also in its impulses and emotions. That the Indian short-story is getting more and more complex, reflecting the complexity of life itself, is borne out by the stories. The Assamese "Jasmine Bower" is easily the best in the volume and not merely alphabetically does it take the pride of place as the first. "Thy Will Be Done" is a touching story and so is "The Patch" with a fable delicately embedded in it. "The Flunkey" is a picture of feckless *dadagiri*. "Some Poses and Some Snaps"

is an attempt at freezing fleeting glimpses into revealing pictures. "The Accompanist" is the story of a sensibility as delicate as music.

A word on the "Aglicisation." There is no ideal and all-accounting-for theory of translation notwithstanding the efforts even of Sahitya Akademi. The standard of the translations, judged by the Indianness of their English, is of a really satisfying quality. This is a volume which must be read by all lovers of short-story.

DR. V. V. B. RAMA RAO

Once There Was : By Chandrahas Ray and Lila Ray. Writers' Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta-700 045. Price : Rs. 20.

This book containing forty-seven verses written in a lighter vein is meant for children. Lila Ray, an established writer in English, collaborates with her grandson to compose these delightful verses for the school-going children in India. Considering the paucity of good children's literature in India, the book is doubly welcome.

DR. G. SRIRAMA MURTY

Kakatiya Sculpture : By Chalasani Prasada Rao (English Translation by Dr. S.V. Rao) Rekha Publications, 1100/2 T. Nagar, Raj Bhavan Road, Hyderabad-500 482. Price : Rs. 50.

For any lay reader with some aesthetic outlook, this enchiridion supplies sound guidelines as aids to further connoisseurship. The book is packed with nine sections dealing with several aspects of Kakatiya sculpture. The illustrations, 70 in number, are a treat in visual re-presentation. Regarding narration, one feels the need of observing some principles of methodology. The sections on Figurative Sculpture and Decorative Art are fine expositions. Of course, it is followed by Folk Art — which has great seminal significance, when dealing with Art History. The illustration No. 3 described as a pedestal of decorative pillar, may be identified as a three-dimensioned *Sri Chakra* — (Meru Prasthara).

The reader may feel some discomfort and unpleasantness at the use of the word *Faux pas* at p. 24, when referring to the incident of the great seer Parasara and Yojanagandhi (Satyavati). Seer Parasara, a descendant of Bhagavan Vasishta, knew the mysterious process of palimgenesis. Death is the mysterious entrance gateway to life; and life is the mysterious exit gateway to death. The unmanifest state of *Jiva* between death and life

(birth) is always a mystery. Parasara knew about this. He anticipated the advent of the great being Bhagavan Krishna-dvaipayana (Vyasa) and he came to meet Satyavati to fulfill the course of destiny. There is no concupiscent behaviour at all. Myths are verbal iconographs. Their symbolism and spiritual meaning have to be read in them. Nothing else need to be read into them. The monograph ought to have made some references to Sanskrit texts from Sulbasutras, Agnipurana, Sukranitisara, Vishnu Dharmothara and other texts on Iconography and Iconometry. This is a desideratum. Even now the lay readers find in this handbook precious information.

YEN. YES. KAY.

Towards Performances : By Chummar Chundal. Published by the author. Distributors: Kerala Folklore Academy, Trivandrum.

This is a fine study in Anthropology. Narration in this book, deals with several aspects of Folklore lives of the Keralites. In this package of information the reader is assured of pleasant study ventures. There are six chapters. The sixth contains five schedules. All these contents are interspersed with illustrations. The author is a professor, a research scholar, who did intensive field work, made case studies and a dancer. He was given the Indira Gandhi Award for Tribal Culture. His presentation of the facts are exhaustive, analytical, fascinating, exciting and expository. The terpsichorean art of the tribals of Vynaud district of the Bhargava Kshetra has been narrated with precision with a verve in narrative and aesthetic style. May he also write such informative monographs about the tribals of the Andaman group of islands and those of Lakshadvipa.

YEN. YES. KAY.

SANSKRIT

Chhandogyopanishat - Dipika : By Sri Sayanacharya. Edited by Dr. Gautam Patel. For copies : The Editor, Gangeswar Dham, Karol Bagh, Delhi. Price : Not given.

Sri Gangeswaranand International Trust, under the worthy guidance of Swami Gangeswaranandji Maharaj Udasin, devoted to the publication of Vedas and Vedic literature and propagation of Vedic culture, has done signal service to all students of Upanishadic philosophy, by unearthing this commentary and bringing it to limelight in print for the first time.

The editor, Dr. Gautam Patel, a close disciple of Sri Swamiji and a Professor of Samskrit, who has already published many

research papers and edited “Kumarasambhava” with Vallabha-deva’s commentary for the first time, with all modern critical apparatus, has added another feather to his cap, by editing this also, after collating two manuscripts and working upon this project for seven years.

This commentary has some unique features. Sri Sayanacharya’s exposition of any subject and his literacy style are very lucid and crystal clear. He follows Sri Sankara in all respects. But his apt illustrations bring home the import of a passage direct to the reader’s heart. Different derivations are given to one and the same word. He quotes profusely from many works in Sanskrit literature. Inclusion of Bharatitirtha’s Nyayamala verses that bring about the essence of the Adhikarana of Brahma Sutras in relevant places, with his lucid commentary thereon, crowns all these. Thus, this edition is a golden guide to an easy understanding of the Upanishat.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

TAMIL

Telugu Ilakkiya Varalaaru (A History of Telugu Literature): By Dr. T. S. Giri Prakash and P. Ananda Kumar. Paarthipaa Padhippakam, 12, Commanding Officer Lane II, West Masi Street, Madurai-625001. Price : Rs. 20.

At long last, a full-fledged history of Telugu literature in Tamil. Tamil and Telugu have a common ancestor in their Dravidian past. They have had good neighbourly relationship in literature for more than eight hundred years. And yet, it is a pity that no cogent and detailed account of Telugu literature is available for the Tamil reader. Dr. Giri Prakash and Sri Ananda Kumar have done well to produce this very readable and racy volume that is sure to please the common reader and be of considerable help to the scholar-researcher in comparative literature.

The brief introduction to the triple-branched language (Rayalaseema, Telangana and Coastal Andhra) points out that Telugu has had an independent existence as early as the first century A. D., because of the Telugu words found in Hala’s *Gatha Saptasati* and the references to “Vadugu” in Sangham poetry. Telugu literature began with Nannayya (11th century) and reached its zenith during the age of Krishnadeva Raya. The modern phase begins with Gurazada Appa Rao and Kandukuri Veeresalingam Pantulu. It is an altogether inspiring roll call of great writers who have enriched all branches of literature — poetry, drama, fiction, and belles lettres.

Of particular interest to the Tamil student is the chapter on "Telugu literature of the Southern School." When the Eastern Chalukya King Raja Raja Narendra (11th century) married the Chola princess, Ammanga Devi, several Tamil families from the Kaveri delta emigrated to the banks of Godavari, and came to be known as "Arama Dravidas." Andhra cultural association with the Tamils blossomed in beautiful colours during the period of Nayaks who held suzerainty over Madurai, Tiruchi, Thanjavur and Puducottah. Gopanna's (14th century) *Sindumati Vilasamu* has the pride of place in this literature. Gopanna was a disciple of the great Vaishnava Acharya, Vedanta Desika of Srirangam.

Vijaya Raghunadha Nayak (17th century) of Thanjavur was himself an author who introduced the quasi-historical form *Nayaka Abhyudayamu*. The scholars in his court included Ramabhadramba, Madhuravani, Chemakura Venkata Kavi and Krishnadhvari. The legendary Pasupuleti Rangajamma, brought fame to the court through her widely acclaimed *Mannarudasa Vilasamu* and *Usha Parinayamu*. Tamil culture and language add a piquant beauty to these Telugu classics.

The authors of this history have given a comfortable spread of quotations which add to the value of their critical pronouncements. Having no axes to grind, the book takes us to all the directions in the "new" poetry. The Digambara decade (1956-1966) inspired by the Naxalites of Srikakulam is given a plentiful niche with Nagnamuni's "Thirst" spitting fire on the statues of political leaders. "The drains carrying depravity, corruption and lust have now become space-filling statues." The volume concludes with an excellent chapter on the various grammatical works like *Appakaveeyamu* and *Andhra Kaumudi* which have helped to give a firm base to a literature marked by some of the finest flights of poetic imagination.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

TELUGU

Srimad Valmiki Ramayana Sundarakandamu with Subodhini commentary in Telugu: By Mylavaram Subrahmanyam and B. Kameswara Rao. 5 vols. For copies: B. Kameswara Rao, Kamarajupeta (Via) Rajahmundry. Price: Vols. 1 and 2, Rs. 20 each, Vols. 3 and 4, Rs. 16 each and Vol. 5, Rs. 20.

This edition of Sundarakandam, in view of some unique features, far excels all other available Telugu editions. Words in each Sloka are split up, word to word Telugu meaning is given. Anvaya is shown and import of each Sloka is explained. Under

the head "special commentary," different interpretations, found in the Sanskrit commentaries Tilaka, Govindarajiyam, Siromani, and Tanisloki, are gathered together. Telugu commentary "Mandaramu" and interpretations of Sribhashyam Appalacharyulu a living popular exponent of Ramayanam are not left out. Procedures of Parayanam according to Smarta, Vaishnava and Madhwa traditions are indicated in detail. These volumes are a welcome addition on the subject. The authors deserve compliments for the excellent service they have rendered.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

Andhra Jillala Gramanaamamulu: By Dr. V. Vijayadat. For copies: Author, Anandapet, Vizianagaram - 531 202.

This is a work on Toponymy, which enlightens us as to some historical facts about places and sometimes social and political conditions of particular times. This work under review is a study of the villages in the districts of Srikakulam, Vizianagaram, Visakhapatnam, East and West Godavari, Krishna, Prakasam, Guntur and Nellore. Each district with its longitude and latitudinal degrees is located, borders and limits of that district are indicated, number of villages in each district according to statistical reports is given. Geographical conditions, findings of archaeologists if any, names of the kings that ruled over them, references found in literature and inscriptions, changes in names if any—all these are recorded here. Derivations of names are not left out, e.g., Bhattiprolu, "Original name Pratipaalanapuram; Bhatti, brother of King Vikramarka, was born here according to Aitihiya. When under rule of Vishnuvardhana it was called Vardhanesvaram "

We cannot but praise the author for his success in his strenuous and painstaking research, and its plan. Several charts are there to give a clear idea of the subject in question. Names indicative of Buddhist religion, of rivers in Andhra are given in separate indexes. All good libraries must have this book on their shelves.

B. K. SASTRY



Commonwealth Literature And Cultural Assimilation

PROF. M. V. RAMA SARMA

Commonwealth literature is a new phenomenon. But the concept of a commonwealth is very old. Shakespeare, through Gonzalo in *The Tempest*, refers to the commonwealth where peace and plenty will prevail and nature brings forth "all foison, all abundance / To feed" the "innocent people". It will be a golden age when common good and public interest will flourish. Milton repeatedly affirms that commonwealth is the best form of government. In March 1660, knowing full well that monarchy will be reestablished a few months later, Milton publishes the pamphlet *The ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth*. Milton's commonwealth is intended to produce citizens who are complete and integrated human beings, and it is the "most magnanimous, most fearless, and confident of its own proceedings".¹ But the Commonwealth of Nations comes into being with India and other colonial countries becoming free after 1947. So literature produced especially in the last forty years acquires a relevance and authenticity by reproducing the aspirations and cultural heritage of the developing nations. Commonwealth literature also signifies a fusion of cultures, of the East and the West, for most of these countries have their own languages and English is not their mother-tongue. Barring Canada, Australia and New Zealand where English is spoken and written, in India and other countries of the Commonwealth, English does not figure as the sole process of communication in public or private life.

So the question arises, why should anyone write in English? Often it may look odd for the writer is writing in English for

a reading public that may not speak or think in English. And the writer himself writes in a language that is not his own. For Naipaul the continued use of English in India for creative and other purposes is mimicry of the West and an "act of self-violation". (*Area of Darkness*, p. 215) True, even the writer himself may feel the absurdity of the situation. As Raja Rao states, "One has to convey in a language that is not one's own the spirit that is one's own".² But a creative writer, a poet, a novelist or a dramatist, writes primarily for his own aesthetic pleasure. He writes because he must. That is a compulsion, an irresistible urge to say something that is meaningful and valuable for the ennoblement and enrichment of man. He thinks he has an inner prompting to reveal his mind, and the language he chooses for expression is his own choice. It is a language in which he feels proficient, at ease with himself. So it is immaterial whether he writes in English or in his own native language. The significance lies in the portrayal of life, in giving to his work an acceptability and a universality.

Most of these creative writers especially in their first novels seem to face this problem of writing in English, and yet making it somehow different from English-English. Achbe's first novel *Things Fall Apart* recreates the traditional Ibo life by using several African words transformed into English. In *No longer at ease* Achbe deals with the transition from colonial rule to freedom. *Arrow of God* presents the colonial onslaught on traditional tribal life. So Achbe is committed to his native African tradition. N. S. Naipaul in his first novel *The Mystic Masseur* uses the type of English that is spoken by the East Indian immigrants in Trinidad. The dialogues invariably smack of colloquialism with no respect for grammar or for the essential structural formations of English. Expressions like "I says" figure often. This may be called broken English. All the same, we follow the thematic content of the metamorphosis of Ganesh from a primary school teacher to a statesman, from "Pundit Ganesh Ramsumair" to "G. Ramsay Muir." Human aspirations are the same, East or West, and we understand and appreciate the writer's presentation of life. Naipaul's best novel *A house for Mr. Biswas* avoids the colloquial expressions to a large extent. It is like *History of Mr. Polly* with the struggle of a man towards a better life. The novel presents the quest for identity.

Indian writing in English has come of age. Fiction especially forms the major part of this literature. It is the most powerful and popular form of writing. The fore-runners of this Indo-Anglian novel, Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao and Narayan, "the

Big Three" as William Walsh calls them, had the same difficulty faced by Achbe, Naipaul and others writing in English, even though English is not their language. Mulk Raj Anand in his first novel *Untouchable* coins words from Punjabi and Hindustani in order to give to his novel an authenticity and remoteness from civilised life as the untouchable is. Anand says, "I would transliterate dialogue almost literally from the original speech and I would, consciously find myself interweaving feelings, emotions, moods, and thoughts, from my mother-tongue into the texture of the narrative".³ Swear words, epithets and Punjabi phrases remarkably fit into the realistic world of the untouchables. Social realism and a commitment to a political philosophy of liberalism make us ignore the tapestry of coined words in this novel. Anand's next novel, *Coolie*, may still have the Punjabi words transliterated but it does not have so many swear words as *The Untouchable*. *The Coolie* is again a presentation of the underdog in society and novel is in the Picaresque tradition where the protagonist moves from place to place experiencing unexpected trials and tribulations. It is a tale of untold misery too and for tears. Anand deals with the elemental passions of humanity in his first two novels.

Anand's experiment with English is a novelty and an innovation. He says,

"I hope that my expressions in writing the new language, Indian English...will come to be read by Indian students of the English language. This may help to show why Indian English, different from the sister languages of our country as well as from English, is yet an attempted fusion of the both. It is a metamorphosis, which is as significant as Irish English, or Welsh English or Australian English".⁴

Anand visualises the blending of languages. In fact English serves not only as a link language, but also as a link literature, in the present day India.

Raja Rao in his Foreword to his first novel *Kanthapura* emphatically pleads for an English suited to an Indian sensibility. He says,

"We are instinctively bilingual, many of us writing in our own language and in English. We cannot write like the English, we should not, we can write only as Indians. We have grown to look at the large world as a part of us. Our method of expression, therefore, has to be a dialect which will some day prove to be as distinctive and colourful as the Irish or the American. Time alone will justify it."

Raja Rao in his first novel *Kanthapura* coins several Indian words and the tell tale names in this novel like "Waterfall Venkamma", "Nose scratching Najamma", "Corner house Moorthy" amuse us. They have a musical effect, and on the whole they give us an atmosphere of an Indian village. Raja Rao's next novel *The Serpent and the Rope* still may have some typical Indian expressions, but its style is poetic, evocative and full of incantation. It is the language of the heart, and like Wordsworth's poetry, a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings and emotions. In this novel Raja Rao upholds the Brahminic tradition with gusto and involvement for he says through Rama that a Brahmin is one who knows Brahman. It looks as though Raja Rao revels in the glory of the Brahminic culture. In this respect *Samskara* is an antithesis to *The Serpent and the Rope* for in this novel, the degenerate, decadent Brahminic ritualism figures almost as a nauseating, disgusting experience of the writer himself. It fills us with revulsion, for the stupidity of the Acharya in this novel is abominable. Presumably the two novels present two different aspects of the Brahminic tradition, one glorifying it, another disglorifying it. The truth may lie somewhere in between. In fact *The Serpent and the Rope* is no novel. It is an epic in prose like Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* and it has episodes also. Rama of *The Serpent and the Rope* is like the unheroic hero Tom Jones whom Fielding would justify on the basis of romantic morality as contrasted with the classical morality in Richardson's *Pamela*. Unlike the masculine vigour of Anand's prose style, Raja Rao's style is poetic and metaphysical. His *Cat and Shakespeare* is as mystifying as his *Comrade Kirilov*.

R. K. Narayan does not seem to have much of difficulty in making his characters speak in English. Narayan's English is simple, direct and homely. He feels that English has flexibility. He says,

"We are still experimentalists ... we are not attempting to write Anglo-Saxon English. The English language, through sheer resilience and mobility, is now undergoing a process of Indianisation. In the same manner as it adopted U. S. citizenship over a century ago, with the difference that it is the major language there, but here one of the fifteen".⁵

R. K. Narayan is at his best in story-telling. He weaves a story based on the simple vocations in life, a vendor of sweets, a banyan tree, financial expert, a guide, a painter of signs. Like the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy, Narayan has his Malgudi novels. Even though Malgudi may be a

fictitious place, yet it definitely gives us a South Indian habitat and a location. Almost all his novels end on a cynical note. Jagan, the vendor of sweets, goes into a retreat, far from the madding crowd. Margayya the financial expert ends in bankruptcy, all hopes of becoming rich foiled. Raju the guide has to be martyred whether he likes it or not. Vasu, the power-hungry taxidermist, an embodiment of evil, in *The Man-eater of Malgudi* is overpowered by his own excesses like Bhasmasura, and evil redounds on itself. Narayan in *A Tiger for Malgudi* presents Raju the tiger with an excellent understanding of the animal world. It only shows that Narayan can handle any theme with ease and felicity and give to his readers an inexplicable aesthetic pleasure.

Like the novelists mentioned above Kamala Markandeya too faces the problem in her first novel *Nectar in a Sieve*. As it deals with village life in India, naturally it has to incorporate within itself many expressions borrowed from the Indian language. Kamala Markandeya literally translates the speeches of the characters from the local language. *Nectar in a Sieve* portrays rural India with sympathetic imagination. This novel is often compared with *Good Earth* because both the novels deal with the simple lives of the humble poor. In her later novels these anachronisms and Indianisms get reduced. So most of the writers, who write in English, even though it is not their mother-tongue will be exposed to this problem of using English as an approximation to the spoken language.

Only in my fourth novel *The Bliss of Life* a good many Telugu and Sanskrit words had to be transliterated or transposed as it is an imaginative reconstruction of the life of a poet-saint-musician of the seventeenth century. Kshetrappa's life reveals the transcendence of man from a physical to a spiritual plane. The novel ends on a note of rapture divine and god-realisation attained through a surrender to the will of God.

Pastures New, my fifth novel, like *The Bliss of Life*, presents the best in Indian life, its traditions, its cultural heritage and its explorations into the life divine. The narrative is in the first person singular and the narrator Dr. Madhu dreams of a new world order when India leads the West in its quest for spiritual enlightenment and ethical idealism. This novel too has several Indian words literally transliterated into English.

Very often the question is asked, what is the Indianness in the Indo-Anglian writings? Several views are no doubt expressed,⁶ but my own thinking is that a creative writing does not become

Indian simply because of Indianisms and expressions borrowed from Indian languages. It has to be a veritable account of Indian life with all its aspirations, hopes and frustrations. Strangely enough Naipaul takes *The Vendor of Sweets* and *Samskara* as typical illustrations of a wounded civilization. He says that "*The Vendor of Sweets* is a confused book; and its confusion holds much of the Indian confusion today" ⁷ He sees in Jagan's retreat the ultimate Hindu renunciation of life, "the death of a civilization, the final corruption of Hinduism".⁸ *Samskara*, Naipaul admits, is a difficult novel, and he thinks that persons like the Acharya in that novel are "helpless, disadvantaged, easily unbalanced, the civilization they have inherited has long gone sour".⁹ Both the novels are typically Indian and to a casual visitor like Naipaul they convey only the negative aspect of Indian beliefs and customs. Indianness in Indo-Anglian novels sometimes may lead to adverse conclusions. Kamala Markandeya's *Two Virgins* and Ruth Praver Jhabvala's *Heat and Dust* have been controversial for they present certain aspects of Indian life, not very much to the liking of the Indian readers. In recent years Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*, preposterously huge in its size, has also depicted the Indian background in a not very plausible manner. All these three novels may have pleased an alien reading public but the Indian sensibility does not seem to be altogether happy about them. Perhaps Indianness is taken to the logical extreme in these novels. We are very sensitive about the glory of our civilization, our culture and the human values cherished by us, even though ugly spots may still be found in our social and political life.

In most of these Indo-Anglian novels certain themes recur. The freedom movement, the partition and all the holocaust created at that time figure in Kushwant Singh's *Train to Pakistan*, Malgonkar's *Bend in the Ganges* and Chaman Nahal's *Azadi*. *Azadi* is a moving account of man's inhumanity to man. Even the sweet and endearing love between Arun and Nur does not stand the fury of racial conflicts. Chaman Nahal, like Mulk Raj Anand, uses several Punjabi swear words and epithets, but as the novel gets momentum with displaced persons on the road, the style acquires a solidity and strength. The human suffering envelops the narrative in such a striking manner that the borrowed expressions from Punjabi become diminished or we get involved in the awful tale of human strife. *Train to Pakistan* is a down-to-earth, realistic picture of the partition with its horrors and atrocities committed on men, women and children savagely and ruthlessly. Malgonkar introduces the partition scene

only towards the close of the novel *Bend in the Ganges*. The gruesome scenes in these novels, especially in *Azadi*, have a tragic intensity that captures the imagination of the readers.

Another theme relates to the lascivious lives of the princes and the feudal lords of the pre-Independent days. Malgonkar in *The Princes* presents the excesses in the life of the princes, their passions and their libidinous interests. The social and political history is dovetailed into the novel with considerable skill and detachment. Anand's *Private Life of an Indian Prince* depicts the dissipated, lecherous life of Ashok Kumar, Maharaja of a small state, the court intrigues and amours. It is a decadent life given to ease, luxury and sloth and it is akin to the Nawab's way of living as presented in *Heat and Dust*.

East-West encounter is another absorbing theme in these Indo-Anglian novels. In the world today no country can be isolated, nor can it maintain an exclusiveness in its cultural heritage. An awareness of assimilating cultures and of enriching each other's national growth through such a fusion is very much to the liking of the Indo-Anglian novelists. Kamala Markandeya in *Some Inner Fury*, Bhabani Bhattacharya in *A Dream in Hawaii*, Raja Rao in *The Serpent and the Rope* have stressed this new phenomenon of a cultural assimilation. *A Dream in Hawaii* presents a penetrating look at the clash of values between the East and West. To Dr. Vincent Swift, "the prototype of the twentieth century culture-vulture" in the novel, even the quest for spiritual truth has a typical utilitarian value. But Swami Yogananda, Professor turned Yogi, is modest and unsure of his mystic powers. Bhattacharya may be suggesting that despite these two diametrically opposite views there may still be some reconciliation for the benefit of mankind.

In all my first three novels *The Stream*, *The Farewell Party* and *Look Homeward* this theme of synthesizing the cultures of the East and the West figures. *Look Homeward* is about the East and West encounter and it deals with the problem of brain drain, with our Indian students going abroad and refusing to come back. Except Ravi, the protagonist in the novel, all others become enamoured of the American way of life, its glitter and show. They are unwilling to return to India because they see it as a country steeped in squalor, unmitigated poverty and uncontrolled corruption. Dr. Gupta's marriage with Rosie makes him a confirmed critic of everything Indian. *Look Homeward* is a novel with a message, and finally most of the young men, for one reason or the other, come back to India with a determination to own it and to be owned by it, however discouraging the conditions may be. In all these three novels the centrality of interest is on cross cultural assimilation.

On the whole it can reasonably be said that Indo-Anglian novel has attained a state of recognition and acceptance. The contribution of women novelists is equally significant. Kamala Markandeya with her perception of Indian life, Ruth Praver Jhabvala with her presentation of the upper middle class life in urban areas, Anita Desai with her feminist stance and Nayantara Sahgal with her involvement in the politics of the day have amply recorded their individualised approaches to life in their novels.

Even though novel is the most popular form of writing all over the world, the Indo-Anglian poet, Kamala Das, Nissim Ezekiel, Ramanujan, Parthasarathy and several others, academics as well as professionals, have distinguished themselves as poets of promise. Of course William Walsh feels that "the high point of the Indian achievement in English is in the novel".¹⁰ In the absence of an established tradition of producing plays in English, the Indo-Anglian plays have an inherent disadvantage. Stage-worthiness being the test for a play, most of the plays written in English do not fulfil this requirement. However, plays of Asif Currimbhoy, Nissim Ezekiel and others have been enjoyed for their thematic content and social realism.

Indian criticism on Shakespeare, Milton, T. S. Eliot and other English and American writers has won a respectable recognition and acclaim. But the criticism offered on the Indian writing in English is Johnsonian, full of adulation for some and sad neglect of others. Even the reviewing of these Indo-Anglian books is biased. Prof. Iyengar rightly points out, "Generally speaking, book-reviewing is still unsatisfactory — books are reviewed too late, or reviewed perfunctorily".¹¹ Of course in the initial stages critical assessment in any literature tends to be prejudiced and partial. But I am sure that the present state will very soon be replaced by a fair, just and equitable appreciation of all the best works in Indo-Anglian literature.

In the context of the changing conditions and attitudes towards English in India, it will be desirable for the teachers of English and other scholars in English to bring out the best in the Indian languages through a process of comparative studies or translations. The expertise in and the accumulated knowledge of English literature and literary criticism should be profitably used for the interpretation of one's own literature to the outside world. Comparative literature, especially when it conforms to the study of genres, will be a healthy means of enriching both the literatures and it will be a rewarding experience indeed. There is also the need for interaction of languages and literatures in India and the best works in one language can be exposed,

evaluated and interpreted through English. In years to come the relevance of English in India as a link literature will be a reality. One need not be a prophet to visualise Indian writing in English assuming a major role in the integration of India and in upholding the cultural heritage of India in the comity of world nations.

In *The Discovery of India* Nehru poses the question, "Which of these two Englands came to India? The England of Shakespeare and Milton, of noble speech and writing and brave deed.....or the England of the savage penal code and brutal behaviour, of entrenched feudalism and reaction." (p 285) No doubt we had the England of the savage penal code during the British regime, now we have the England of Shakespeare and Milton influencing the commonwealth writers in shaping a new literature that assimilates cultures of the East and the West.

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WHY GODOT DIDN'T COME

Prof. P. P. SHARMA

They waited for him long
they called Godot
filling the interval
with a lot of small talk
their minds every now and then
returning to the expected visitor.
They did what you would guess
two tramps to do when thrown in
on themselves, a dreary landscape
and a leafless skeleton-like tree
to share in between.

Did they really care enough
for him they apparently waited for?
Were they not all the time busy
with one thing or the other
quarrelling, then making up,
contemplating suicide
watching the drama of the other two
who happened to pass that way?
What vigil did they keep
to listen for the faintest footfall
of Godot who they said
they were waiting for?

The messenger finally arrived
to inform them: "He will not come."
What heart-break do they suffer?
If the waiting had been serious
the non-arrival would have called forth
a sob, a shriek, an intenser response.
Or, more likely, Godot would have come
drawn in by something within them.
He would not just be sitting high and dry
despatching messengers
Godot failed to come
for lack of a real yearning for him.

INDIAN CULTURE : THE ETHICAL DIMENSION

V. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN

For a proper understanding of the subject, the terms "culture", "ethics" and "Indian" need to be defined. "Culture" has been defined in numerous ways and the one given by the British anthropologist, Sir Edward Burnett Tylor, seems to be the most satisfactory, being accepted by modern scientists. He defines it as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society".¹ The units of culture, which include certain characteristic manners and practices of a group of people, go to form the "cultural pattern" of a society. A set of cultural traits adopted by a group "to meet its needs and ensure its survival" constitutes its culture. In this sense, culture could be associated with a nation, town, village or a tribe. In terms of Tylor's definition, man acquires culture or becomes cultured by being a member of a society or a group and there are various elements in that "complex whole" called culture. Ethics is one of them.

Ethics is concerned with the norms of human social behaviour. "It is that study of human behaviour which propounds the supreme good or the summum bonum of human life, and which formulates the judgments of right and wrong and good and evil".² It is also called moral philosophy. The word "ethics" itself is derived from the Greek "ethos," meaning customs, usages or habits, or more comprehensively, "character". The word "right" has a Latin origin ("rectus") which means "straight" or "according to rule". Ethics is thus specifically concerned with the principles or rules which make our conduct right or straight. The Latin word "mores", from which is derived the English "moral", is not much different from the Greek "ethos" which means habits or customs (as stated earlier). The word good comes of the German "gut", meaning anything useful or serviceable for some end or purpose.

Ethics as a science or body of knowledge is not so much concerned with what an individual considers as good for himself as with the ultimate good of the society as a whole. It is a science of a values as distinguished from a science of facts such as physics or chemistry. It is by applying these values that judgments of human conduct are formed. According to ethics, good conduct is an intrinsic value.

The term "value" needs to be understood in this context. It is defined as "that which is desired". "It is always associated with a feeling of pleasure, owing to the past experience of the valuing subject and it is that feeling which awakens a desire for realising the value in question".³ Thus, which in fact is apprehended, a value is realised. While some values are "realised", some values are used as the means to realise them. The distinction is, therefore, made of "instrumental" and "intrinsic" values. The realisation of an intrinsic value begins with an idea of value which, being tinged with a feeling of pleasure, arouses a desire for it; and that desire by prompting, in its turn, appropriate activity culminates in the realisation of the value. Hence all the three aspects of the mind — cognition, feeling and will — are involved in the process of value-realisation, and they operate in succession.⁴

Man being endowed with Jnana (discriminative knowledge), or more precisely, "viveka", which is defined as "reason inspired, guided and controlled by intuition",⁵ seeks both higher and lower ends — "he has a footing in nature as well as a winging in the sky". He seeks satisfaction not merely in temporal and transient ends but spiritual and eternal ends. The right and the true are the two higher values which he pursues in seeking the "final ideal of life via self-perfection". The right and the true belong to the sphere of morals or moral action which leads to the attainment of the spiritual ideal (or value) of self-realisation.

Has India a culture of her own? Given the complexity introduced by differences of race, religion, language, customs and tradition, it is not easy to identify the elements of Indian culture. Sardar K. M. Panikkar observes: "That India has a life-view of her own, a special outlook on essential problems which has persisted throughout her history would hardly be denied by anyone ... T. S. Eliot, in his "observation on culture", argues that the basis of culture is religious beliefs. It is undeniably true that it is Christianity that forms the basis of European culture, in the same way that *it is the pre-eminence of Hinduism in India that gives to Indian culture its special characteristics*".⁶

Sardar Panikkar identifies what he calls, 'Outstanding Facts of Indian Culture'. These are :

1. Tradition of tolerance, adding to the richness and variety of Indian life.
2. Sense of synthesis reflected in racial harmony, the primary institutions of the village and the family, sculpture, architecture, music and painting, modes of worship, faith in democratic institutions, etc.
3. Universal outlook as reflected in views such as "The world is one family" and "the world as one nest".
4. Philosophical outlook with its basis in the belief in the unity of creation.
5. Respect for the individual based on the philosophical equation of Atman and Brahman, the soul and the Oversoul.

II

Though we feel it in our bones as it were the distinction between good and bad, virtue and vice, right and wrong, or specifically that between what is moral, and immoral, critics have not been wanting in raising an accusing finger at India. Farquhar pointed out long ago that "there is practically no ethical philosophy within the frontiers of Hindu thinking".⁷ Prof. McKenzie declared that the ethics of India is "defective, illogical, and anti-social, lacking any philosophical foundation, nullified by abhorrent ideas of asceticism and ritual, and altogether inferior to the 'higher spirituality' of Europe".⁸ Dr. Albert Schweitzer makes a distinction between the old "Brahminic thought" void of ethics, with its life and world negation and the "modern thought" that integrates ethics with life and world affirmation. "Hinduism is so much under the influence of Brahminic thought that it abandons the world and life affirmation which originally belonged to the religion of the people. So it dares not stand for the view that the universe in some way has a meaning and that human activity can set itself a task in the world. It nowhere makes the demand, which is such a matter of course to Christianity, that love of God shall be actively realised in love to man. Like the Brahmins it requires no other activity beyond what is imposed by the obligations of caste".⁹

Competent scholars have rebutted the views of the Western critics with force and clarity. Dr. Radhakrishnan affirms that "The actual content of the moral life in Hinduism is comparable to others". Hopkins writes a whole book to show that truth-

fulness, generosity, kindness of heart, purity of soul, forgiveness and compassion were taught in India as everyday precepts long before the Christian era." Raghunathan deals point-by-point with Schweitzer's charges and clinches his argument thus: "Schweitzer's plea for a world-view based on ethical world affirmation boils down to approval of progress, science and uplift, leavened by a sentimental-romantic humanitarianism which, in being active, feels good and concludes that it must, therefore, be doing good".¹⁰

It needs, however, to be kept in mind that, as Dr. R. N. Dandekar has said, "the traditional Hindu thought cannot be said to have developed any system of ethics as such." He adds: "Its main concern is in individual practical morality. The emphasis is always put on practice rather than on theory. That is why we hardly come across any doctrinaire texts dealing with ethics. There are ethical codes all right but there is no regular metaphysic of ethics".¹¹ The Hindu conception of ethics or code of morality is derived from or influenced by the Supreme value of Moksha or self-liberation; it is both perfection and freedom bondage of "Samsara" or the miseries of ephemeral life.

III

The moral principles that govern human conduct in the ambience of Indian culture may be traced to the comprehensive view of human ends called the Purusharthas — Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha.¹² Of the four ends, the first three are "instrumental" values and the last is an intrinsic value. While wealth satisfies desire, the satisfaction needs to be sought in terms of Dharma (or virtue, which is value translated into action). Temporal satisfaction realised in a spirit of detachment prepares one for the final satisfaction or the realisation of supreme value of self-perfection. The four values could be paired: Artha subserves Kama and Dharma subserves Moksha. The doctrines of Karma (the law of "as you sow, so you reap"), Re-birth (so long as one bears the load of sin), Varna (functional division of people based on nature and nurture) and Ashrama (stages in one's life — the student, the householder, the ageing man preparing himself to renounce the world and the renunciate) have also a great deal to do with the development of the moral code.

The value (which may be called secondary to the primary value of Moksha) that Indian culture cherishes may be traced through (1) the Vedas; (2) the Vedanta or the Upanishads; (3) the Smritis or the Codes of Law; (4) the epics and the Puranas and, specifically, the Bhagavad Gita in the Mahabharata; and (4) the literary works in Sanskrit.

The two great concepts, which have a bearing on ethics, contained in the Vedas are the Rīta, the law of God or the Eternal Law, and Satya, truth. God is Ritavaan, the upholder of the Eternal Order, and He is Satya-dharmān, the One for whom truth is the law of being.¹³ Anyone who acts in accordance with the law of truth, and the law of Eternal Order is "good". Dr. Radhakrishnan sums up the Vedic idea of moral life thus :

"Prayers are to be offered to the gods. Rites are to be performed...The life of man has to be led under the very eye of God. Apart from the duties owed to gods there are also duties to man. Kindness to all is enjoined; hospitality is reckoned a great virtue. The riches of one who gives do not diminish. He who possessed of food hardens his heart against the feeble man craving nourishment, against the sufferer coming to him (for help), and pursues (his own enjoyment even) before him, that man finds no consoler." Sorcery, witchcraft, seduction and adultery are condemned as vicious. Gambling is denounced. Virtue is conformity to the law of God, which includes love of man, Vice is disobedience to this law"¹⁴.

The Upanishads presuppose ethical excellence on the part of the student set on a study of spiritual knowledge. They do not, therefore, discuss elaborately the principles of ethics though, here and there, they do contain teachings about morals. The Brihadaranyaka Upanishad sums up a whole ethical philosophy in three words: *daamyata*, *datta* and *dayadhvam* — self-control, charity and compassion. (These are the three D's which T. S. Eliot uses in his "The Wasteland" as the message from the ancient world to the conflict-ridden modern world.) In the Taittiriya Upanishad, the teacher exhorts the pupil to speak the truth, practise virtue, not to be negligent of virtue, welfare and prosperity, to honour the parents and the teacher and so on. The Chandogya instructs the spiritual aspirant not to cause injury to any living creature. It stresses austerities, charity, truth-speaking, and straightforwardness, among others. The Maitri Upanishad, one of the minor Upanishads, speaks of anger, jealousy, meanness, cruelty and rashness, among others, as vices to be avoided. The Upanishads also stress virtues such as chastity, austerity and silence.

Manu and Yajñavalkya, among the Hindu law-givers, the Smṛiti-karakas, stress the importance of "Āchāra" or good conduct. Dharma, which is traceable to the "Vedic Rīta", is exalted. Manusmṛiti proclaims :

“Self-possession, patience, self-control, integrity, purity, restraint, intelligence, truthfulness. absence of anger — these ten are the marks of Dharma.”

Manu points out that non-injury to other beings and truthfulness, among others, represent the essence of Dharma.

The whole of Dharma, says Yajnavalkya, consists of truthfulness, non-stealing, absence of anger, modesty, purity, intelligence, self-possession, self-control, restraint of the senses and learning.

Manu lists the virtues expected of the student, the householder, the renunciate, the priestly class and the ruling class. Respect for elders as one of the cardinal virtues is held up by him. Women, he says, must be honoured and mutual fidelity between the husband and wife must continue till death (of both).

The epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, illustrate the highest moral principles enunciated in the scriptures, the Sruti and the Smriti. The Ramayana projects the ideal man, the ideal wife, the ideal brother and the ideal servant, and Rama himself is held up as the very image of Dharma.

The Mahabharata is a veritable treasure of moral maxims which characters like Bhishma and Vidura expound on occasions. “Subtle is morality”, says Bhishma to Yudhishtira. “I instruct thee not by the Veda interpreted by wisdom and experience...She alone is wife that speaketh pleasantly. He alone is a son that maketh his sire happy. He alone is a friend who may be safely trusted. That, verily, is the motherland wherein living is earned. He alone is a king who ruleth without oppression, in whose territories the righteous have no fear, who cherisheth the poor and punisheth the wicked”.¹⁶ “To give joy to another is righteousness: to give pain is sin”. “Let no man do to another what is not good for himself”. “Virtues are forms of Truth” as Truth is that which is Real, the Eternal Brahman.

The Bhagavad Gita, the gem set in the jewel of Mahabharata, is explicit about moral principles and makes the supreme Lord Himself expound them. Distinguishing between the virtues of the children of Light (Devas) and the vices of the children of Darkness (Asuras), the Lord of the Gita enumerates them as follows (selective).

Virtues

Fearlessness, purity of mind, charity, self-control and sacrifice, austerity and uprightness, non-violence, truth, freedom from anger, renunciation, aversion to fault-finding, compassion, freedom from covetousness, gentleness, modesty, steadiness, forgiveness, fortitude, freedom from malice and excessive pride.

Vices

Lust, anger, greed, self-conceit, stubbornness, ostentation, arrogance, excessive pride, harshness, ignorance and force.

—*Bhagavad Gita*, Ch. XVI

Adi Sankara, Patanjali and Bhartrihari are among the others who have laid down moral principles the observance of which takes man along the path of righteousness to godhead.¹⁷

Indian culture is a culture of religion and morality. And morality is bound up with the realisation of the spiritual ideal of self-realisation, the oneness with Truth, the Real, the Infinite that is Satchidananda. On a mundane level, morality expresses itself in truth, goodness and beauty, Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram, not ends in themselves but steps leading to the final goal of Perfection, Moksha.

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10. Raghunathan. See Supra. p. 71.
11. Dr. R. N. Dandekar Presidential Address at the All India Oriental Conference, Visakhapatnam. 1989.

12. The precise stage in the development of Hindu thought on ethics at which the four ends of life — the Purusharthas — were formulated is difficult to specify with certainty. The formulation is seen in the Mahabharata and in the Bhagavata Purana (Perhaps, in other Puranas also). The Mahabharata says: "The wise man, O best of speakers, that knoweth the proper times, serveth Dharma, Artha and Kama, all three evenly dividing the time between them (on the Pravritti Marga, the path of outgoing).

But O king, all beings desire happiness, and Moksha (belonging to the Nivritti Marga, the path of return) is the highest good for them". — Vana Parva. xxxiii 41,42.

"He who wishes to cross beyond this intense darkness, let him not attach himself too much to anything, for such attachment is the great frustrator of Dharma (religion) duty, right conduct etc.), Artha (wealth), Kama (pleasure, and Moksha (emancipation).

"Of these (four) too, Moksha is the truly ultimate end, for the other three are even haunted by the fear of Death, the Ender". — *Srimad Bhagavata* IV, XXII, 34, 35.

13. For the relevant verses please see "The call of the Vedas" by A. C. Bose (1988). Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.
14. "Indian Philosophy" Vol. I by Dr. S Radhakrishnan. p. 110.
15. "Social, Ethical and Spiritual Values" by Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan in "The Indian Mind" edited by Charles A. Moore, East-West Center Press (1967). p. 157.
16. Mahabharata, Shanti Parva
17. For references to moral teachings in Sanskrit literature please see Dr. C. Sivaramamurti's "Ethical Fragrance in Indian Art and Literature", Kanak Publications, New Delhi (1980).

Indian art, according to Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (as quoted by Dr. Sivaramamurti), with all its aesthetic appeal and grandeur of technique, form and colour, has had behind it the ethical and spiritual urge.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY

Dr. PUTTAPARTHI NARAYANACHARYULU

"Love thy nation,
The soul of thy motherland is dearer
Than thy blood,"
Cried a nationalist.

Why should I love the nation?
Birth is an accident.
In the cycle of births,
Today an Indian, tomorrow an Italian,
A Greek perhaps yesterday,
The man's words did not mean
Anything to me.

"This is true philosophy" roared an atheist,
"Love, love is the only philosophy."

Love is not enforced. It is natural.
So too is philosophy. The logic of birth and death
Is as natural as the smile of the day.

I shall love myself. Being one man is every man
I will be equal to a thousand patriots.



THE DANCE OF SIVA

Dr. PUTTAPARTHI NARAYANACHAYULU

Translated from Telugu by

Dr. B. RAJANIKANTA RAO

[*Saraswatiputra, Kalaaprapurna, Padmasri* Dr. Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu was an eminent and renowned poet of Andhra Pradesh. He was a polyglot well versed in 14 languages and was able to write poetry in 8 languages, including English. He was a phenomenon on the contemporary Telugu literary scene. His passing away in September last is an irreparable loss to Telugu literature. The following is the first part of his great literary piece, *Sivataandavam*, rendered into English. — Editor]

What an exhilaration
On this planet earth !
— now in vigorous abandon
and now in delicate elegance,
'tis the virulent dance of Siva !
Siva's graceful measured step !

like surging billows of muscle and marrow
like precious dreams of a golden halo,
like birds of coral feathers,
unravelling clouds of varying rim,
lo, Siva's dance of destruction,
and the dance of creation !

is it a horde of astral damsels
in the guise of rain-bearing ravishers
comes down to witness Siva's dance ?

what an orb of bliss on this earth
the revelations of ancient wisdom
that the winged prophets declaim
imitating as though the jingling syncope
on the anklets of dancing Hyma !

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THIRD EYE

N. MISHRA

(*Translated from Oriya by the author*)

Grant me a third eye !

I can read

the venom of man's heart,

the process of denaturing

the evil spirit of man

if possible, I can also know

mankind's agony,

the travails of future

in advance.

Grant me a third eye !

Like Sanjay

I can tell

the events of war

and the awe-inspiring Viswarup

to the modern Dhritarashtra ;

I can calculate

the permutations and combinations

of all elements in mortals ;

Like a phoenix

I shall rise from my ashes

from the quagmire

of lust, greed and anger.

Dr. Puttaparthi : A Synthesis of Ages

J. HANUMATH SASTRI

The common original from which all the arts draw is life ; all that constitutes the inward and essential activity of the Soul (Butcher's commentary).

Sri Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu, popularly known as "Puttaparthi", was one of the most popular and beloved of writers of Andhra Pradesh. His capacity for experiencing and his power for communicating were indistinguishable. His power of eloquence and grandeur of recitation had won him high esteem both in the circles of the learned scholars and the younger generation. He was a phenomenon on the contemporary Telugu scene.

Sri Puttaparthi was born on October 3, 1914 at Penugonda which was once the seat of the later Vijayanagar kings. Sri Puttaparthi was a descendant of Tirumala Tatacharyulu, the family priest of Sri Krishnadevaraya of Vijayanagar. His father, Sri Puttaparthi Srinivasacharyulu, was a great exponent of the epics and classics and was a scholar of eminence in Sanskrit and Telugu. His mother, Smt. Kondamma, was a staunch devotee of Srinivasa and was a scholar in Sanskrit and Telugu. The boy Puttaparthi inherited the traditional scholarship of his father and the love for music from his step-mother.

Even as a mere lad of fourteen, poetry flowed from his lips in praise of his home-town Penugonda. An amusing literary irony was that the very collection of his boyhood poems known as "Penugonda Lakshmi" happened to be later prescribed as a text-book when Sri Narayanacharya himself took his Vidwan examination in Telugu.

While he was in the High School, he was attracted by Mrs. V. J. Pitt, wife of the Sub-Collector at Penugonda. His association with Mrs. Pitt who was a scholar in English inspired

him to study the classics of English and he got by heart the works of Shakespeare and Milton. Milton, among the English poets, was much admired and appreciated by the Acharya. He had an amazing power of memory and could fluently recite the Sanskrit Kavyas verbatim. While studying for the Vidwan examination at the Oriental College, Tirupati, he developed his faculties in music, dance and drama. His unquenchable thirst for learning many languages made him a polyglot of fourteen languages. He studied Greek and Latin under the guidance of Sri Aurobindo at Pondicherry, whose Ashram gave shelter to the young poet. He roamed about the length and breadth of India in search of Truth. He learnt Russian and a little French. In spite of all these faculties, he still felt like Milton "All is, if I have grace to use it so, As even in my great Task-Master's eye."

During his 'Thirties, he came under the influence of Samarth Ramadas and other great saints of Maharashtra and started an Ashram known as Aravindashram on the banks of river Kundu at Chiyyapadu near Proddatur and led the life of an ascetic for some years. During that period he composed 7000 songs in praise of Lord Vittal and set 400 of them to music. He undertook a tour of Northern India and for sometime he remained at Rishikesh, the abode of Swami Sivananda. The Swamiji was much impressed with the scholarship and talents of Sri Puttaparthi and blessed him with the title "Saraswati-putra".

He used to collect large audience for his recitation of Tulsi's "Ramacharitamanas" and "Valmiki Ramayana."

Sri Puttaparthi authored more than a hundred original works and translations for study in the degree and post-graduate classes of Madras, Madurai, Sri Venkateswara, Andhra and Mysore Universities. He was a great critic and a dispassionate thinker. His depth of knowledge was perceptible at every point. In his introduction to Puttaparthi's "Prabandha Nayikalu" Sri Rallapalli Anantakrishna Sarma says, "His voice is firm with independent thinking, forcible ideas, unsubmitive opinions. It has all the attributes of an experienced." He responds to the situation with all his faculties alive and active. He hardly approved anything inappropriate. Though a lover of "Sringaara" he hit back when it went beyond the limits of decency and modesty.

Puttaparthi made a deep study of the works of Bhattumurti and Srinatha. His lectures on "Vasucharitramu" reveal his great understanding of the poet's mind and heart. He had

always been a great believer in God. His devotion to great saints and poets like Tulsidas, the Tamil Alvars, Namdev, Kabir and Tyagaraja made him forget himself while speaking on "Bhagavatam" and the great poet Potana. He had brought out the greatness of Tenali Ramakrishna Kavi in his "Ramakrishnuni Rachana Vaikhari". He was an authority on the works of the great poets of the court of Srikrishnadevaraya. His "Vijayanagara Saanghika Charitra" clearly shows his abilities of research and gift of narration in a graceful and charming manner. Before we try to understand a poem by knowing the meaning of every word, the music of the ideas must get into our minds, when the poem is read aloud. That is what happens in the case of his "Sivataandavam". You read it aloud to any man, who knows little Telugu, but still he will listen to it, and not only that he will unconsciously experience the idea.

Puttaparthi's *magnum opus* "Sivataandavam" is a song, the like of which was never sung in the tongue of musical Telugu. It is a song that presents before every mind the great cosmic dance of Lord Siva and in this Kṛiti the poet and the musician, the dancer and the devotee in the person of Sri Narayanacharya, mingles exquisitely to produce a masterpiece. Of "Sivataandavam" said Sivasankaraswami, the founder of Sahiti Samiti and a renowned poet of Andhra, "Here is the brightest jewel in the necklace of Andhra Saraswati. The imagery is extraordinary, the meaning deep as ocean and the idea noblest. In the modern Telugu literature this is a matchless lyric." Dr. Viswanatha Satyanarayana praised this as the lyric *par excellence* in modern Telugu literature. Whenever Sri Puttaparthi addressed a gathering, the singing of his "Sivataandavam" had become a byword, and to see and to listen to him was an experience worth cherishing indeed.

He was a rebel among the orthodox-thinking poets and sophisticated among the modern poets. The multitudinous impressions gathered from his vivid, vital and discerning study of the works of poets of different languages made him a unique poet. "Literature is not merely a use of language, although it is inseparable from language. It uses language for the expression of thoughts and feelings which are rooted in a particular society at a particular stage in its history." He grasped the timeless through a temporal medium, attained universal knowledge through concrete moments of experience. The impact of contemporary society was got lost upon him. His famous work "Meghadutam" is based on the modern tale of the common man's revolt against the social evils. "Agniveena"

is a collection of verses by the poet and his wife, Smt. Kanakamma, who was well-versed in Telugu and Sanskrit.

Sri Puttaparthi's popular work "Janapriya Ramayanam" is hailed by the people of Andhra. Now and then the extracts from that great work are broadcast by the All India Radio. His voluminous "Pandari Bhagavatam" contains nearly 24,000 couplets and this was serialised by the authorities of Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanam, in their monthly journal. His compositions in Sanskrit, especially "Sivakarnamritam" and "Tyagaraya Suprabhatam" are appreciated for their charm of rhyme and rhythm. He was a prolific prose writer and in several respects an original critic.

Sri Narayanacharya had no formal English education. A remarkable collection of his English verses titled "Leaves in the Wind" was hailed by the celebrated Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. Sri Harin stated, "The volume of verses reveals the soul of the author as being one which responds to beauty. This collection gives us an insight into his soul. It is a book of sensitive poetry."

When I see the limpid smile of a baby in a cradle
I would be reminded of God.

When I see the cold corpse on a bier
I would be reminded of God.

But these men alive
They force me to rebel
Against the very existence of God.

(From "The Leaves from the Wind")

His play "The Hero" is an example for his grand style. Sri Puttaparthi started his career as a teacher of Sanskrit at Proddatur. For sometime he worked as a Telugu Pandit in the Municipal High School at Proddatur. He stepped into Government College at Anantapur as a Pandit and quit the job after an year, to take up the post of a Pandit in Sri Ramakrishna High School at Cuddapah.

The University of Kerala invited him to take up the work of the compilation of the Malayalam Lexicon. While working at Trivandrum, he translated Viswanatha Satyanarayana's Telugu novel "Ekaveera" and a few of the late Dr. T. Gopichand's stories into Malayalam and brought out a Telugu set of Malayalam plays. He worked for two years in the linguistic library attached to the Central Sahitya Akademi. Without any thought for the morrow he resigned his job at Delhi as he did not like the red-tapism and the officialdom. He came back from Delhi to take his job as a school teacher at Cuddapah again.

He translated the poems of Kabir into Telugu at the request of the Sahitya Akademi. His translations of Dr. Kosambi's "Bhagavan Buddha" from Marathi and "Saraswati Samahara" of Beechi from Kannada exhibit his command over languages. As a linguist he mentioned of the fundamental unity of all Indian languages and the vital integrating force of Indian culture. He represented the Telugus in many a seminar organised by the All India Writers' Conference. He received numerous titles and honours. During 1968, he received the national award as eminent teacher by the President of the Government of India. He was honoured with "Padmasri" in 1972. Sri Venkateswara University conferred on him D. Litt. in 1975. He won the Central Sahitya Akademi Award for his "Janapriya Ramayana." Sri Krishna-devaraya University, honoured him with Doctor of Literature (*Honoris causa*) in 1987. He was the recipient of the Bharatiya Bhasha Samsthan Award of Calcutta in 1988. He was Professor Emeritus of All India Radio. He received in 1989 the Gupta Foundation Award of Eluru. The T. T. Devasthanams honoured him during the Annamacharya Jayanti Celebrations with a gold medal in 1990.

Dr. Puttaparthi passed away on September 1, 1990 at Cuddapah.

Dr. Puttaparthi was essentially a man of independent views and outspoken in his expression. This brought him some enemies in the literary field. He was sincere and true to his convictions. He travelled all over India and has innumerable friends in many States of our country.

Dr. Puttaparthi was a golden synthesis between the epic age and the modern age.



WALL PICTURE

PRABHJOT KAUR

I am not that picture
you had painted
and framed in gold
to decorate a wall of your home.

I do not match
that ideal of womanhood
of touch your feet woman.

That was your own creation
your own reflected desires.

Why are you frightened
of my real self?
Are you threatened.... ?

You demand in anger :
"How did those colours fade
they stood the test of time
to leave the golden frame...
get back....get back into the frame,
I say you are my mother,
my sister, my wife
and my daughter also
you will hurt yourself
and me too."

No, no - no
I do not fit that frame any more
See, the colours have also changed....
For better or worse
I love you
but expect love in return
do not hate or spurn me
I am alive,

Puttaparthi's 'Leaves in the Wind' An Appreciation

V. SUBBARAYUDU

Sri Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu was one of the literary luminaries of India. A fourteen language polyglot, he was a versatile genius and great poet. His muse is multi-dexterous, capable of weaving poetry in many languages. His literary fecundity and erudition are amazing. In recognition of his multi-faceted genius, the Government has decorated him with "Padmasri", while Sri Venkateswara University has conferred on him an honorary doctorate.

As early as 1952 he composed a book of free verse in English entitled "Leaves in the Wind". It is a work of a sensitive soul. The book contains forty-seven lyrics in all, and each lyric is an "objective correlative" to "the secrecies of inner agony" of the poet concerning one aspect or the other of life and human nature. Puttaparthi's poetic themes and poetic diction as seen from this work lean towards the "romantic". Romanticism is, according to Victor Hugo, "liberalism in literature". It is the expression of life as seen by imagination rather than by prosaic common sense. Some of the salient features of romanticism are protest against the bondage of rules, love of nature and intense sympathy for the toilers of the world. Romantic literature reflects all that is spontaneous and unaffected in nature and man. The spirit of romanticism is free to follow its own fancy in its own way. The romantic poet invests the common life of nature and the souls of common men and women with glorious significance. Like Wordsworth, Puttaparthi chooses incidents and situations from common life and throws over them a certain colouring of imagination, thus presenting ordinary things in an unusual light.

With a wealth of perception and freshness of expression, Puttaparthi writes intensely and inventively. Endowed with a delicate sensibility and keen creative imagination, he is able to see beneath both beauty and ugliness, to see the boredom, and the horror, and the glory. "Leaves in the Wind" shows on every page the poet's intense sympathy for the toilers of the world. He is keenly alive to the "sighs of empty hands" and the "flamy tongues" of poverty. He very sensitively evokes the pity of hunger and the pity of poverty of the masses. See how he describes a blind beggar-woman :

"Her hair was dishevelled and dust-laden
Her frame a set of bones
Her life a desert."

Her shrill voice "Can't you pity the blind beggar?" melts the poet's heart. He sees in her heart-rending cry the purity of Ganges :

"All the purity of Ganges was speaking through her voice.
It led me into read-out pages of our history."

To the poet it is not the beggar that is blind, but it is the country gloating over its past glory that is blind. Seeing a woman coolie, he exclaims in another verse "What beauty in poverty." Puttaparthi is a champion of the underdog. His sympathy for the unfortunate and the distressed, writ large on almost every page of the book, reminds us of Goldsmith, Cowper and Burns, the poets of the unlettered human heart. Puttaparthi may even be described as an angry poet, intolerant of the inhuman laws and philistine ways which masquerade in the mask of culture and civilization. His awareness of hunger around him is such that he makes stones also conscious of it. In the poem "Speak to me Thou Queen of Beauty", he tells a beautiful statue that it must have life.

The statue coolie replies :

"My friend, your world is czarist
If we take a human form we will die of hunger
As you do."

The poet seems to say that it is preferable to be a beautiful stone rather than a set of starved bones. Filled with infinite pity for the poor and the needy, he calls religious culture a vulture, God, the God of the wealthy.

The cut-throat competition, the commercialism, the selfishness, the paltry-mindedness, the deceit and cunning of people make him feel at times like an atheist :

"When I see the limpid smile of a babe in a cradle
 I would be reminded of God.
 When I see the cold corpse on a bier
 I would be reminded of God.
 But these men alive !
 They force me to rebel
 Against the very existence of God."

Once he seems to succumb to a passing wave of pessimism and calls the world's wide apartment of tears. In "Weep Not My Child", he tells a child that in this world.

"You cannot fly like a bird,
 Swim like a fish, live like a flower!"

But his atheism and pessimism are only a passing phase. He believes in God and declares,

"The light divine is in thyself."

Though he is not very happy about the technological advancement, he is not a poet without a vision. In his declaration, "Man is evolving. He has evolved", Puttaparthi seems to believe in the possible evolution of mankind towards what Aurobindo in "The Human Cycle" calls the Supermind. He regards man as "son of nectareous Brahman". He looks forward to utopia where he wishes to have

"Man to man, a free affinity and love,
 One race, one world,
 One God and plenty of food".

According to him religion should be a help, not a cause of strife and destruction. Religions that fan the flames of division are in his view irreligious. His is the religion of large-hearted humanity. He says he dreads to have in him the element of cunning ;

"I dread to have the politic that plots
 To ruffle the air for his own ends
 I am a poet, if you please,
 A human man."

His is the religion of sympathy.

"God, if you are
 Give me this boon !
 Give me this boon !
 Make me a poor man,
 But never poor of heart.
 You may give me a life,
 But never to live among the heartless.

Never make my life a toy of their devilism

... ..
 Make me crystal clear
 Make me human."

To him people without 'milk of human kindness,' without compassion are 'visible walking ghosts'. He does not believe in the distinctions of caste and creed. He means that the lowborn are the favourites of God :

"He messed with a paraiah
 He is a sinner,"
 Complained a petulant Brahmin.
 He smiled at him.

"He is married to a savage girl,
 A scamp", cried another of scant study.
 He smiled at him.

"He goes to church,
 A scar on religion",
 Growled intolerance.
 He smiled again.
 He died

And became a diadem of God.

"Leaves in the Wind" contains some verses also on nature, love and the anguish of separation experienced by lovers. His scenic pictures with their rhythmic facilities reveal his peculiar power of actualising sound and its converse silence :

"My heart sings and sinks into silence
 And searches for re-echo
 On hearing the bridal song of the cuckoo
 Walking to the love of morn;
 On hearing the symphony of withered leaves
 Kissed by the rhythmic feet of running deer;
 And the flowery murmurs of vernal beauties,
 And the melting melodies of mountain streams
 Running to unknown goals."

Puttaparthi as a nature poet is fully alive to the witchery of sound. Like Wordsworth he is a poet of the ear. His love verses are full of tender sentiments. In one song the lover tells his love,

"You and I, my love! let us mingle
 like song and sentiment
 On the strings of lyre."

Max Eastman regards poetry as a "pure effort to heighten consciousness." A journey through this book does heighten our consciousness. We can cull a fund of wisdom from these verses.

An individualist, Puttaparthi hates insincere yesmanship. He was a lover of liberty, sincerity and child-like innocence.

What is Puttaparthi's idea of poetic composition? In his view poetry is a product of inspiration :

"Poetry is vital turned towards
By an unknown chemist in an unknown laboratory
As the strings of a lyre
Responding to the kisses of the winds
Some heart with some mood
Might grasp the unhidden treasures."

What Robert Browning makes Andrea del Sarto say of Raphael's art is true of Puttaparthi's English verse in "Leaves in the Wind" :

That arm is wrongly put—and there again
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.

Yes. Composed in free verse in the early 'Fifties, the lyrics in "Leaves in the Wind" have the soul of great poetry, though here a leg or there an arm is wrongly put. With a careful revision the poems may gain the inevitability of a classic, the memorableness and the competency of great literature. Some of the lyrics—'Days are Ahead', 'The King is Sleeping in the Grave', 'The Moghul Emperor was on his Throne', 'When I see the Limpid smile of a Babe in a Cradle', 'He messed with a Pariah' are already worth prescribing to Intermediate Classes. They have simplicity and clarity of expression and profundity of thought. Once Tennyson said of himself, "They will read me in schools and they will call me that horrible Tennyson". Puttaparthi need not have this Tennysonian anxiety. They will read him in schools and colleges and call him that lovable Puttaparthi. It is because the poet has the power to bounce the reader into accepting what he says. He achieves what is called the ideal aesthetic distance in these verses.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya in his preface to "Leaves in the Wind" says that it is a book of sensitive poetry, in spite of an unripeness of style and expression. Notwithstanding this lack, the poet displays an abundant native gift for poetic expression. He is sufficiently a master of evocative, connotative and metaphorical exploitation of language. Such phrases as 'unfathomable oratory of silence', 'moonlit smiles of stony rocks', 'flowery murmurs of vernal beauties', 'naked buds meditating upon creation' do reveal the nature of his poetic style. It is language charged with meaning.

MOIST MEMORIES

I. MOHAN KRISHNA

In every drop of my warm tears
Do I see my past crystal clear.

The rainy day
I was beaten up by my teacher
The stinking pillow
That soaked in my pain

The warmth of
My grandma's lap
And the lullaby
That made me sleep

The nights
The unveiled melancholy
Ran down my temples
Unseen

The words
That cut my heart
Into pieces and
The people that hurled them

The hour
I cried against my
Mother's breast and
The hand that consoled me.

Now, sitting on the terrace
And looking at the bright moon,
I recall them all

I doubt if I was ever happy, and
Lo! the dark clouds
Converge on the moon!

And ...

I'm in darkness again!

PUTTAPARTHI : A SOLITARY REAPER

DR. SALVA KRISHNAMURTHY

A tall bespectacled giant of a man dressed in flowing Khaddar Jubba and Dhoti worn in Andhra fashion with the neatly folded Angavastram on his left shoulder, his left arm holding a bundle of books clutched together, his right hand holding the corner seam of the frontal pleats of his Dhoti and walking with a longish stride — that was “Puttaparthi”, an affectionate short for Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu, who passed away on September 1, 1990 at the age of 76.

He happens to be one of the more famous trio who put the affluent town of Proddatur, no, the entire Rayalaseema districts, on the literary map of Andhra, the other two being Durbhaka Rajasekhara Satavadhani and Gadiyaram Venkata Sesha Sastry. Much loved as a teacher and with a lot of admiration from his students, Puttaparthi's career was mostly at Proddatur and Cuddapah. For a while he worked in the then Government Arts College, Anantapur. He had a stint at Trivandrum for a short while. He worked at the Central Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, too as an Assistant Librarian or so. It was his thirst for knowledge that drove him to some of those uncongenial places from where he retreated as soon as he realised the futility of his own exercise.

Puttaparthi was a giant not merely in physical stature but in learning too. He was a linguist and cultivated not less than 14 languages, a poet and critic of a high calibre, a Vaggeyakara, a musician and knew dance too. His works are many and some of them are in languages other than Telugu. “Leaves in the Wind” is the collection of his English poems. “Bhaktanche Gathe” is his Marathi work. He rendered the famous Telugu novel “Ekaveera” (of Viswanatha Satyanarayana) into Malayalam. “Siva Sahasram” is his Sanskrit work. Later about his Telugu works.

Born in a Srivaishnava family, he inherited, along with Visishtadvaita philosophy, an enormous element of lyrical aestheticism and spirituality. Though born a Srivaishnava one could see him circumambulating at the Agastyeswara temple, Proddatur, during the 'Forties and 'Fifties. His inimitable "Sivataandavam" is not only a great work of lyrical beauty couched in terms of Natya Sastra but a standing testimony to his spirituality surpassing the barriers of denominational culture. He was a nationalist all through his life. His elegy "Gandhiji Mahaprasthanam" is a moving work. While Telugu and Kannada came to him naturally (he hailed from Penugonda area in Anantapur district, a bilingual place) his religion brought to him Tamil, while his devotional nature egged him on to learn Marathi and Gujarati, if only to study the Saṁt Sahitya. Hindi was his much-loved language. All the members of his family know "Ramcharitamanas" of Tulasidas by rote, and Parayanam of this work was a feature in his family. His wife Puttaparthi Kanakamma was a great scholar and poetess in her own right. Her recitational powers of Valmiki's Ramayana (a Saranagati Veda for Vaishnavites) was such that she could recite all the six Kandas in 24 hours and do her Udyapana. In Sanskrit Rajasekhara is known to quote his wife regarding literary matters in his *Kavyanimamsa*. Jayadeva, the composer of *Gitagovinda*, speaks of his wife Padmavati; calls himself "Padmavaticharana-chaaranachakravarti". Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu and Kanakamma were such rare couple in modern Telugu. He respected her and her views greatly, though they never allowed any publicity to this aspect of their literary life.

For all his greatness Puttaparthi had no formal academic qualifications. He was only a "Vidwan" in Telugu from Madras University. And thereby hangs a story. He was already a poet and author when he reached his 14th year. He had published his "Penugonda Lakshmi" a work of fervour, imagination and plasticity of expression. This was a prescribed text for the Vidwan Examination. Puttaparthi took the examination in his 14th year and ironically enough, failed! While "Penugonda Lakshmi" reminisces about the past glories of the one-time capital of the falling Vijayanagar empire (to whose kings the ancestors of Puttaparthi happened to be religious preceptors). "Paadyamu" is an outpouring of his soul at the feet of the Lord. "Saakshaat-kaaramu" is a poetic delineation of the life of Tulasidas. The technic, the form and content of this work projects the transparent personality of not only Tulasidas but that of the author too. While his "Pandari Bhagavata" is in run-on Dvipada metre fit for uninterrupted singing by the devout, his "Janapriya Ramayana"

is written in "doha" style as an experiment. His last great poetical work happens to be "Srinivasa Prabandham" written in ornate classical style of torrential verbal exuberance. This was composed in honour of the Lord of the Seven Hills of Tirumala. He had studied, in his boyhood days, in the Sanskrit College at Tirupati. These are his major poetical works. His lectures on Bhagavata, his study of Vyasa's Mahabharata are gems of scholarly study. He studied the history of Vijayanagar empire in great earnestness out of his personal predilection. His "Meghadutam" and "Agniveena" are the results of his impatient leftist stances. "Shall I finger the strings of this lyre of Fire, shall I, till the edges of the directions reverberate, till the flames of the nascent fire start hissing out" sings the poet in "Agniveena."

One unknown aspect of his life was his interest in Tantra and Yoga. He was well up with the Theosophical literature and equally at home with Aurobindo's *Divine Life*. He did some Tantric Sadhanas and himself told this writer how he sometimes suffered. One could always see the silent quivering of his lips in Japa as his pulsating heart meditated supervised by the vibrant soul.

A man of childlike simplicity he was not of the cultivating type and could not acquire the trappings of a successful life. Most of the time he lived in want and it was his devoted students and friends that generally stood by him. Sometimes his naivete brought him only losses and difficulties.

Though some of his books like "Prabandha Naayikalu" (a work of literary criticism) were prescribed as detailed texts for the degree classes in the erstwhile composite Madras State, it never helped him financially. His sustenance was his reputation. No doubt he was honoured by the Government of India with a "Padmasri" and he enjoyed possessing many titles like "Saraswati-putra", "Mahakavi", etc. Still, those who know him feel that he did not get what he deserved both by way of a good living as well as recognition. Well, one would think his own reluctance to cultivate people who mattered in mundane life and his reluctance to build up a school of his own and following were responsible, for his comparative languishing. He remained a solitary reaper in the field of poesy all his life. Still there is no doubt that he will be remembered for a long time for what he has written for us, much longer than the more popular media-projected poetasters and scholars. The light of his writing, though without any ideological labels, is the innate sincerity and wisdom born out of knowledge, and not empty emotional tintinabulation.

This writer has two eminent reasons for calling this a memoir. This writer has had the benefit of being taught in the High School by this great scholar-poet and he has known him for not less than 47 years.

It is that effulgent ray of humanity that dwells in this writer that has tried to reflect or even refract the inherent sense of gratitude to one whose benign love has dispelled at least a thin veil of darkness from the murky corners of his soul.

“Dheenaam avitryavatu”

THE GRINDSTONES

IFTIKHAR HUSAIN RIZVI

The grinder is dropping things
 Into the grindstones,
 Indiscriminately,
 At whatever he lays his hands upon.
 A thousand things lie tumbled down
 Aheaped incongruously.
 Amidst the heap are lying
 The songs of joy, the blooms of love,
 The palms of triumph, the buds of hope,
 The wings of truth, the lips of faith,
 The pearls of weal, the eyes of woe,
 The leaves of help, the limbs of care,
 The cheeks of charm, the brows of grace,
 The shields of honour newly won,
 And valour's trophies writ in blood,
 The wounded face of honesty,
 The unheard sighs of innocence,
 And even the idols of gods.
 Some are moist-eyed, some bravely gaze,
 But all alike wait for their turn
 To be ground into smithreens.

Anecdotes from the Life of Puttaparthi

Dr. Y. HARE RAMA MURTHY

Padmasri, Saraswatiputra, Dr. Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu was a veteran literary giant for all times. A poet *par excellence* who composed poetry in half-a-dozen languages, with intimacy over more than half-a-dozen languages—some of them, of course, being obsolete. To his disciples and followers he had been a mobile lexicon and an encyclopaedia. Sundry thoughts, imagery, stylistics culled from various classics of South Indian languages were quoted by him often from the storehouse of his memory to people around him to enthuse them to a study of the translations at least. A knowledge of several languages, the subtleties and beauties of each, made him a great lover of languages with a wider outlook, a broader prospect and a catholicity of tastes and interests. To Puttaparthi, languages are like the offsprings of a single Mother, India. Hence language fanaticism had never flashed in his mind or heart. He had been an evergrowing student in pursuit of perennial knowledge. There has been throbbing of joy for him in learning things new from various languages, Indian and foreign.

I had an occasion to speak to Sriman Puttaparthi on the memorable events of his life, his indomitable will and courage, tireless perseverance and diligence which led him to heights of eminence unattainable to the contemporary poets. He was tuned to a mood to narrate the indelible, remarkable impressions and incidents and the following were some of them to reckon with. Dr. Puttaparthi remembered with maudlin tears his better-half Smt. Kanakamma (by herself a poetess in four languages) who had rendered yeoman service as a scribe to his extempore poetic utterances. After the demise of his wife, he was at a loss for a scribe.

Dr. Puttaparthi opined that his liking for scholarship was greater than that for versification. He disliked exhibitionism, he was averse to "poetastry". At times he was constrained to show his mettle as a poet.

Before reaching his teenage Dr. Puttaparthi as a boy-prodigy had produced "Penugonda Lakshmi", a bonanza poem. When he was sixteen he attended an interview seeking admission to S. V. Oriental College, Tirupati. Kapisthalam Krishnamacharyulu, Principal of the College, refused Puttaparthi admission, for the latter had no certificate testifying his schooling. Disappointed Puttaparthi had uttered five or six Slokas offhand in chaste Sanskrit and walked out of the Principal's chamber. Highly impressed by the poetic flow and accurate diction, the Principal called him back and listened to the Slokas again with rapt attention and was pleased to have such a prestigious scholar in his institution. The Principal gave option for him to join in any course he desired. It was an irony that he had to study one of his own poems of his own works, "Penugonda Lakshmi" for his Vidwan Examination. It was, of course, a rare instance.

While in Tirupati prosecuting his studies in Vyakarana, Dr. Puttaparthi had a unique opportunity of meeting Sri Sri Sri Kamakoti Mutt Acharya during his visit. Dr Puttaparthi had performed Ashtavadhana in Sanskrit and was blessed by the Swamiji. After 30 years again Sri Kanchi Kamakoti Swamiji had an occasion to bless Dr. Puttaparthi in Proddatur.

In his nineteenth year Puttaparthi wrote a critical essay on Sri Viwanatha Satyanarayana's felicity of phrase. His statement that Sri Viswanatha could use Sanskrit phraseology with greater facility and not so much so in Telugu, raised a great controversy in Dharmavaram scholarly circles. On four days, mornings were engaged in arguments contradicting Puttaparthi's point of view and evenings were spent in establishing his standpoint. To justify his statements Puttaparthi had cited certain aspects from Prakrit languages. Viswanatha pleaded his lack of knowledge of Prakrit languages. In fine, Mrs. Kanakamma concluded the discussion declaring both of them equally great.

During his twentieth year Dr. Puttaparthi attended a literary meet which was conducted on a very grand scale with programmes spreading for five days in Alampur on the banks of the Krishna near Kurnool. Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan presided over the five days meet. Dr. Puttaparthi wanted to present a special dissertation on "The Influence of Kannada poet Pampa on Nannaya". His poetic rivals scented this and tried by all means to deprive him of a chance to read his article as he would eclipse all other earlier scholars. This they could succeed partially and Puttaparthi was allowed at about 1-30 P.M. to read one or two pages only before lunch-break. He started reading the article; after completing two pages, he abruptly

stopped reading as per the instructions given earlier by the President of the conference. The information in the few pages was so fascinating that it created a furore in the audience. Uproarious insistence on further continuation and completion, made the President permit him to resume his reading which lasted till 4-30 P. M. on that day. The audience was thrilled and spell-bound by the excellence of the information and the literary treatment.

Once an All India Oriental Conference was conducted in Cuddapah for three days. Dr. Puttaparthi could not attend the conference on the first two days. And the jealous lot took this opportunity to traduce his name alleging that he knew nothing of Kannada, nor of Malayalam, nor even of Telugu and propagated that Dr. Puttaparthi had disappeared at the crucial time to avoid humiliation. Just then Dr. Puttaparthi returned home from Kadiri town after a felicitation programme there. No sooner did he reach his house than he was surrounded by his zealots. They, in one voice, entreated him to put an end to the opponents' gossip by a fitting rejoinder from the platform. For the third day conference Dr. Puttaparthi prepared that night a special article entitled "Egoism in literature". His lecture illustrated the part played by the obdurate pride of poets in different literatures. Later in concluding his lecture he threw an open challenge trenchantly that anyone could test his knowledge in any of the 14 languages he had mastered. And no one ventured to come forward. After the meeting those that criticized him vehemently went to him declaring that all their comments were for fun and merely to spur his admirers to irritation. They tried to please and appease him with the flattering words. "Swami, can anyone dare say you don't know other languages?" That was the public trend, commented Dr. Puttaparthi.

As Dr. Puttaparthi had made an indepth study of the Vedas and Sastras, I queried whether anyone tested him in those philosophic classics. With a beaming smile Dr. Puttaparthi narrated that Sringeri Mutt Swamiji had once visited Cuddapah. No one introduced Puttaparthi to the Swamiji as the Brahmins around were austere and felt Puttaparthi unorthodox in style and appearance without a tuft and proper dressing. But the Correspondent of his school who was nearby introduced him to the Swamiji. On the spur of the moment Dr. Puttaparthi uttered 15 to 20 Slokas extempore. Then the Swamiji invited him to the place of his stay and had discussion on the first Brahmasutra "Athaato Brahma Jijnasa". Dr. Puttaparthi harangued for two hours in Sanskrit. And the Swamiji who was highly impressed honoured him with a Zari-bordered Shawl. Dr. Puttaparthi

expressed his disillusionment on a few occasions for his not experiencing the beatitude in spite of his everlasting chanting and Sadhana on Lord Krishna.

I was eager to know how the title "Saraswatiputra" was conferred on Dr. Puttaparthi. Dr. Puttaparthi said that once he was confronted with several problems, domestic and spiritual. He ran away to Benares. There he participated in a meeting presided over by Govinda Malavya, son of Pandit Madanmohan Malavya. They received him very well for his scholarship in Sanskrit. Then he marched to Haridwar and Rishikesh. On the way between the banks of the Ganges and the foot of the Himalayas there was a long path whereon he found Swami Sivananda's Ashram. The Swamiji was just then awake from his trance. He invited Dr. Puttaparthi into the hermitage. For a few months Puttaparthi stayed there. Finally the Swamiji tested him in all Sastras and endearingly called him "Saraswati-putra" with all his blessings. The Swamiji also gave a few rare books to the Saraswatiputra.

On several occasions the Saraswatiputra had to mingle with scholars, academicians, educationists and so on. The authorities of Travancore Lexicon Office were seeking for a polyglot, well-versed in the Dravidian languages to carry on research work. All the South Indian universities recommended unanimously the Saraswatiputra as the fittest scholar for that onerous duty. He served that institution for three years.

Later Sri Krishna Kripalani, a multilingual scholar, the husband of Rabindranath Tagore's grand-daughter, invited the Saraswatiputra to be Chief Librarian for a 19-language library. There the famous Malayalam poet Pandit Suranand Kunhan Pillai, an authority on ancient Malayalam literature and on Sanskrit, met the Saraswatiputra and spoke intimately stating that the Malayalees had recognized his greatness and worth. Sri Pillai had quoted that a diamond does not go seeking the buyer; only buyers who know the value go in search of precious diamonds — that way Dr. Puttaparthi was sought by Travancore Lexicon Office. And this comment moved Dr. Puttaparthi to joyous tears.

On another occasion Dr. Puttaparthi was introduced to Sri C. D. Deshmukh by the famous Hindi poet, Dinakar. During the conversation Sri C. D. Deshmukh recited a Hindi poem and asked him to translate it into Sanskrit which the Saraswatiputra had done instantly. And C. D. Deshmukh was highly elated by the translation piece.

Once the Saraswatiputra stayed in the Aurobindo Ashram and had learnt French, Greek and Latin languages. He also

translated Aurobindo's writings into Telugu. He had written in every literary form and completed more than one hundred books. Of them *Sivataandavam*, *Penugondalakshmi*, *Pandaribhagavatam* and *Janapriya Ramayanam* stand apart as masterpieces.

On several occasions Dr. Puttaparthi was suggesting to the Pandits, scholars and authorities that a very great deal of service was still to be done to Telugu and other Dravidian languages. He was of the firm conviction that without some study and familiarity of the Dravidian languages total mastery of Telugu would be incomplete as the people, languages and cultures of these neighbouring States were interlinked in the inner rhythm of their lives. He emphasized the need of prolific translation of all classics of the other Dravidian languages. While commenting on the neglect of Telugu by the authorities, he grieved over the prevailing plight as the Andhras had not even translated the renowned Caldwell's *History of Philology* (a book on South Indian languages). The Saraswatiputra always felt that the Government should regard poets on a par with the scientists. And Dr. Puttaparthi Narayanacharyulu remains as one of the brightest stars on the Andhra literary horizon.

WON'T YOU TELL ME ?

UTLA KONDAIAH

Little star ! Little star !
Shining atop the hill
Won't you tell me who you are ?

Little voice ! Little voice !
Singing through darkness
Won't you tell me whom you want ?

Little flower ! Little flower !
Spreading thy sweet fragrance
Won't you tell me whom you adore ?

Little stream ! Little stream !
Flowing with dancing waves
Won't you tell me whom you meet ?

Little bird ! Little bird !
Flying high into the sky
Won't you tell me whom you seek ?

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CAP

(Short story)

MANOJ DAS

In recounting this episode of two decades ago, my motive is certainly not to raise a laugh at the cost of Sri Moharana or Babu Virkishore, then Hon'ble Minister of Fishes and Fine Arts of my State. Far from that, I rather wish my friends and readers to share the sympathy I have secretly nursed in my heart for the two gentlemen over two decades now.

Sri Moharana was a well-to-do man. His was the only pukka house in an area of twenty villages. Whitewashed on the eve of the independence of India, the house shone as a sort of tourist attraction to the villagers nearby. They stopped and looked at it whenever they passed by it, for none could overlook the symbolism in the operation that had been carried out after nearly half a century.

Sri Moharana had a considerable reputation as a conscientious and generous man. He was an exemplary host with a pair of ponds full of choice fishes, and a number of well-cared-for cows. He was a happy villager.

Came the independence. As is well-known, the hoary land of India has had four major castes from time immemorial. But during the days immediately preceding independence a new caste was emerging all over the country, the caste of patriots. 15th August, 1947, gave a big boost to their growth. Almost in every village, beside the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras were seen cropping up a couple or so of patriots.

It was observed that the little fisheries of Sri Moharana were often exercised in honour of these new people. And observers soon knew that Sri Moharana too had lately taken to the cult of patriotism. Even, as I understood later, he had nursed the ambition to become a member of the State Legislature. The incident I relate below took place at the very first phase

of his endeavour in that direction. I witnessed the incident (my maternal uncle's house which I frequently visited being just near Sri Moharana's house) as a small boy. When I narrate it today, I have of course to do it with the understanding of matters which time is bound to have developed in me.

In those early days of national ministries there were no deputy or sub-deputy ministers. All were full-fledged Hon'ble Ministers and Babu Virkishore who held the portfolios of Fishes and Fine Arts hailed from our district. The sponsors of Sri Moharana thought it proper that his debut into politics should have the blessings of Babu Virkishore.

In those days a minister's daily life was made up of mostly speech-making at public receptions. A reception was arranged for Babu Virkishore with Sri Moharana as the Chairman of the Reception Committee. Sri Moharana's huge ancestral cane chair wore a linen with the best village seamstress lacing on it a pair of herons with two big fishes in their beaks. For a fortnight all the afternoon sessions of the village lower primary school were devoted to the practice by the children of the welcome song. Among the many unforeseen phenomena the spirit of the time had wrought was the composition of this song; for the composer, the head pundit of the school, had already lived sixty-seven years without any poetic activity. The refrain of the song still raises inaudible echoes in me. Its literal translation would be :

O mighty minister, tell us, O tell us,

How do you administer this long and broad universe !

The rest of the song catalogues the great changes nature and humanity experienced on the occasion of the minister's coming : how the sun almost blushed in a romantic happiness that morning, how all and sundry birds recited a particular *raga*, and with what an anxiety the womenfolk waited to blow their conch-shells when the minister would step into the village.

I know that nowadays the ministers do not enjoy such glory. But it was all different then. We the rustic children wrangled over several questions : What does a minister eat ? What does he think ? Does he sleep or not ? Does he ever suffer from colic or cold ?

Sri Moharana himself was full of excitement. He used to sleep for a full hour in the afternoon. But he gave up this habit at least ten days prior to the reception. All his time passed examining and re-examining the details of the arrangements. Yet he did not look sure.

At last the big day came. The minister got down from his jeep when it entered the very first welcome arch at the outskirts of the village. He was profusely garlanded by Sri Moharana there and was requested to get into the jeep as the destination was still a furlong away. But the minister smiled and gave some statement which meant that great though destiny had made him, he loved to keep his feet on the earth! Moharana and his friends looked enchanted.

While hundreds applauded and shouted "*Babu Virkishore ki jai*" and "*Bharatmata ki jai*", etc., the elephantine minister plodded through the street, to embarrassment, as the atmosphere seemed to suggest, of the poor, naked earth.

And I still remember the look of Sri Moharana when the minister's long, round arm rested on his shrunken neck — a look which I have seen once or twice later in my life in dying people who had lived a life contented and complete. Sri Moharana's look suggested: "What more, what more, O my mortal life, could you expect from the world? Well, well!"

All the people were either shouting slogans or gaping — almost all the villagers — even the invalids — for many of whom it was the occasion of a lifetime. We, the half-naked, pot-bellied, uncivilised kids walked parallel to the minister at a safe distance and were feeling extremely small and guilty.

At Sri Moharana's place the minister and his entourage were treated with tender cocoanut juice, followed, half an hour later, by the most luxurious lunch I had ever seen, with about twenty dishes around the sweetened, ghee-baked rice.

Soon the minister retired to the cabin set apart for him. Though it was summer, the cabin's windows being open to a big pond and a grove, there was enough air to lull the giant of a man to a sound sleep. All precautions had been taken to see that no noise whatsoever would originate from anywhere in the village to disturb the minister's midsummer noon's dream.

I had by then separated myself from my companions. Being ambitious, I was eager to steal as much physical nearness to the great man as possible. And this — the minister sleeping — seemed to be the most ideal condition for achieving my goal.

Mustering all my self-confidence, I slowly approached the window upon the pond. This was the rear side of the house. The minister's P. A. and others were on the opposite side.

While I stood near the window and was having the first shock of disillusionment in my life about great men, for the minister was snoring like any ordinary man, something most

extraordinary happened. Speechless I was already ; the incident made me thoughtless.

Through the window I had observed that the minister's egg-bald head rested on a gigantic pillow while his white cap lay on a table near his cot. Now, I saw the irresponsible, notorious Jhandoo bounce towards the window like a bolt from the blue, pick up the cap and throwing a meaningful glance at me disappear inside the grove.

Even when my dumbfoundedness ended, I could not shout, partly because of my deep affection for Jhandoo, knowing that the consequence of his crime could be fatal to him, and partly for fear that the minister's snoring would terminate. I was not sure, between a great man's cap and his snoring which was more valuable.

I returned home pensive. But before long I could hear a suppressed but exciting noise. I could guess the matter. Crossing into Sri Moharana's compound I saw the minister's P. A. flitting about as subtly as a snake and mumbling again and again, "Mysterious, mysterious!" The minister was obviously inside the cabin. But none dared to go in. Sri Moharana stood thunder-struck. No less so the other patriots. The Public Relations Officer was heard saying, "The Hon'ble Minister does not mind the loss of the cap so much as the way it disappeared. Evidently, there is a deep-rooted conspiracy. The seriousness of the matter can never be exaggerated. In fact, I fear, it may have devastating consequences on the politics of the land."

I could see Sri Moharana literally shaking. He was sweating like an ice-cream stick, so profusely that I was afraid at that rate he might completely melt away in a few hours.

When I saw Sri Moharana's condition, the conflict within me as to whether I should keep the knowledge of the mystery a secret or should disclose it, came to an end. I signalled him to follow me which he did in all eagerness. A drowning man will indeed clutch at a straw.

After I told him what had happened he stood dumb for a moment, with eyes closed. Then wiping sweat from his forehead he smiled like a patient whose disease had been diagnosed all right, but it was an incurable disease. He then patted me and said, "My son, nice you told me. But keep it to yourself, strictly. I will reward you later."

The incident had thrown a wet blanket on the occasion. From the sepulchral silence of the minister's room only his intermittent coughing could be heard. And every time he coughed

a fresh spray of coolness damped the spirit of the people in the veranda and around the courtyard.

I went over to the kids. They were full of anxiety. One said that if the thief was caught, the police would hang him on the big banian tree beside the river. "Several offshoots from its biggest bough have already been removed, perhaps by way of preparation," someone said. "Otherwise all the villagers may be jailed for many many years," said another kid. Among us there were even such naives who believed that the minister's cap was a sort of Alladin's lamp; anyone who puts it on commands the ministerial sway like anyone who possessed the lamp commanding the genie.

But the situation soon changed. I saw the minister and Sri Moharana coming out to the veranda. I did not know how Sri Moharana had explained the matter to the minister. But the minister was all smiles. It was the most remarkable smile he had hitherto displayed. By then at least half a dozen caps had been procured for him. But he appeared with his head bare. Even to a boy like me it was obvious that his baldpate wore an aura of martyrdom.

Not less than five thousand people had gathered before the specially constructed pandal when the minister ascended it, the remarkable smile still hanging on to him. Sri Moharana's niece, the lone High School-educated girl of the area, garlanded the minister. A prolonged thunderous applause greeted the event; for, that was the first time our people saw what they had only heard of in the tales of ancient *Swayamvaras*, a grown-up girl garlanding a man in public. Then the chorus "O mighty minister" was sung to the accompaniment of two harmoniums, a violin and a *khol* because it had been tuned in the *kirtan* style.

Then it was Sri Moharana's turn to say a few words of welcome as the Chairman of the Reception Committee. I saw him (I was standing just below the pandal) moving his legs and hands in a very awkward fashion. Certainly that was nervousness. But with a successful exercise of will-power he grabbed the glittering mike-pole and managed to speak for nearly an hour giving a chronological account of Babu Virkishore's achievements and conveying gratitude, on behalf of the nation, to the departed souls of the minister's parents but for whom the world would have been without the minister.

I was happy that Sri Moharana did well in his first public speech. But the greatest shock of my life was just then coming—in the concluding observations of Sri Moharana.

Well, many would take Sri Moharana as a pukka politician. But I can swear that it was out of his goodness—a goodness unbalanced by excitement—that Sri Moharana uttered the lie. He said, his voice raised in a crescendo, “My brothers and sisters, you all must have heard about the mysterious disappearance of the Hon’ble Minister’s cap. You think that the property is stolen, don’t you? Naturally. But not so, ladies and gentlemen, not so!” Sri Moharana smiled mysteriously. The minister nodded his bald head which glowed like a satellite. Sri Moharana resumed, “You all are dying to know what happened to the cap. Isn’t that so? Yes, yes, naturally, you are dying. Well, it is like this: a certain nobleman of our area has taken it away. Why? Well, to preserve it as a sacred memento. He was obliged to take it away secretly because otherwise the Hon’ble Minister of Fishes and Fine Arts, who is a burning example of humility, would never have permitted our friend the nobleman to view the cap as anything sacred!” Sri Moharana stopped and brought out of his pocket a handkerchief full of coins and holding it before the audience, said, “Well, ladies and gentlemen, our friend the nobleman has requested me to place this humble amount of one hundred and one rupees at the disposal of the Hon’ble Minister for a little use in his life’s mission, the service of the people.”

Sri Moharana bowed and handed over the money to the minister, who, with a most gracious gesture, accepted it. The emotion of the audience was at its highest. Applause and various words of wonder and appreciation broke out like a hurricane, so much so that even the minister and Sri Moharana clapped their hands.

Then, of course, the minister spoke for two and a half hours, at the end of which he declared that as a mark of respect to the unknown admirer of his, he had decided to remain bare-headed for that whole night though the good earth did not lack caps and, in fact, a surge of caps had already tried to crown his undaunted head.

Soon my shock gave away to a double-edged feeling for Sri Moharana; an appreciation of his presence of mind and a sadness for his having had to spend one hundred and one rupees to cover Jhandoo’s mischief.

That night all the respectable people of the area partook of the dinner that the Reception Committee gave in honour of the minister. Glances of awe and esteem were frequently thrown over the minister’s bald pate and homages paid to the honourable thief.

But when I saw Sri Moharana in the morning, I could immediately read in his eyes the guiltiness that haunted him—at least whenever he came across me. Sri Moharana had never uttered a lie ; but at last when he uttered a lie, he had to utter it before thousands of people. God apart, at least there was one creature, that is myself, who knew that he was no longer a man of truth.

The minister, however, looked extremely delighted. He did not seem to notice with what constraint Sri Moharana was conducting himself before him.

As last came the moment of the minister's departure. He was served with a glass of sweetened curd in his cabin. While sipping it slowly, he said, in a voice choked with curd and emotion, "Well, Moharana, ha ha ! the way things are moving, ha ha ! I am afraid, ha ha ! people would start snatching away my clothes, ha ha ! and ha ha ! I may have to go about ha ha ! naked ! ha ha ha ! But I don't mind ! ha ha ! It is a matter of love ! ha ha ha !"

The minister finished the curd and came out to the rear veranda facing the pond and the grove to wash his mouth. Sri Moharana followed him with water in a mug. There was nobody in the veranda except me. My presence there was not accidental. A few minutes before I had observed that the rascal Jhandoo, playing with the Minister's cap, was slowly approaching the veranda. Seldom had I wished for anything so ardently as I wished then for Jhandoo to go unnoticed by the minister. Well, I have perhaps not yet said who this Jhandoo was. He was a monkey, not in a figurative sense, but a real little monkey. When he was an infant his mother had taken shelter inside Sri Moharana's house in order to save her male child from the usual wrath of its father. Sri Moharana was not at home and his servants killed the mother monkey. Sri Moharana became extremely sad, did not eat for one and a half day and, to compensate for the wrong done, nursed the baby monkey, christened Jhandoo, with great affection. After Jhandoo had grown up a little he often escaped into the grove. He was half domesticated and half wild. He played with everybody and everybody tolerated him. We the kids liked him very much.

To my horror I saw Jhandoo rushing towards us from the other side of the pond. I made an effort to warn Sri Moharana, but in vain. Jhandoo reached there in the twinkle of an eye. He sat down between the minister and Sri Moharana. He put the cap once on his own head and, then taking it off, offered it to the minister with a very genial gesture.

My heart-beat had trebled. Looking at Sri Moharana's face I saw an extremely pitiable image pale as death. The surprised minister mumbled out, "Er...er...isn't this the very cap taken away by the nobleman?"

And something most fantastic came out of the dry lips of Sri Moharana who seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. He said, "Yes, yes, this is the nobleman..."

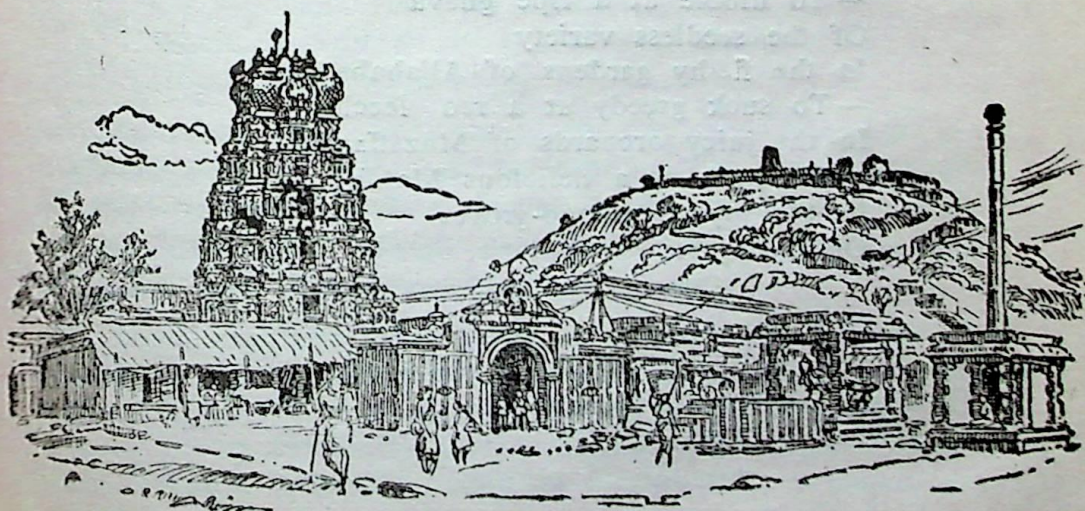
His eyes bulging out, the minister managed to say, "What?... What did you say?...Well?"

But Sri Moharana was no longer in a position to say anything. He broke into tears. Next moment I saw the Hon'ble Minister of Fishes and Fine Arts weeping too.

The P. A.'s voice was heard from the opposite veranda, "Sir, the jeep is ready."

The minister gulped the mugful of water and walked towards the jeep. Sri Moharana followed him. Their reddened eyes and drawn faces were interpreted by the people as marks of the sorrow of separation.

Sri Moharana's political endeavour is not known to have gone any farther. And it is strange that the Hon'ble Minister Babu Virkishore who was willing to be robbed of his clothes was completely forgotten in politics soon. I strongly feel that it was the episode of the cap that changed the course of their lives.



WHERE MUSIC SINGS

Dr. A. CHITTARANJAN SAHAY

Where music sings, youth dances,
And art breathes an unfading beauty
Casting a quiet spell
On the serene landscape,
And nestles down in longing arms ;
Where crisp air from the cedars
Braces up memories of a wondrous past ;
Where in the lush valley of the mind
Dreams like children
Play hide and seek
In the cool shadow of a peepal tree ;
My wayward id slips out
Of the clutches of the guardian ego,
Hovers alert in his winged body
In a spiral green
And perches curious on chosen twigs
To have a bite at a succulent apple
In the sweet hills of Srl-nagar ;
— To nibble at a ripe guava
Of the seedless variety
In the fleshy gardens of Allahabad ;
— To suck greedy at a red leechi
In the juicy orchards of Muzaffarpur ;
— To peck at a delicious Malda
In the joyous mango-groves
Of Jaynagar.

THE TAMIL TYAGAYYA

A Centenary Tribute to Papanasam Sivan

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

It was a small gathering of music lovers and devotees. A young man began singing a Tamil Kṛiti in Kuntalavarali Raga, with the notation somewhat reminiscent of "Saara saara samaraika" by Tyagaraja. Simple Tamil words couched in humility formed the soulful prayer to Lord Tyagaraja, the presiding deity of Tiruvarur :

Grant me your grace
To sing your praise
In sweet music.
That I may not praise
Lucre or lovely ladies
And thus shrivel up my soul.
Lord Tyagaraja of Tiruvarur,
Friend of devotees ;
Lord who essays
The Ajaba dance
On the banks of holy Kamalalaya
Which is superior to the heavens above !
Grant me thy grace !

The young man had composed the song and was now rendering it in a self-forgetful trance. The great musician, Chimizhi Sundaram Iyer, who was in the gathering exclaimed spontaneously that a "Tamil Tyagayya" had entered the world of music. And Papanasam Sivan was born.

"Unnai Tudikka Arul" was to be the first of hundreds of mellifluous Kritis gifted by Papanasam Sivan to the classical music milieu. There were other facets of his personality that were to evolve brilliantly in the future. The tireless teacher whom Rukmini Arundale hailed as a meditative communicator

of the devotional content of classical music compositions; the leader of Bhajans who passed on to the younger generation in Mylapore an unshakeable faith in the multifollate glory of Hinduism; the concert singer whose rough-edged voice was bent by the creative energy of his spiritual strength to immerse listeners in waves of Rasa; the ardent patriot who communicated the nationalist spirit to vast concourses in Congress meetings through songs on freedom and India's glorious past; the film actor who essayed to perfection roles like the Puranic Kuchela and also that of Sambhu Shastri of Kalki's magnificent novel, *Tyaga Bhoomi*; the Guru for film songs rendered by legends like M. K. Tyagaraja Bhagavatar, P. U. Chinnappa, N. C. Vasantakokilam and M. S. Subbulakshmi; and the most difficult of them all, the good man whom poverty and sorrows could not bend or break, the simple man of faith, not unlike Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

However, it is Papanasam Sivan the composer who outshines all other facets. While the rest belong to an age gone by, Sivan's songs are sought-after currency even today. For these songs are truly the nurslings of immortality. Who can improve upon Tiger K. Varadachariar's tribute that places Sivan in the direct line of Purandaradasa, Tyagaraja and Muthuswami Dikshitar?

"Many a time have I listened with rapture to his soul-stirring songs in Tamil and Sanskrit. I have been deeply impressed with the flawless technique and the elegant style of his musical output. The pieces breathe a freshness and verve so characteristic of the composer, who reveals himself through them as an apostle of Faith and Hope to all seekers after Light and Truth."

It is somewhat intriguing that the copious praise lavished upon Sivan the composer has generally dismissed the content of his songs as conventional. His million-hued *manodharma*, which welds choice phrases with appropriate musical notes, is there for everyone to appreciate. But Sivan was more than a clever composer with deep musical sense. Because of his sufferings and humility, he led an intensely soul-directed life, and this automatically came out as a poetic voice. He was a typical child of the Vedic-Upanishadic-Puranic heritage. He bowed to all deities in the Hindu pantheon and yet he seems to have glimpsed the Indivisible. One behind this rich variety. This *sruti* of universality makes his songs gems of shimmering *bhakti* rays.

Was there a favourite deity, an *ishta-devata* for him? It is hard to say. Taking into account his songs alone, the signs seem to lead Subramania. Some of his finest compositions are

about this youthful Lord. While the lance of the divine commander-in-chief gives an immediate sense of protection, his marrying Indra's daughter Devasena and the huntress Valli give a grand two-pronged romantic tinge to the songs. Also, Narayana the uncle, Shiva-Parvati the parents and the brother Ganesa take their place in the shortest songs with electrical ease. The popular deity of the masses, six-faced and twelve-shouldered, comes rushing in the peacock. All of which produce quickly a recognisable image in just eight short lines.

Papanasam Sivan often uses the word "Murugayya" which evokes the close parent-child relationship. Incidentally Muruga also easily rhymes with "Narayana's Muruga" (nephew). The simplest words mark the Todi Kriti, "Kunram Kudi" which nevertheless has been elevated into a grand edifice by the slow-tempo rendering of D. K. Pattammal:

Muruga who resides on the hill,
Beloved of the huntress!
Son of the Dancer of the Hall,
Muruga who comes on a peacock!
I have never forgotten your fame
Even in my dreams.
And yet where is your compassion?
My sorrows do not cease.
O Lord of Tirupparankunram
Resounding with Vedic chants!

Another Todi Kriti, "Tamasam" is a sumptuous creation in the style of Muthuswami Dikshitar. The phrases glitter like fresh-cut gems as they telescope to describe Papanasam Sivan's state:

Why are you late?
O Swaminatha,
Who else will help me?
Why are you late
Even when I bow at your feet
Where even Narayana,
Brahma and Indra pay homage?
Lusting after female company
I have suffered and lost my reason,
Sins have gathered in me
And I have lost your grace,
And now my mind
Is anxious for your compassion.
Come soon on your peacock mount
Holding your shining lance to please me!

Enough, enough, this shabby birth.
 Enough, enough, this life of grandeur.
 Enough of your play as well.
 Another birth would be my sorrow.
 I cannot stand any more
 This joust with you.
 Nephew of Narayana!
 Muruga who laves in joy
 With two consorts divine!

Scores of Papanasam Sivan's songs on Subramania are widely popular: among them, "Malmaruga" (Vasanta), "Vandu Arul", (Devamanohari), "Thanigaivalar" (Todi) and "Tiruppa-rankunram" (Hindolam).

Sivan's intense devotion for Shiva has also given us noble edifices like "Kana Kan" (Kambhodhi) and "Kapali" (Mohanam). A difference definitely marks his approach to Shiva *ninda-stuti* is his favourite style, for unlike Muruga, Shiva is seen only as the all-powerful parent. Fancy this elder silently allowing his son suffer so intensely in the sea of Samsara! Angry laughter dipped in the swirling ocean of immoveable devotion flashes but again and again in several compositions.

Will not the atheists laugh at the very mention of Shiva if he continues to delight in the sorrows of a devotee ("Kadaikkan" in Todi? While Kritis like "Undu Enru" in Harikambhodhi speak of Shiva the Emperor of the worlds, conventional *ninda-stuti* marks "Parpala Porpani" (Kamas):

Nor fair nor russet nor dark is he:
 He has no place of his own;
 Nor woman, nor man,
 There is none who gave him birth,
 How then am I to know
 His caste and creed?

And here is the devotee in "Nee Allavo" (Pantavarali):

Bound by the rope of desire,
 Senseless, confused,
 Sans the help of love,
 Alas, caught in the web of lies,
 in getting destroyed.
 Please, an end to this drama
 Which makes you happy.
 Am I not your refuge, Nilakantha?

And yet And yet. Who can fathom the wiles of the Lord's various dramas? There was the one in which he defeated the Mother in dance. Was it not by deceit?

Dancing with Kali
 And afraid of imminent defeat,
 You pretended your ear-ring had fallen.
 Thus you performed *urdhva-tandava*
 And won the contest!
 Grant me your grace!

("Adum Deivam", Kambhodhi)

In a Saveri Kriti, Sivan chooses the time-tested Nayaka-Nayaki
bhava to serve an ultimatum :

O Shiva, if you reject,
 The devoted Ramadasa *
 I will take you to court.
 Even if I lose there
 I shall shame you in public.
 I will cry and curse you.
 Better come and accept me.
 Let there be no misunderstanding
 On this score.
 You should not reject a refugee.
 Do not allow strangers
 To come near me
 Who thinks of you always.

(* Ramadasa is the *mudra* of Papanasam Sivan)

Sivan is very poor but look at this poorer beggar ! Or is it all
 a put on show ? In "Pichaikku" (Surati) :

Is it because of some dacoits
 You have hidden your riches
 In Kubera's palace
 And have come here
 Covered in white ashes,
 Like a gypsy, carrying
 A load of clinging snakes ?

In fact, from whence this wonder of devotion when the object
 of worship is an inscrutably violent image ?

In the russet wild of tresses
 They say the divine Ganges flows.
 Fierce snakes slither around
 While a digit of the moon gleams on it.
 Ah, a blue throat all poison
 And a figure smeared with ashes.
 This is Nataraja, lover of Sivakami
 Praised by Brahma and Vishnu.
 And yet I am choked with desire
 To see him dancing in the Golden Hall.

("Adiya Patham", Pantuvarali)

Has not this desire led him into a dead end? Sivan sings in ecstatic frustration :

I have been deceived by you
 You who have poison within
 And scalding fire in your smile.
 It is my fate, nothing else.
 Because I heard everyone, even Vedas,
 Praise you, I too believed you
 In all my ignorance.
 This mad fellow has rented his body
 To a girl; carries another on his head.
 Decorates himself with moon's digit. *
 Not knowing all this cheating
 I placed my faith in you.
 I did not know then of the tales
 When you were beaten up
 By stones and bow.
 I did not know then
 That you are an eternal beggar
 Dancing in Tillai's crematorium.

("Unnai Nambi", Chakravakam.

* "Kurai madhi" : moon's digit which also means
 "lacking in intelligence")

But then, whatever the torture of body and soul the devotee is subjected to by this mad man, he yet firmly clings to this divine mad man :

I will not let go
 My Lord's feet.
 Whatever others may prattle
 Or even if I die.
 Let my life on earth come to an end.
 Or the skies fall on my head.
 Let a million sicknesses attack
 My pulse, veins and bones.
 Even if I lose my honour and struggle,
 Even if I am condemned to such births again,
 I shall not let go
 My Lord's feet.

It is this firm faith that gives a Tyagaraja-like strength to the briefest of Sivan's Kritis. His songs in praise of Parvati's many manifestations are extremely moving. Phrase after phrase marks the sheer cry of the child in pain and the Ragas are always startlingly appropriate. When his first born, little Karpagam, passed away, the shocked heart of Sivan melted as the noble Madhyamavati prayer to the presiding deity of Kapaleeswara temple in Myslapore :

She is Truth, consciousness,
Bliss. The life of all life.
She is the meaning of *Mahavakyas*
Like *Tat Tvam Asi*.
She destroys the heat of Samsara
That blasts Sattwic devotees.
She does grant us here
Progeny, happiness and wealth.
Also, and everlasting bliss
In the life beyond.

All the prayerful songs to Subramania, Shiva, Parvati, Rama, Krishna, Ganesha and Ayyappa composed by Sivan have those devotional songs themselves as the goal. Ultimately that is the only desire of any composer : to retain unhindered till the end the ability to create such musical offerings to the Divine. Thus Sivan in "Amba Manam" in Pantuvarali, rendered immortal by the sublime voice of M. K. Tyagaraja Bhagavatar :

Mother, you are my refuge.
May your heart soften towards me.
Nightingale who sports in the Kadamba garden,
Pouring grace on devotees
To nullify the fiery Samsara sickness.
I should compose your praise
In beautiful Tamil poesy.
I should sing, bowing at your feet.
My thought and tongue
Should never forget your name and fame.
I should not be tempted in any way
By the six "enemies" in worldly life.
These are the gifts I ask for,
O Empress of the Worlds!
My mother ! Mother of the universes !



Shakespeare's "The Seven Ages of Man" and John Keats's "The Human Seasons" A Study in Contrast

K. V. RAMA RAO

The Human Seasons

"Four seasons fill the measure of the year :
There are four seasons in the mind of man ;
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlcth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness — to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook,
He has his winter too of pile misfeature,
Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

This simple sonnet of Keats is a much misunderstood poem. We have long been accustomed to associate "spring" and "winter" with youth and old age respectively. Hence the unwary reader tends to conclude that the poet is speaking about four stages in human life. The title "The Human Seasons" also adds strength to this feeling. But this is not so. In this poem Keats is speaking about four seasons in "man's mind". There is no correspondence between these four mental seasons and the natural transitions from youth to manhood, from manhood to middle age and then to old age. Keats never bothered much about the external or the physical. He lived in the mind. "Oh, for a life of sensations !" he says.

In Keats "imagination" occupies the central place. Imagination is the key to his poetry as well as to his existence. In a

letter to Benjamin Bailey (Nov. 22, 1817) Keats wrote, "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth — whether it existed before or not."

In *As You Like It* the cynical lord Jacques attending on the senior Duke, in the forest of Arden, gives us his cynical and humorous account of man's life. We may take it that Shakespeare himself, with his tongue in his cheek, subscribes to the seven-stage division of man's life. According to him every (English) man passes through seven stages known as the seven Ages of man — the infant, the school boy, the lover, the soldier, the magistrate, the old man, and the child (a second time). Herein we see seven solid pictures, clearly drawn, neatly framed and hung one by the side of the other — the infant, crying helplessly in the nurse's arms cognizing only hunger and sleep; the unwilling school boy with a bright face and a snail's pace; the lover, sighing like a furnace; the soldier seeking the bubble reputation in a canon's mouth; the wise judge, his belly lined with the fattened cock (accepted as a bribe); the old man with his spectacles on nose; and lastly the very old man suffering his second childhood "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" that makes life worth living. All these are familiar pictures, humorously, yet sadly, recording procession of humanity from the cradle to the grave, showing us glimpses of the "strange and eventful history" of man to quote Shakespeare himself.

Although done in a lighter vein, the master touch is there in the photographic representation of the several stages in an ordinary man's life. No body can dream of bettering it. Keats is no fool to imitate Shakespeare. His poetic genius is acknowledged as equal to that of the great Elizabethan. So, naturally, befitting his talents and temperament Keats chose to describe the intellectual or mental existence of man, in contradistinction to his physical or outer life. Interestingly Keats has chosen as his vehicle the Shakespearean sonnet and not the pistachion of which he is so fond.

The mind of man, according to the poet Keats has four different stages. When he says "man," he means a "poet". It could be an artist, a thinker, a writer, or a philosopher. The mind of man has four seasons — Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. With powerful imagery, of which Keats only is capable, he describes these seasons. It is spring when the poet's clear and strong fancy enjoys, takes in or absorbs all the beauty within sight, with ease. He dares to fly high on the wings of poetry. Hence it is the spring or the youth of the imagination. Just

as a strong young man can take in the richness of life around him effortlessly and joyfully, so also the youthful imagination of the poet takes daring flights and bodies forth shapes of things unknown. We may call this "spring", "a spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions", borrowing Wordsworth's phrase. It is rich, vital and spontaneous.

The poet's mind has its Summer, when it is richly stored and the poet sits back to recollect. He loves to ruminate. He is nearest unto heaven recollecting "Chewing the honied cud of youthful thought." He lives in a dream world reliving his gathered experiences and basking in the sunshine of his youthful poetic activity, enjoying the joy of poetic creation and entertaining bright visions for the future. This stage can be described as "Emotion recollected in tranquillity", often leading to creativity; just as the chewed cud gets digested and goes into the making of milk for young ones!

Next comes Autumn. To paraphrase the line "his soul has quiet coves in its Autumn" (8-9). Keats describes the season elsewhere as "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness". The mists are here too and the contentment resulting from mellowness and fruition. Like an eagle in a mountain aerie overlooking the bay, the poet's mind ceases her flights, furls her wings close to her body and watches in idleness. Many fair things are allowed to pass before the poet's eye "ungrasped", like our threshold brook. A sort of mist or haze envelops everything. An idleness grips his soul and there is no poetic activity or further creation. There is no striving, just serenity, an idle quietness.

The poet's mind has its winter of "pale misfeature". Keats does not elaborate. He tantalizes us with the last line "or else he would forgo his mortal nature." This winter may be construed as the weakened mental activity which often results in bloodless verse, incoherent or obscure poetry or foolish and senile utterances.

"The Human Seasons" is pregnant with suggestive imagery and symbolic overtones. The poet is concerned with the changing seasons in the mental life of an imaginative artist, but not with the passing years of man. By calling them "seasons" the poet implies recurrence of these stages in a man's life. The duration of each season is not specific. Depending on the movement of life around, its speed and intensity, its influence on the artist's mind varies. As such, he may experience all the four seasons in a single day. On the other hand, an artist may be lucky enough to have his "spring" — intense, youthful

and fruitful mental activity — for a very long time, as in the case of R. K. Narayan (who has published his *A Tiger for Malgudi* in his 78th year) and Thornton Wilder who wrote a youthful and hopeful book (*Theophilus North*) in his 73rd year. For many poets it is mostly "autumn" or "winter". The first gush of poetic flow having spent itself they either idle away the time or repeat themselves to no purpose. Wordsworth wrote his best poetry before he was thirty and continued to live on upto eighty, "autumn" and winter visiting him alternately. John Keats himself knew only spring and summer. Sometimes these mental seasons "may" coincide with four phases in the growing man from youth to old age.

In both the poems under consideration the tone is jovial and light-hearted. Shakespeare's poem has satirical stings, but Keats's poem is a realistic description. The former describes outer or external life and the latter the inner life of man. The last lines of both the poems are significant. Shakespeare ends on a note of irony, when he speaks about "this strange eventful history of man." Keats's attitude is that of realistic, somewhat good-humoured acceptance of an unavoidable fact — the winter of "pale misfeature".

RENUNCIATION

Dr. KULWANT SINGH GILL

In the midst of night.

There appear'd an angel, beautiful and bright;
It blessed me with a book and a bowl,
And then took its heavenly flight.

I awoke and found the memory of the sacred treasure.

While the book I care not, the bowl I revere;
The book is fetters, the bowl freedom.
For, the former is knowledge, the latter wisdom.

The bowl is my Holy Grail, my annucbintion,
It's the motif of my ethos, the way of renunciation.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY'S LETTERS

K. C. KAMALIAH

Passport to Greatness

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." (Shakespeare) Greatness itself needs a definition. Though parentage paves the way for one to become great, it is by achievement only, one becomes great. Just as "Liberty does not descend to a people and a people must raise themselves to liberty," one becomes great by his deeds and conduct. The world over there have been great saints, philosophers, kings, writers, but some great men and women choose to be anonymous and the world comes to know of them after they have left. Especially in the domain of art, anonymity is most prevalent in as much as no trace can be noticed of sculptors, designers and architects involved in the building of massive temples. Except that the names of rulers are associated with art monuments, no material can be winnowed out of them, of the artist or artisan. With regard to literature at least most of the authors' names are known, though not biographical data. Literature emanating from any country or language is universal and cannot be clanish. Has not the Sangam poet said? "To us all towns are one, all men our kin"—"Yaatum uuree yaavarum keelir." And the Bard of Universal Man, Tiruvalluvar, puts down emphatically, "All lands and towns the learned hail; to learn life long why fail?" This applies in a great measure to Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, "in the wake of whose writings volumes of accolades have come forth in praise of his erudition."

The Versatile Ananda Coomaraswamy

Son of a Tamil father in Ceylon belonging to Yaalppaanam (The Land of the Lyre — Jaffna) and an English mother from Kent, brought up and educated from childhood in England, Ananda Coomaraswamy started life as a geologist in Ceylon, took to the study of Sinhalese and Indian Art and blossomed into

a philosopher. It was through a major work, "Mediaeval Sinhalese Art" that Dr. Coomaraswamy was introduced to the world of art. It may be of interest to note that Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, the historian of the Indian National Congress, wrote in a letter to a friend, of his acquaintance with Ananda K. Coomaraswamy in 1901 at his place in Masullpatam: "In the afternoon Ananda Coomaraswamy unfolded the pages of his *Medieval Sinhalese Art*. What a delight it was! A new world and vista opened out before our vision and the ancient culture and arts all passed before the mind's eye in a rich panoply. It remained a source of inspiration for years afterwards." But many remember him as the author of the *Dance of Shiva*; his collection of essays under the same title was published by Sun. wise Turn, New York, in 1918, but the essay on the "Dance of Shiva" first appeared in the *Siddhanta Dipika* edited by Nallasamy Pillai in 1912. Dr. Coomaraswamy toured India, returned to England and finally made his way to USA and with his art collections joined the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, as a Curator.

Ananda Coomaraswamy's life can be divided into two parts: (1) the first forty years of his life and (2) the later 30 years in the USA, till death. During the first 40 years, he came to be recognised as an art critic and historian of world eminence. The first forty years witnessed him as a bud in the morn and the same half opened with petals during the day and the later thirty years as full bloom in the evening — *Kaalai arumpi-pakalellaam potaaki maalai malarntaar*.

The unbelievable and enormous literary output that flowed from his pen needs no recapitulation here. On the heels of the Bollingen Foundation's *Selected Papers of Coomaraswamy* in 1977, now comes his *Selected Letters* in 1988.*

Coomaraswamy as a Letter-Writer

It is said pertinently that "those who would seek an introduction to the writings of Ananda Coomaraswamy would do no better to start with this book.* It is easy to walk on fire and the sharp edge of a mini sword — *agini aancha (sugama) sahna (sugama) khadaga kii dhaar* — but it is not so easy to understand and assimilate fully the writings of Dr. Coomaraswamy who was a scholars' scholar. An attempt is here made to highlight his views on different subjects in his letters. Leaving aside for a

* "Selected Letters of Ananda Coomaraswamy." Ed. by Vin Moore, Jr. and Rama Poonambulam Coomaraswamy. Indira Gandhi National Centre for the Arts, New Delhi-1. Publisher's Oxford University Press, New Delhi-1. Rs. 250.

moment his remarkable contribution in the field of Geology, one sees him making his debut in the literary world as an art critic.

On Art

Dr. Coomaraswamy "judges the work of art as much as by whether the content is clearly expressed, that is, by the extent to which content and shape are fused into a unity." What he judges "by the content is whether the work of art is of any value" for him, physically or spiritually. If not then he has no use for it, though he can recognise its accomplishment. AKC is fond of quoting Ruskin that "Industry without art is brutality." What Plato says about art is praise of Greek or Geometric art and dispraise of Greek natural art, while for Aristotle, the representation of character in tragedy is subordinate to that of action, that is, essence, since for him and the ancients generally the man is what he *does*." For anything he writes or speaks, Dr. Coomaraswamy quotes chapter and verse from acknowledged authorities on the subject he deals with. Quoting a known passage "on mathematical beauty in *Philebus* to the effect" that what true art *imitates* is never itself in a visible form, which does not mean that the work of art was to be looked upon merely as an aesthetic surface, provocative of feelings; it has to satisfy both mind and body." As a staunch believer in tradition, traditional arts, be it sculpture, music or painting, attracted Coomaraswamy most. He pregnantly observes in one of his letters that "Just as we have isolated painting as something to be seen in galleries, so we have isolated music as something to be heard in halls; whereas it was in all traditional societies bound up with all the activities of life as in India." AKC does not agree that art is mysterious. "Art is a kind of knowledge about how things, which it had been decided as desiderate, can be made. It is mainly modern aesthetics that has thrown a veil of *mystery* over art." Not only was Coomaraswamy an art critic and historian of Indian art and East Asian he was conversant with European art. In a letter to Robert Field of the faculty of fine arts at Harvard University, he gives a list of books one should have read to have a background for European art before 1300.

Involvement in Hindu Scriptures

The essay on the "Dance of Shiva" in 1912 may be taken as the watershed of AKC's involvement in the deep study of Hindu scriptures and support of Indian nationalism. Even before that in 1907, he wrote a pamphlet, "Deeper Meaning of the struggle" in support of the Indian struggle for freedom. In 1909 came his

essays on "National Idealism." He repudiated the theory of Greek origin for the Buddha image in a paper presented in the conference at Copenhagen in 1908 and his scholarly book, "Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism" was published in 1916. Later years witnessed a remarkable output of his scholarly pursuits and his Indianness. In a letter of March 19, 1945, Dr. Coomaraswamy observes: "I can only call myself a follower of the *philosophia perennis*, or if required to be more specific, a Vedantin. I am a Doctor of Science and see no conflict between religion and science, when both are rightly defined." In an earlier letter written in 1941, he asserts: "Actually my indoctrination with the *philosophia perennis* is primarily oriental, secondarily mediaeval and thirdly classic now." He emphasises in another letter that "My interest is in doctrines that are *true* rather than because they are Indian. The *philosophia perennis* our Sanatana Dharma is not a private property of any time or place or people, but the birth-right of humanity." It is on this solid rock of Peter that Dr. Coomaraswamy built his church in interpreting the Hindu scriptures.

Coomaraswamy, a Vedantin

Dr. Coomaraswamy assigned the foremost place to a study of the Rigveda. It may be useful in this connection to bear in mind that the Rigveda hymns might have been composed long before the Aryans moved on to the Gangetic plains. It was from its embryo emerged the other Vedas. Of the 1,549 hymns in Samaveda, 78 numbers only are not from Rig. Except for the prose compositions, others in Yajur are taken from Rig. Atharvaveda's twentieth part is wholly taken from Rigveda. The later Aranyakas and Upanishads that go by the name of Vedanta—the Vedas' end—are inevitable for an indepth study of Hinduism. Some of the essential books for India as a guide are mentioned in one of the letters of AKC. "The basic epitome of Indian religion and philosophy is, of course, the *Bhagavad Gita*", observes Coomaraswamy. He stresses the importance of the Upanishads by recommending Hume's "Thirteen Principal Upanishads," useful but not always accurate. He prefers W. R. Teape's "The Secret Love of India". Dr. Coomaraswamy harbours the highest respect for the Brahmanas and Aranyakas and suggests Eggeling's *Satapatha Br.*, Keith's *Rigveda Brahmanas*, *Aitareya Aranyaka* and *Sankhyayana Aranyaka* and his own *Hinduism and Buddhism*. For a further study of Hinduism, he mentions *Tiruvacagam* of Manikkavacakar translated by G. U. Pope (Oxford 1900) in two places. Even opening at random this bunch of letters from the pen of Coomaraswamy, one comes across renderings of Katha Upanishad, a sample of which runs thus: KU IV:

- 3) Know thou that the Spirit is the rider in the "chariot", the "chariot", the body :

Know that Reason is its fellow, Mind it is that holds the reins.

- 4) The powers of the soul are the steeds, as they say ; the objects of perception, their pasture.

The Spirit combined with the mind and its powers, men of discernment term "the experiment".

Referring to the Yama-Yami hymn of the Rigveda, AKC does not forget the Jaiminiya Upanishad Brahmana where the wooing is brought to a happy ending and the sun child is born. Acknowledging receipt of John Layard's Eronos paper, Coomaraswamy observes that the former's Ishtar corresponds to Vedic *Ushas* ("Dawn"); *Sri* (Fortune, Regnum), *Vac* (for whom the gods and Titans are ever fighting), all of whom are notably "free women", who will follow for whatever hero really wins them.

Like the ones given above, we can go on harvesting more from this fertile field of AKC's letters.

Wizard of Word-meanings

In his *Dictionary of Word Origins*, Joseph Shiplley, in his copy to Dr. Coomaraswamy, inscribed : "One who knows the ways of words." Some of the word-meanings of Coomaraswamy are culled here verbatim :

- 1) Just as our "nothing" is also evil, viz., naughty so *a-sat*, non-being, has also precisely this value of "naughty" in Sanskrit contexts.
- 2) Regarding "Maya" rendered by illusion; but Maya is that "art" or in Jacob Boehme's sense "magic" by which the Father manifests himself; the analogues of Maya being Greek Sophia or Hebrew Hochma, that "wisdom" or "cunning" by which God operates.
- 3) "Idiot" means virtually one who thinks for himself.
- 4) Superstare — primary meaning (i) to stand by ; (ii) upon or over ; (iii) but also meaning to survive.
- 5) Superstition — etymological significance of "stands over" (superstet) an admirable word from a former age. Another accidental connotation "mistaken belief". Anonymous letter is an admirable essay on Superstition.
- 6) Sannyasin is pretty near to what Eckart calls a "truly poor man." Sannyasin becomes in fact of what Rumi calls a "dead man walking".

- 7) Regarding the use of the word "aestheticism". The word *aesthete* has always a bad meaning; which the words like *aesthetic*, *aesthetics* and *aesthetician* do not necessarily have.
- 8) *Metier* is etymologically *ministerium*, a ministry. Another form of the word is "minister", that is, trade and "trade" is a tread or way of life.
- 9) "nirvana" rendered by "annihilation" (no one stops to ask of what?) though the word means "desperation" as Meister Eckart uses the term.

AKC himself says that he is deeply interested in word meanings.
Vehement Critic of Christian Missionaries

Albert Schweitzer was a theologian and medical missionary widely influential in Protestant circles. Dr. Coomaraswamy wrote to him on February 7, 1946, that "Although I have due respect for your fine work in Africa, I have lately come across your book, *Christianity and Religions of the World*, and would like to let you know that I regard it as a fundamentally dishonest work." AKC recommended him to spend as much time, searching the scriptures of Brahmanism and Buddhism in the original languages," as you might have spent on the scriptures of Christianity in their original languages, before you say anything more about other religions." Whitall N. Perry in his Foreword to the book of letters of Coomaraswamy describes that "Coomaraswamy was uncompromisingly honest" in his letter to the missionary. In this context, it may be of interest to know that Albert Schweitzer was the author of the book, *Indian Thought and Development* and is fondly remembered by Tamil scholars for his views on the *Tirukkural*. Dr. Coomaraswamy might not have been unaware of that. He, however, contributed an article to the Albert Schweitzer Jubilee Volume, a *festschrift*, entitled "What is Civilization?"

In a letter to the *New English Weekly*, London, Dr. Coomaraswamy questions C. F. Andrews' moralism denying the phallic symbolism of the *lingam*. He asserts that "the Lingam is unquestionably a phallus of which it may be said that they ought not, perhaps, be seen by those who are entirely ignorant of their significance and therefore capable of a shocking irreverence." He quotes Sir John Woodroffe from *The Garland of Letters*. Andrews' book related to the year 1939. AKC concludes his letter thus: "Mr. Andrews' sentimentality is essentially the same as Miss Mayo's; we could pray to be delivered from our friends as well as from our enemies in this connection. Both Miss Mayo and Mr. Andrews should learn more of Christianity

before they presume either to malign or apologise for Hinduism." Charles Freer Andrews was Vice-President of Rabindranath Tagore's Santiniketan and a close associate of Mahatma Gandhi. AKC's views, though unassailable, are a bit difficult to be gulped down in having bracketed Andrews with Miss Mayo. Is it the unkindest cut? Suffice it is to give the *modus operandi* of missionaries by Dr. Coomaraswamy: "Whatever good missions have done, I am very sure the evil outweighs. One last point: a preacher can be a gentleman. Can a proselytiser?"

Mini Essays

Each and every letter of Dr. Coomaraswamy is a mini essay. Wading through the letters, one comes across his emphasis on the cultural unity of India rather than her apparent diversity. He is bitter about Indian students in the West "a majority of whom are disorganised barbarians and cultural illiterates." His opinions about contemporaries can also be espied with which one may or may not agree. The letters are worth reading not only because they serve as an introduction to his writings but also because of one getting educated

Superb Editing

Every letter is annotated by the Editors at the end. This is a remarkable book in the presentation of which the Editors Alvin Moore Jr. and Dr. Rama Poonambalam Coomaraswamy have taken the utmost pains to help the reader in every possible manner. Whitall N. Perry's succinct Foreword and the analytical introduction of the Editors highlight the personality of Coomaraswamy and his writings. The Bibliographic Index at the fag end commences with an introduction and lists: (i) works of Ananda K. Coomaraswamy mentioned in the letters, of the order of 61, (ii) works or authors discussed or cited by Coomaraswamy in the letters, numbering 206 and (iii) 25 each of the published English language versions of Rene Guenon and Frithjof Schuon. One cannot but admire the Editors' labour, both manual and intellectual, in the presentation of the book.

Enrichment of English

Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy was a son of both the East and the West. He was one of the three representatives of Asia revealing Eastern culture along with Swami Vivekananda and Rabindranath Tagore. He was also one of the three distinguished writers on tradition along with Guenon and the Franco German Frithjof Schuon. To quote Whitall N. Perry, "Coomaraswamy was uncompromisingly honest, uncompromisingly charitable and uncompromisingly generous to three recipients of his letters." Knowledge droppeth not as the gentle rain from heaven. It is

acquired and such acquisition is put to good use only by very few in educating the people. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy belongs to this category with English as the medium of communication. Indubitably, English language has been enriched by Dr. Coomaraswamy's writings, the letters too forming an integral part.

INABILITY

C. JACOB

If I were gifted with a sweet tongue,
I'd lull the weary world with a song;
If I were gifted with more wisdom,
I'd give all men a better kingdom.

I'd preach all men a better moral,
And make them feel they are all equal;
I put a light of hope in each mind
Till the brief wick is burnt till the end.

If I have got the art of writing,
Or skill to make a better pottering,
I'd write new scriptures to the mankind
And shape each mind into a new kind.

The Wayward Woman in the " Romantic Plays " of Oscar Wilde

M. VENKATESWARA RAO

"In the recent drama, few types of character have been more frequently portrayed than the wayward woman. Her waywardness has been presented as a matter of the past or of the present, as something repented of or persisted in. It has been represented, also, as trivial or grave, the result of passion or of principle. Among recent playwrights, three have achieved especial success in analysing this character".¹ Oscar Wilde is mentioned along with Sundermann and Pinero as those who depict the wayward heroine.

Later in his literary career Oscar Wilde earned reputation as the writer of five social comedies — "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1882), "A Woman of No Importance" (1893), "An Ideal Husband" (1895) and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1895). In the first three of the above-mentioned plays, Wilde has depicted wayward women with a past. He had earlier written two, what are called, "romantic plays" in which he has portrayed wayward women, their waywardness being presented as a matter of the present. The plays are — "The Duchess of Padua", written in 1883 and "Salome" written ten years later in 1893. The present article aims at highlighting the characterisation of the wayward women who figure in these two plays.

The theme of the "Pseudo-Elizabethan drama"² is revenge and love. The play shows the influence of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. In the course of the play, time and again we are reminded of such diverse plays as "Julius Caesar", "Hamlet", "Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Duchess of Malfi". The play revolves round the heroine, Beatrice, who is the Duchess of Padua. She is one of those unfortunate women who have loved and lost. Her first effect is that of pure beauty. She just passes across the stage and says nothing

whatever. But she has looked at Guido, the hero, and falls in love with him at first sight. She is married to a cynical and tyrannical old man, the Duke of Padua. He is old enough to be her father. She has been starved of love, genuine love. The old husband treats her as chattel. Hers is not to reason why, hers is not to question why, hers is to die. In the second act she appears as the image of pity and mercy. She is a crusader for the welfare of the people of Padua who are treated with ruthless contempt by the Duke. She distributes her money among the wretched citizens. By her sympathy for the downtrodden, she wins our admiration. Guido confesses his love for her and she only too readily reciprocates. She admits that she fell in love with him the first moment they met. But her joy is short-lived. Guido is reminded of his duty in avenging the murder of his father by the Duke of Padua. He decides to put the task of revenge above that of loving Beatrice. He speaks of a "barrier" lying between them, and then deserts her. She misunderstands the meaning of the word "barrier" used by Guido. She believes that it refers to her husband. After toying with the idea of suicide, she resolves to remove that "barrier". Under a momentary impulse she commits the murder of her husband, and tells her lover "I have just killed him" and "I did it all for you!" Guido is horrified by the murder which she has committed and from which he himself shrank. He turns a deaf ear to her pleas and love. Then she does a disconcerting volte face. She has Guido arrested as the murderer. She lays the crime at Guido's own door. "In Act 4 the Duchess becomes a real White Devil (Webster was obviously in Wilde's mind, as well as Shelley)".³ During his trial, she seeks to prevent his speaking, lest he should reveal her perfidy. She expresses regret that his head was not chopped off the moment he was seized. "Art thou that Beatrice, Duchess of Padua?" Guido asks with understandable incredulity. "I am what thou hast made me", she replies. Yet he still loves her. At this point of the play, the Duchess forfeits our sympathy by her act of treachery to her lover. But a rude shock awaits her. When Guido is permitted to talk, he falsely asserts that he murdered the Duke and thus supports her story so that she may be saved. At this evidence of his devotion and love, she is touched. She makes vain attempts to secure a pardon for her lover. She goes to the condemned man in prison, drinks off the poison meant for him, and urges him to escape in her garments. She asks, "Can love wipe away the blood from off my hands, pour balsam in my wounds, heal my scars, and wash my scarlet sins as white as snow?"...Again, before she dies, she declares :

“Perchance my sin will be forgiven me,
I have loved much.”

She kisses him and dies in a spasm. Guido kills himself with her dagger. Wilde tells us that after her death her countenance is a marble image of peace, showing that God has forgiven her. But the reader doubts whether divine forgiveness is possible for this particular sinner. But he will feel pity for the Duchess, just as he feels pity for Othello of Shakespeare.

The second romantic drama of Wilde depicting the wayward heroine is “Salome”. As the title indicates, the Biblical temptress, Salome, the eighteen-year old princess of Judea, is the central figure. As Frank D. Chandler points out, Wilde has depicted her as the personification of revolting lust. Wilde has made a significant departure from the original Biblical legend. In the Bible, it is at the instance of her mother, Herodias, that Salome asks for the head of John the Baptist on a silver charger. Her mother hates the prophet for condemning her publicly for marrying her husband’s murderer, Herod. But in Wilde’s play Salome herself lusts for the body of the prophet, Jokanaan. But she takes no notice of the young Syrian soldier who despairs of winning her love, and so kills himself. But her passion for Jokanaan is intense as madness. As she first looks upon the prophet, she cries, “I am amorous of thy body, Jokanaan! Thy body is white like lilies of a field that the mower has never mowed The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as thy body.” The more the prophet rebukes and curses her, the more she begs to be allowed to kiss him. Spurned, she decides to wreak vengeance, upon one who has scorned her love. Meanwhile, she has infected the heart of her step-father, Herod, also with love. She extracts a promise from the lecherous old villain that he will give her anything she wishes, if she dances before him. She dances and Herod is carried away with ecstatic delight. As the fee for her dancing, she asks for the head of Jokanaan on a silver plate. Herod recoils in horror but keeps his word. When the severed head of Jokanaan is brought to her, Salome says to it, “Well, I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan.” As she boasts, “I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanann”, the Tetrach shouts to his soldiers, “Kill that woman.” The soldiers crush her to death under their shields. “Salome is as much the victim of her mother’s jealousy and hostility to her husband, as she is of Herod’s irrational and reckless lust, fear of old age and relentless cruelty”.⁴

In this way, both the heroines of these two "romantic dramas" (the phrase is Frank D. Chandler's) are wayward women. Their waywardness comes from their passion. "It is not in such romantic dramas, however, that Oscar Wilde is at his best in drawing wayward women, but rather in his realistic plays of modern life. In these witty and amusing satires upon English society, the woman with a past occupies a prominent place".⁵ Chandler goes on and points out that the wayward women that figure in the later social comedies like Mrs. Erlynne in "Lady Windermere's Fan", Mrs. Arbuthnot in "A Woman of No Importance" and Mrs. Cheveley in "An Ideal Husband" are all women with a past. They are wayward through interest. But Beatrice of "The Duchess of Padua" and Salome are women with a present. Their waywardness sprang from their passions.

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A Pot - Painting

A N A N D

A painting on a pot

I am.

Please, make a full circle
to understand me.

I am not abstract...but
full of colours all over
in myriad smudges, spots, dots,
— a grotesque piece.

But look not
what pervades
inside.

Literary Translation and Cultural Integration

DR. RAVI S. VARMA

Introduction

Literary translation is a text in a target language that represents other pre-existing text in some other language. It is an interpretation by enactment and like its original strives to be a verbal object whose value is inseparable from the particular words used. It attempts to give the reader the same image and the same delight which the reading of the work in original language would afford any reader who is familiar with the foreign language while it yet always remains foreign to him.

Let us clear the erroneous impression that a good literary work defies translation and that translation is something inferior to the original and fails to delight the reader. Forest Smith says that the translation of a literary work is as tasteless as a stewed berry. True. The prospects of translating literature may often be daunting, but we all know that literary translation is almost as old as original authorship and has a history as honourable and as complex as that of any other branch of literature.

A good translation should have all the ease of original composition, give no clue to the language from which it was translated or that a comparison between the original and the translation provide no evidence as to which is which. A literary translator is truly a recreator, a co-author and must penetrate the original to its depth, absorb its content and form and feel and live it in all its specific references. He must have a flair or inspiration for interpreting it in another language.

A good translation faithfully conveys the feelings of the original and ensures the flow of energy from the culture to another both past and present. It reveals the power and limitations of our own language and enables us to enjoy the poetic styles and literary genres of which we are totally ignorant.

A good translation must serve as a substitute for the original. The translator, however, is free to choose the literary and cultural conventions either of the original or those of the new audience.

It must absorb the spirit of and establish a union with the original. Indiscreet translation leads to great creative misunderstanding and has elicited the remark that literary translation is something impossible and absurd. But social and cultural importance of literary translation is indubitable and a good translation takes us a very long way.

Literary translation has become the need of the day in the present century as more and more countries, especially the newly-independent ones, are coming closer to each other and have to depend on translation for the communication in the fields of political, economic and cultural relations. No language is perfect, it develops gradually. So, the underdeveloped nations need it for enriching their literature and the countries like the U. S. S. R., India and Switzerland need it for protecting and preserving their multilingual character. Growing international co-operation in the field of culture, education and literature is also responsible for extensive translations.

During the colonial rule of expansionist powers native languages, literatures and cultures of the enslaved countries remained suppressed and stifled. Their development and evolution could not take place with changing times. The selected few who were educated naturally leaned towards literary translation to make good this deficiency.

The developments in the fields of technology, e. g., transport, means of communication, etc., have contributed to stormy developments of international literary contacts, extensive exchanges of literary contexts and views. Translation is one of the main channels of this inter-literary flow. It is a link that joins two cultures and facilitates cross-cultural transference.

We all know that for the cultural development of a connoisseur the enjoyment of his own literature is not enough ; he needs to know how other people live and behave, act and react, think and enjoy. Literary translation opens this vision before him.

This choice of original for translation depends on the aesthetic or ideological proclivities, favourable disposition of the translator, search for stimulus or impetus so that it could get a boost in its own development. The literature in translation palpably offers immense evolutionary potential for the target literature ; it often helps great works to be created. The duty of a translator is to bring before the nation the best that other nations have. He should select only the classics or the works that are representative and thought-provoking.

No doubt, a translator ought to be faithful, but it does not mean that he should slavishly copy the faults of the original. The

peculiar genius of a language appears best in the process of translation and the translation can often excel the original because here two creative powers, one of the author and the other of his translator work jointly.

Literary Translation : A Bird's-eye View

The tradition of literary translation is very old. Prolonged contact between the speakers of two languages prompts the speakers of the underdeveloped language, culture to translate works from the developed language of high culture. The Ramayana, the Mahabharata, the Upanishads and the works of Kalidasa have reached all corners of the world in translation. Literary translation has preserved cultural tradition and given a new lease of life to classical languages. It has rescued several authors from falling into oblivion and made them world figures. Examples are : Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Omar Khayyam, Kalidasa and Tagore.

The Chinese *Tripitaka* contains translation of 3360 Sanskrit texts and Huen-Tsang collected his translations from Sanskrit into 600 volumes of Mahaprajnaparmita. 4569 Sanskrit texts were translated into Tibetan between the 9th and the 13th centuries. Besides the translations of Kanjoor (113 volumes) and Tanjoor (226 volumes), Mongolian translations of *Amarkosh*, *Kavyadarsh* and *Meghdoot* are still extant. Indonesian translations of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata have left an indelible mark on their life and literature, society and culture.

The Arabs were the pioneers of civilization and culture between the 8th and the 13th centuries. They had established contact with India way back in 836 A. D., but when the Caliphate passed into the hands of the Abbasis cultural exchange between the two started on a large scale. The Arabs were keen observers and lovers of learning ; they were eager to grasp the achievements of the Hindus in the fields of religion and culture, science and literature. They drew out an extensive plan of translation and had most of the Sanskrit works on astronomy, medicine, chemistry, logic, ethics, poetics and prosody, etc., translated into Arabic. *Panchatantra* was translated under the title of *Kalila and Dimna* and the story of Sindbad is an adaptation from India. Indian folk tales and mythological stories were also translated into Arabic. A Persian work *Mujmal-ut-Twarikh* which contains mythological tales from the Mahabharata is a translation of an Arabic work by Jibilli which he himself had translated from the Sanskrit.

These Arabic translations reached Europe and Africa via Spain and left an impress on their literature and culture. They roused interest of the Europeans in Indian culture, religion,

philosophy and learning and opened new vistas before them. This account of Arab contact will not be complete unless we mention the name of Alberuni, a great scholar of medieval times who spent 13 years in India studying Indian philosophy and literature.

Although translation is responsible for the diffusion of Greek and Sanskrit works, cultural prestige and national superiority often prevent the intrusion of foreign elements through translation. Sanskrit did not translate from Arabic and Persian on account of its chauvinistic arrogance and supercilious superiority complex.

The Upanishads have a long history of translation. Dara Shikoh, the Mughal prince, translated them into Persian and opened communication between Hinduism and Islam on the spiritual level. Anquetil Du Porron, a French scholar, translated Dara Shikoh's manuscript into Latin and attracted the attention of all Europe to India. A German translation appeared in 1853 and Hume brought out his English translation of 13 Upanishads in 1921. The Upanishadic philosophy has greatly influenced Schopenhauer, Kant, Hegel, Nietze and Sartre. It also inspired T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*.

Sir Monier Williams translated Kalidasa's *Abhijnana Shakuntalam* into English (1798), which greatly impressed Goethe. It opened a new direction and more and more Sanskrit classics were translated into English. Schiller, Byron, Swinburne and a host of romantics imbibed Indian influence through these translations.

Besides English, Sanskrit classics have been translated into other European languages also. In Hungarian translations of the works of Kalidasa, *Gita Govinda*, *Panchatantra*, *Hitopadesa* and *Kathasaritsagara* etc., were brought out. Verse has been translated in verse and prose in prose and an attempt has been made to preserve the original Sanskrit metre.

There have been and there are men of genius among the moderns who have furnished us with excellent translations both of the ancient classics and of the modern productions of foreign writers of our own and former ages. Bharatendu Harishchandra had realized the importance of literary translations and underlined the need for translating from English, Persian, Arabic and other languages. He himself translated several Sanskrit plays and Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. He favoured free translation or adaptation rather than literal translation because he believed that the spirit of the original should in no case be sacrificed. Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi translated works of Kalidasa and Bacon's Essays. Shreedhar Pathak translated Goldsmith's *The Hermit*, *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*. Acharya Ramachandra Shukla rendered

Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia* into Brijbhasha under the title of *Buddha Charita*. Dinakar has translated Portuguese, Spanish, German, Polish and Chinese poems in his *Sipi aur Shankh* but they are more of free adaptations than translations.

Modern Hindi prose style has developed through translations of the *Bible* and other missionary tracts. The other works which shaped it in early nineteenth century are *Premasagar* (Lallulal), *Nasiketopakhyān* (Sadā Mishra) and *Sukhsagar* (Sadāsukhlal). They are all translations from Brij and Sanskrit.

In our own day Rangeya Raghava and Bachan have translated a number of Shakespeare's plays into Hindi. Prem Chand, a great creative writer, translated three plays of Galsworthy : *Justice*, *Silver Box* and *Strife*. Almost all Bengali novels of Sharad, Bankim, Tagore, Bimal Mitra and Banaphool, etc., are available in Hindi. Bharati Vidyarthi has translated three novels of Thakshai Siva Sankara Pillai into Hindi under the titles : *Chunauti*, *Do Ser Dhan* and *Machaare Vamsa Vriksha* and *Godhuli* (from Kannada), *Bhikshuni* and *Sukhe Vriksha ki kahani* (from Marathi), *Rakta Gulab* (from Gujarati) and *Shikhar aur Shunya* and *Laxma Rekha* (both from Punjabi) have opened new perspectives of rural India in its vast variety. Sad plight of the Santhal life has been revealed to us through *Jangal ke Davedar* and *Aklant Kauraya*. Translation of all these works of fiction from one Indian language into another has paved way for cultural integration within the country. Some Hindi translations became so popular that further translations into other languages were made from them. Thus Hindi has functioned as a clearing-house for cultural and literary exchange.

Hindi translations of Kannada (by B. R. Narain), Marathi (by Vasant Dev), and Malayalam plays have given us a useful insight into the life and culture of the speakers of these languages.

Urdu has also enriched itself with translation. Progressive writers such as Manto, Aziz Ahmed, Sajjad Zahir, Anwar Azim, etc., have made a valuable contribution in this direction through translations from English, Russian, French, Turkish, Italian and Chinese, etc.

This cursory survey of literary translations will remain incomplete unless we make a mention of the translations of Fitzgerald's *The Rubaiyats of Omar Khayyam*. Fitzgerald had a partial knowledge of Persian, yet his translation has the force and beauty of an original work. This work inspired 16 translations into Hindi and the translators include such well known and reputed poets as Maithilisharan Gupta, Sumitranandan Pant, and Harivansh Rai Bachchan whose translation excels them all. These translations provided an escape from the hard realities of life

and the feeling of despondency that had overpowered Indian mind during the period between 1930—1940 and set in a literary movement known as Halavad, though ephemeral. Khayyam met wide acceptance in India because his Rubaiyats reveal an imprint of the philosophy of the Upanishads.

Three translations of Khayyam appeared in Urdu and the best among them is by Adam, a Pakistani poet.

Let us make a passing reference to translations from other European languages also. The Russian literary giants admired and devoured avariciously in India are Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, Sholokhov, Mayakovsky, etc. They have been translated into many Indian languages, but translations have been made not from Russian but from English.

Bulgarian poet Nikolai Vaptasarov has been translated into Punjabi and Bengali by Amrita Pritam and Subhash Mukhopadhyaya respectively. Some Bulgarian short stories have appeared in Malayalam. Balakrishna Pillai translated works of Balzac and Maupassant into Malayalam.

The tradition of translating world poetry into Hindi has been taking roots slowly for the past few years. Girdhar Rathi, Asad Zaidi, Waryan Singh, Kunwar Narain, Raghuvir Sahai, Saced Shekh and Satya Bhushan Varma have made a valuable contribution by translating Chilean, Polish, Yugoslav, French, Russian, Greek, Hungarian, African, Rumanian, Italian, Chinese, Argentinean and Japanese poems into Hindi.

Cultural Integration

Culture is the sum total of social experience and every language has a culture of its own which manifests itself through its literature. The translation of a literary work results in a synthesis of two cultures: the culture of the original and the culture of the target literature. It expands the horizon of knowledge, conveys new cultural modes and fosters understanding and goodwill between them.

Through literary translation man shares his inheritance with others. This develops a sympathetic attitude towards the people living in other parts of the world and speaking a different language. In the absence of translation a nation remains secluded from the rest of the world. Therefore, all languages favour translation of wellknown works of other languages. Thus great literature transcends the boundaries of its own particular culture and becomes a universal property. The sublime thoughts that percolate through translation often act as catalyst for the receptor language. We all know the infiltration of the ideas of Marx,

Rousseau, Darwin and Tolstoy initiated a renaissance in our country and gave birth to neo-intellectualism.

Different cultures and literatures of the world have been coming closer with every passing day. This is a clear manifestation of a closer contact that the peoples of the world have been experiencing and has strengthened our confidence in the comity of nations. Literary translation is the most important and powerful instrument for bringing about a cultural integration between the nations with diverse literary conventions, languages and linguistic cultures and art forms.

Conclusion

The above overview of literary translations in various Indian languages is sufficient evidence to prove that no culture and no language (as well as their fulfilment in literature) develops in isolation. The universal, the international is necessarily present in them. The first is stipulated by the uniform direction of mankind's development; the second by mutual exchange and influence. Literary translation facilitates the acceleration of the development of national culture and national literature on the basis of their mutual enrichment. Any attempt to remain isolated from external influences in the name of originality leads to the formation of narrow parochialism and national chauvinism which adversely affects the development of both spiritual culture as a whole and language.

It is important to remember that the process of cultural integration which has been set in through literary translations in the present day can neither be stopped nor reversed. In every nation there is going on now an acute struggle between the democratic forces and those of the orthodox traditionalism; a new consciousness is awakening among the people and they are tearing asunder the harrowing bonds imposed on them by the colonial powers; they are assessing their literary and cultural heritage in the light of freedom which has dawned on them and filled them with pride in their identity. Literary translations supply them the pulsating and vibrating material for thought and action and activate cultural integration.

Summing up, we can say that literary translation is a necessary and ongoing activity and in spite of its inadequacy remains one of the most important and worthiest concern in the totality of world affairs. Human feelings and emotions are the same all over the world, and this enables us to enjoy literature in other languages in translation. Literary translations have bridged the cultural gulf between the East and the West and made us citizens of the world in the true sense. We are now drawing nearer realizing the ideal of a global family.

BOOK REVIEWS

Yoga Sadhana and Samadhi : By Dr. Pranab Bandyopadhyay.
Image India, 3 Middleton Row, Flat H-10, Calcutta—700 071.
Price : Rs. 90.

In this concise presentation of the philosophy and techniques of Yoga, the author covers a wide ground. The goal of Yoga is to unite the finite with the Infinite. The link between the two, says the author, is in *Praana*. "Breath in meditation is a scientific process with the help of which a subtle link between the individual and the external world is established, because its rhythm is the rhythm of the universe. The rhythm of life is the waxing and waning, the accumulation and disintegration of all the phenomena of the world, both internal and external.. breathing controls the flow of vital air in human system. It is a process performed in functioning of the body to generate *praana* for the realisation of Atman which remains as the lord of the whole human system, and the experience of life expresses Atman through the rhythm of breath." (P. 111)

The discipline of the regulation of *praana*, however, cannot be done as a mechanical process. It has to be practised as an important part of Yoga which is best described in the Sutras of Patanjali. There are certain preliminaries to be worked out before the internal methods of meditation and Samadhi are successfully practised. In his study the author throws considerable light on the techniques of the Tantra, Kundalini, Buddhist and Zen meditations. He analyses the contributions of the traditional lines of Karma, Jnana, Bhakti Yoga. He refers to the integrated Sadhanas of Sri Ramakrishna and Sri Aurobindo and leaves the reader to choose the line for which he has affinity.

The writer touches upon several topics, viz., evolution, consciousness, intuition, sheaths (*koshas*) of the Vedanta, the role of the mind, etc. The entire presentation is rational, objective and instructive to an open mind.

M. P. PANDIT

Sree Narayana Guru : By Dr. K. Srinivasan. Jayasree Publishers, Parvatinagar, Kowdiar, Trivandrum-695 003. Price : Rs. 120.

Sree Narayana Guru will always be remembered for his role in initiating revolutionary departures in the orthodox society of Kerala. His message was simple and direct : "One caste, one religion, one God for man", but the way in which he worked to influence the thought and practice of his compatriots in his humanistic mission was something unique. Dr. Srinivasan gives an intimate picture of the life and times of the Guru who was at once a saint, a philosopher and social reformer.

The author records the Guru's interactions with some of the leading personalities of the age. He quotes Tagore remarking : "I have had the good fortune to come into contact with several saints and Maharshis. But I have frankly to admit that I have never come across one who is spiritually greater than Swami Sree Narayana Guru of Kerala — nay, a person who is on par with him in spiritual attainments. I am sure I shall never forget that radiant face, illumined by the self-effulgent light of divine glory and those Yogic eyes fixing their gaze on a remote point in far-away horizon." (P.4)

Narayana Guru's meeting with Gandhiji and his refusal to accept the *Varnaashrama* as divinely ordained (according to Gandhiji's belief) is graphically recorded. The Swami made use of religion and philosophy for his purpose : he made temples centres of public enlightenment and drew upon Vedanta-philosophy for driving home the truth of Equality. Dr. Srinivasan draws attention to the Guru's refusal to regard the world as a product of Maya (in the Shankara sense).

Apart from being a detailed biography, this work analyses the approaches of the Master to several problems and shows how Man was the sole value to him. Translations of some of his profound poems and examinations of the key-concepts in his writings like *atmopadesa satakam*, enhance the appeal of the book, both literary and historical.

M. P. PANDIT

Sureswara's Vartika on Madhubrahmana : Edited by K. P. Jog and Shoun Hino. Motilal Banarsidass, Bungalow Road, Jawahar Nagar, Delhi-7. Price : Rs. 60.

Brihadaranyakopanishad Bhashya Vartika is a *magnum opus* of Sureswara, believed to be one of the direct disciples of Sri Sankara. A complete English translation of this work is not still available. Dr. Hino translated the Vartika portion containing a dialogue of Maitreyi and Yajnavalkya. (Br. 2-4). It was

published in 1982. That this mundane world emanates from is sustained by and merges in the Atman is the purport of that dialogue. Madhubrahmana (Br. 2-5) provides for the above statement and hence its importance. It explains how various parts of this world are mutually dependent. This book under review is a translation of the Vartika on the Madhubrahmana.

A scholarly introduction covering 33 pages is both analytical and critical and is useful for an easy grasp of the subject. The relation of the B. U. 2.5 to B. U. 2.4, the teaching of the Madhubrahmana, the Dristanta of Radhanabhi are explained. An English translation of the Pravargya Kanda of Satapatha Brahmana is incorporated. Aswani legend as the source for the philosophic aspect of the doctrine of Madhu is examined. Identity of Madhu Vidya and Brahma Vidya is explained. We eagerly await the translations of other parts of the Vartika also.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

Concept of the Beautiful in Sanskrit Literature : By Dr. Raghavan.
The Kuppuswamy Sastry Research Institute, Madras-4.
Price : Rs. 2C.

This is a collection of two lectures delivered by late Dr. Raghavan on the subject "Beauty". Max Mueller's and other westerner's views that the concept of the Beautiful as such did not exist in Sanskrit literature is refuted, with relevant citations from Vedas, Brahmanas, Upanishads, the epics, the Gita, the Puranas and the later philosophical literature. Ananda aspect in the Upanishads, it is pointed out, is identical with Beauty.

In the second lecture, a survey of all works on Alamkaras and Natya is made to show that the concept of Beauty did find a prominent place therein also. Incidentally this lecture is also a critical and historical study of the development of the theories of Kavyatma, like Rasa, Dhvani and Auchitya. Difference between beauty in Nature and life, and beauty in art and poetry, are also dealt with. Finally Dr. Raghavan concludes, "Sanskrit aesthetics, in its fundamentals, presents a wholistic view." After reading this book some readers are sure to be reminded of the "concept of the Beautiful" as suggested by the love themes in "Kumarasambhava" and "Abhijnana Sakuntalam" in Sanskrit, and the "Kalapurnodayam" in Telugu also. Students of Indian aesthetics should make the subject presented herein their own to get themselves enlightened on the subject.

SANDILYA

"SANDILYA"

Myth and Reality in the Poetry of Dylan Thomas : By G. Sreerama Murty. Sarada Library, Anakapalle - 531 001. Price : Rs. 60.

Does modern poetry gain its tang and twang only from a knowledge of the poet's personal life? It seems to be so often enough. We cannot think of interpreting Robert Lowell or Sylvia Alath without referring to the psychological ramifications of their tragic lives. Dylan Thomas was probably the first of such moderns. Dr. G. Sreerama Murty, however, has restrained himself from any destructive analysis of Dylan's poetry in terms of the poet's addiction to drink and attraction to sex. The volume under review takes us to the carefree childhood and scholarly background that give Dylan's poetry its enduring strength. In the process we gain several insights into the poetic process itself.

Dylan Thomas had a seraphic faith in the profession of poetry. Dr. Sreerama Murty brings out the dazzling lucidity of "The Hunchback in the Park" where a poet's vocation is seen as the life of a solitary. Always within the arc of life — the Hunchback is surrounded by teasing children — and yet floating in the beyond as the fanciful paper-boats of the same children.

While engaged in such markings on time, the poet is helped by all the yesterdays of mankind crystallised as myths. Occasionally Dylan gathered inspiration from choice myths though he felt he was "a poet of reality rather than myth." Pagan mythology caught him quite early in life as in the poem "Osiris comes Isis" which he wrote when still in school. Biblical imagery marks poems like "How shall my Animal" with restrained pathos. Dr. Sreerama Murty's tracking of secular myths in Dylan's poetry is revealing : political "isms" that feed on unemployment ("Find meat on bones"), the rise of dictators ("The Hand that Signed the Paper"), the horrors of war ("Ceremony after a Fire Raid"). Dylan tries for no answers, he ascends no moralist pulpit. That is what makes him a special voice of pure poetry. Such is Dr. Sreerama Murty's impressive conclusion :

"... Thomas is no doubting Thomas. He is neither a moralist nor a theologian. Being an existentialist, he offers no intellectual solution for his own conflicts or the conflicts of the age. He does not wish us to surrender to the metaphysical truth of his poetry. He asks us simply to live in faith. Faith is the invisible golden thread that holds his poems together and it is his answer to the all-pervading chaos."

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Tapaswi : By Dr. V. V. B. Rama Rao. Reliance Publishing House, Ranjit Nagar, New Delhi-8. Price : Rs. 100.

Seven Lives : By Bina Saksena. Writers Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 150.

Selected Works of Indira Goswami : B. R. Publishing Corporation, Ansari Road, Daryaganj, New Delhi-2. Price : Rs. 145.

At a time when Indian fiction is selling itself cheap to the gods of uncreative neurasthenia encouraged by garish weeklies, it is good to come across serious practitioners of the art. These writers have evidently developed a "sixth sense" which has been defined by V. V. B. Rama Rao thus: "The aim of a writer is not to run away from or shun reality. To understand reality, to face it and to live life in all its fulness, a sixth sense besides the readily available five is necessary." This is "the comic sense one would do well to have". Dr. Rama Rao's faith in this aspect does help in making *Tapaswi* a little different from the usual run of the "eternal triangle" novels.

The problem of the heroine Sujatha is the familiar disease of boredom that afflicts well-to-do housewives, and her husband's problem is the sheer male ego that finds fulfilment only with fatherhood. For the rest, Dr. Virinch is a good man and Sujatha is not evil either. The other woman in Dr. Virinch's life, Annapurna, is good too. However, the inevitable happens. Sujatha remains barren, while Annapurna becomes a mother. The novelist moves with balletic grace among the three characters to unveil this story.

Strangely enough, the confessional style with all its rugged self-justification is no help to the hero. It is Sujatha who becomes the moral victor in this domestic tangle. She is the really cultured person and her withdrawal is sheerly graceful. To us nurtured in the ennobling tale of Ahalya as narrated by Valmiki, Sujatha turns out to be gold purified by fire, a *sati* in the Indian tradition. As we take leave of the novel, it is Sujatha who fills our consciousness, the bored, childless woman of yesterday who is no *tapaswini* dedicated to educating little children. Sujatha is definitely Dr. Rama Rao's triumph.

* * *

Bina Saxena believes in the upward push of evolution. *Seven Lives* marks the stages in man's growth with the unassuming help preferred by the Silent Daughter. As the centuries pass man gains the Mind of Light but the forces of darkness (symbolised by Malik Kafur) are ever ready to destroy the glory and the good of humanity. The earth shudders through the Anno Bombini years but the sensitive Eric Torgier becomes the Secretary General of the United Nations in the 'Seventies. Once

again Evil seeks triumph by shooting him down. But the evolutionary progress of humanity cannot be arrested. The philosophy of Sri Aurobindo gives a sinewy strength to the intelligently-planned, symbolistic narration. We are also charmingly infected by the author's incorruptible optimism in the midst of terrorist desolation :

"Beyond, as a magnet to his curiosity, lay a world to which harmony had returned — the long-lost harmony of the divine dream — where man lived among the trees and grasses, the rocks, the plains and the mountains as the kind, luminous spirit the Divine One had destined him to be when he had first conceived him from the womb of a struggling beast. No champion of murder and rapine now, the new man nurtured the earth with his budding godly love so that even the creatures of the forest had begun to graze by his doors without fear."

* * *

Indira Goswami is a well-known Assamese writer and Sahitya Akademi Award winner. Her novel, *Une Khowa Howda* (Moth-eaten Howda) is a masterly recreation of a religious choultry on the south bank of the Brahmaputra. These choultries were brought into existence by munificent chieftains in the heyday of Vaishnavism. They have now degenerated into moribund ritualistic rat holes. Ms. Goswami's social realism relentlessly hits the target. Two chapters from the novel included in this selection act as excellent appetizers.

The full-length novel *Ahiron* brings to life a construction project and portrays with emotional understanding the sad and luckless life of construction workers. The short story, "The Offspring" has a terrible denouement while the first part of Ms. Goswami's autobiography is sentimental, elegant, revelatory. Here is a novelist of fine perceptions and commendable literary artistry who makes our knowledge of Indian culture complete.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Contemporary Indian English Poetry (An Anthology) : Edited by Dr. I. H. Rizvi. Prakash Book Depot, Bara Bazaar. Bareilly - 243 003. Price : Rs. 40

As the number of Indian poets writing in English keeps growing day after day collections from individual poets and selections from several poets who practise "sentence-butcherling" as an art flood the market. While "Vanity Publishers" play a very major role in making every Rama, Govinda and Sita "poets", there are certain publishers who bring out the works of genuine poets and seek the advice of established poets who are also experienced editors in this regard. The anthology under review is in every sense better than all the other anthologies published

in India. (Readers need not take this statement of the reviewer as a sweeping one for he has read all the anthologies of Indo-Anglian poetry published so far and has every one of them safely stacked in his personal library.) Dr. I. H. Rizvi, the editor of this anthology himself a poet of international repute with four collections to his credit and his crowning achievement being the winning of second place in International Poetry Contest, Brazil, 1987 in which 1512 poets participated.

Dr. I. H. Rizvi has chosen 47 poets to his anthology and each one is represented by a minimum of two and a maximum of three poems. As this reviewer is an avid reader of all available literary journals that are devoted to Indian writing in English, no poet included in this anthology is unfamiliar to him, for they are quite often published.

This anthology is more than proof enough to the remark, "Literature is the mirror of the age." The reader may find life in all its mockery, satire against customs, rituals, politics and riches, contemporary problems, love and sex, and human relationship. But not a single poem tells us that we still have some sense of humour left in us. It is needless to say that to find a man with a smiling face is as difficult as finding unicorn in flesh and blood.

Though Dr. Rizvi begins his preface by saying, "Indian English poetry is not the weeds to be pulled out of the garden of the muse" the prospective buyer or reader may feel quite glad that the editor has shown him only the greener fields with the fragrant blooms fresh and fair. It is time for the universities in India to remove from their syllabus the age-withered anthologies of poetry and prescribe Rizvi's, for this reviewer is quite confident that it will stand the test of time.

P. RAJA

Indian Heritage and Culture: By Dr. P. R. Rao. Sterling Publishers (P) Ltd., Green Park Extension, New Delhi-16. Price: Rs. 75.

Dr. P. R. Rao has done a commendable job in providing the readers a bird's-eye-view of the vast panorama of Indian heritage, leaving not a single aspect of the contributing factors of the ancient religio-philosophical phenomenon. He has dealt at length with the subject ranging from Harappan civilization and Vedic culture to the impact of modern Western civilization which we are exposed to. Dr. Rao has taken in his gamut Vedas, Jainism, Buddhism, Ramayana, the influence under the rulers—the Satavahanas, the Pallavas, the Cholas, Sher Sha and Akbar. Under special chapters the influence of Islam, the Bhakti and Vaishnavait movements and the cultural achieve-

ments of Vijayanagara Rulers have been dealt with by the writer with consummate skill in focussing on the significant details.

The salient features of Jainism, Buddhism, the evolution of caste system, the Aryan and Dravidian controversy, the Satavahanas, the Pallavas, the Cholas and their municipalities "Tar Kurrams", influence of Acharyas like Ramanuja, Ramananda, Vallabhacharya, Chaitanya, Basava, under Bhakti movement, the Hindu philosophy as divided under Nyaya, Samkhya, Vaisheshika, of a Purvamimamsa and Uttaramimamsa under Dvaita philosophy, Advaita, Visishtadvaita, and Dvaita schools of philosophy and heterodox, Charvaka Darshana are some of the highlights of the book, which every Indian should be conversant with. Expelling hazy notions about philosophy and culture, an objective study of the cultural facets of India have been successfully made in this book, and handed over to the public.

K. P. NAIDU

Nirvana and other poems : By Vijaya Raghav Rao. A. O. Agencies, Bombay. Price : Rs. 55.

In Vijay Raghav Rao's own words the modest attempt of his muse is "Measuring infinity with heartbeats in the trivial span of a lifetime." Rao is already well-known to the literati and the connoisseurs of music. Though he belongs undoubtedly to the realm of music, in the hall of the muse he has carved a niche for himself. Music and poetry are natural companions, inseparable as Juno's swans. Isn't poetry basically an art and didn't Walter Pater asseverate for all time : "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music?" Musical cadences come more naturally in the poetic rhythms of Rao. To think like a poet comes more easily to the creative musician than to anyone else. Some of the pieces among the forty-two in the collection linger long in our memories for their delicate sensibility that communicates itself with a caress :

Yes, music
is in the air,
Mother !
... (Ellipsis mine)
Tansens
Tagores
Gandhis
Nehrus
They are the
Malhars
Hindols

And Bahars
That orchestrate
The symphony
of life
Under your
Magic baton
Mother !

The poems are a culling of experiences and attitudes, stances and sentiments all inspired by the music in the air breathed by Mother Nature, Mother India.

DR. V. V. B. RAMA RAO

Veda and Vedanta : By M. Sundar Raj. International Society for the Investigation of Ancient Civilizations, 31 Poes Garden, Madras-600086.

A study of this slender volume is sure to disillusion those that harbour the view that "it is a far cry from the Atharvaveda to the Upanishads." Sri Sundar Raj maintains that the Atharvaveda has been the major influence in the evolution of the Upanishadic thought. He points out the links that bring together the principal Upanishads and the Rik and Atharvaveda Mantras. Upanishadic passages and the corresponding Atharva Vedic or Rigvedic passages are given side by side. "Atharva Veda is the king-pin of the Vedas. It has also much to do with Tantra, Yoga and Agamas as well of a later date. Book 18 deals with Brahmagvidya. There is heavy symbolism that obstructs a proper understanding of the hidden meaning of the hymns," the author says. Hymns of creation and Hiranyagarbha with translation in English are given in the appendix. The author by his in-depth study and painstaking research, has reinstated the Atharvaveda in its pristine glory.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

(1) *The Saivagamas*, (2) *The Saiva Saints* : Both by M. Arunachalam, Gandhi Vidyalayam, Tiruchitrambalam-609204. Tamilnadu.
Price : Rs. 22 and Rs. 32, respectively.

The word Agama denotes a text that is believed to have its origin from Divinities. Saivas, Vaishnavaites and Saktas have all their Agamas. All these deal not with the construction of temples and rituals alone, but with Jnana also. As such they are treated almost on a par with the Upanishads.

The first chapter of this book deals with Agamas in general. Second chapter provides information as to the number of Saiva Agamas, and their availability. A table showing twenty-eight Agamas with their Upangas is highly useful. Vidyapada of

Matanga Agama is also discussed herein. Third chapter gives information about the different schools of Saivism, and the Agamas of Vaishnava, Sakta and Virasaiva schools. Agamas of Advaitic outlook are also noted. This book is highly useful to all research students.

The Saiva Saints : A complete volume in English depicting the lives and teachings of Periya Purana Saints is a long felt desideratum. This splendid volume fills up that vacuum. The main teaching of all these saints is conveyed by the Puranamuru poet in the words "Any place is my place, and all people are my kin." Their creed is "Mankind is one and God is one."

The work under review gives a summary, in simple English, of the original poem Peria Puranam in Tamil by Sekkilar. We have herein life sketches of 69 male saints, three women saints and also of wives of some saints. Among women saints, Tilakavati is given a special treatment. Being in English, this work will certainly quench the thirst of many devotees that are longing for a glimpse of the pathway to God tread by Tamil saints up to the 7th century A. C.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

The Die-Hard and other stories : By Sudha Palit. Writers Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 40.

It is a collection of fifteen short-stories by Ms. Sudha Palit, who is a writer, an artist and social-worker. All her stories are indeed short, not exceeding six or eight pages in length except the title-story : *The Die-Hard* which runs to fourteen pages. All the stories portray urban life and elite characters. Only in the title-story the metamorphosis of a rural character on his migration to the city is portrayed with humour and irony. Indeed irony is the mainstay of many stories in this volume. The reversal of fortune in the case of a film-star (*Yesterday*) ; the thief turned beggar-cripple nostalgically recalling his past glory *The Beggar* ; the girl's elopement for no other reason but to save wedding-expenses for her parents (*When Deepa Eloped*) ; the railway-men collecting donations from passengers pretending to be their saviours (*In the Line of Duty*) ; the fugitive from the mental hospital recounting his own case forgetting his name (*Escape*) illustrate the author's penchant for irony. The most delightful one is the story of impersonation, in which the biter is bitten. It is called *The Home-coming* with superb irony, for the home turns out to be prison, which indeed is the home of a criminal !

The author's psychological insight lends depth to her portrayal of certain women characters. The unconscious motivation of a loving woman, cheated by her lover, achieves a perfect murder,

which she could not have otherwise deliberately planned and executed. In *The Hands of Fate* this is neatly presented, and the Lady Macbethlike remorse she is reported to suffer afterwards, completes the portrait of a woman of sensibility in a male-dominated world. The writer, however, is not a feminist. That is borne out by the husband's character in the story: *Sabita*. The male character here is given full credit for making Sabita, his wife, "blossom from a shy introverted personality into an engaging conversationalist and a lovable social figure." The stories *Adrift* and *Atonement* indicate the writer's conviction about parental responsibility for properly guiding and caring for the children. In the first story the boy Prahlad is denied firm guidance in his choice of studies and career because the parents think that he should be left free and allowed to do what he pleases. It results in the boy's listlessness and finally death. "The parents killed him. They killed him with too much love and no guidance." That is the verdict of the author herself! Similarly in the story *Atonement* we have the strange case of a woman full of motherly affection for others' children, but who denies herself motherhood, as a punishment, because her first child died accidentally owing to her one act of negligence! It appears to be the writer's conviction that no negligent mother deserves a child!

R. S. SUDARSHANAM

The Miracle : By Shashi Deshpande. Writers Workshop, Calcutta-45.
Price : Rs. 50.

Seven stories in this volume bear us a distinct flavour of their own. The author has contrived most of the stories to appear as passing episodes in life with no more ado than the fact life has its own problems to offer to each individual or family. Still, how carefully the literary art has been able to make the episodes as points worth thinking about by the readers! The story "I want, I want" illustrates the skill to use an ordinary circumstance of a meeting and conversation between a proposed bridegroom with his future bride trying to make her understand the many requirements of his in case of her getting espoused to him. "I want, I want" the list goes on to exhaustion while the expected partner in life has to be nowhere given time or chance to express her preferences in the same breath as this. The suppressed humour of the situation reveals the vast disparity between the man and the woman when discussing their inclinations and views to each other before agreeing to live together as husband and wife. It also proves how in this country the ascendancy of the man gets affirmed at every stage in life. Nothing could be more obvious to prove the difference

In treatment between man and woman than in a settlement of marriage by parents of girls.

In "Madhu", another interesting story, the way a child born of the mother's moment of weakness with another has to suffer for the sins of the parent. The pathetic condition of the child when treated unlike her sister and brother by the father and his relentless disposition to treat the other child ever with contempt and harshness make the event more painful to read. The leading one "The Miracle" is also winning our approval for the squeamishness of people in appearing to be unaffected by superstitious considerations, though themselves running the risk of getting engulfed in them in ludicrous situations unforeseen.

The Writers Workshop may well go in for good proof-readers in order to save its publications from the bad errors in print which certainly mar an otherwise fine presentation in print.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

TAMIL

A History of Tamil Literature: By Mu. Varadarajan. Sahitya Akademi, Ferozeshah Road, New Delhi-1. Price: Rs. 60.

This is an English rendering of the book in Tamil, first published in 1972. Briefing the reader for a sumptuous feast later, Mu. Varadarajan, in the first two chapters, *Tamil Language and Literature*, gives the wherewithal to peep into Tamil with a continuity of literature of over two millennia. "Only the *Tolkappiyam* and the Sangam classics are useful to know about the ancient Tamil language and literature", writes the author. Rightly so, lives lived by the ancient Tamils are mirrored in the Eight Anthologies and the Ten Idylls. The versatile author provides us with an in-depth study of the Sangam classics. Ancient Tamils lived a down-to-earth life and were votaries of Nature. Love and war attracted them most. Varadarajan, in his inimitable way, not only guides the reader to get to know the intrinsic merit of the Sangam classics, but also provides in a nutshell the entire gamut of the Sangam poetry, a scholarly presentation, worthy of emulation.

Closely follow the author's considered views on Ethical Literature in Tamil. Pride of place goes to *Tirukkural* of Tiruvalluvar, the Bard of Universal Man. It is a code of conduct for mankind. Varadarajan passes on then to the study of the Epic of the Anklet, *Silappadhikaram* and *Manimekalai*. Ilangoadigal, the author of the former, respected the artistic merit of the folk arts. Kannagi, the paragon of chastity, is the

heroine of the epic, wherein Ilangoadigal sowed the seeds of Pattini worship. Next only perhaps to Sangam poetry, devotional poems in Tamil are quite a chunk, both in quality and quantity. The emotive devotional songs of the Nayanmars and Alwars were used as an instrument to restrict the undue influence of Buddhism and Jainism in the Tamil country.

Rooted in tradition Varadarajan makes a grand survey of Tamil literature in all its ramifications down the corridors of centuries. The *Ramayana* of Kambar, religious and other literary works right upto the modern period are all covered by the author in a number of chapters. Creative writers get their due place and importance. Ramalinga Swamigal, Bharati, Bharatidasan and Desikavinayakam Pillai, poets of renaissance are not forgotten by the author. It is a marvel to note that while covering the spans of literary periods from 500 B C upto 20th century A. D. hundreds of authors and works get due recognition from the pen of the author.

Varadarajan's characteristically Tamil style in the original Tamil work is a pleasure to read, chaste and elegant. In this context, it may be said that the English rendering of "A History of Tamil Literature" is quite a commendable one and the translations of many Tamil poems compare favourably with those of Tamil poetry by G. W. Pope and others.

Varadarajan's History is a compendium of a wide variety of Tamil literary works galloping from a distant past to the present, a student of Tamil can well afford to possess. The Tamil muse is here for all to salute, thanks to Varadarajan's monumental work.

K. C. KAMALIAH

TAMIL — TELUGU

Tattva Trayamu: Tamil text by Pille Lokacharya with Telugu translation and commentary. Goda Grandhamala, Musunuru-521 207. Price: Rs. 10.

A lean man of ordinary means, the founder of Goda Grandshamala, doing signal service to the Hindu religion, richly deserves the praise of all Vaishnavas in particular, for bringing out this slender volume that can be said to be the crest-jewel of Goda Grandhamala. Originally written in Tamil in Sutra form by Pille Lokacharya, one of the authoritative exponents of Visishtadvaita philosophy, was translated into Telugu by an eminent scholar, Sri K. T. Jagannadhacharyulu and is now brought to light with a very lucid commentary by the founder of this institution.

This book gives a fair and brief exposition of the three main concepts of Visishadvaita philosophy, viz, Chit, Achit, and Isvara. All the technical words like Dhairya, Sesha, Vyuha, Archa etc., are explained. Nature of Jnana and the relationship that submits between Jiva and Isvara is also dealt with. The commentary Amritasaara, true to its name, brings out the essence of the teachings in a lucid way with suitable questions also. Commentary on the chapter "Isvara" is exceptionally brilliant. In short, this is almost a Prakarana Grandha for Visishtadvaita philosophy, useful to all Andhras.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

TELUGU

Srimad Ramayanamu — Baalakandamu with Baalaanandini commentary: By Dr. P. Ramachandrudu. Arsha Vijnana Trust, Sri Rama Sadanam, Jubilee Hills Co-op. Society, Hyderabad-500034. Price : Rs. 45.

The fact that Valmiki's Ramayana is an eternal source of inspiration to all climes and times, and also a good guide to human conduct cannot be gainsaid. Vavilla's publication of this epic containing the text, word to word Telugu meaning, Taatparya and notes has gone out of print since a long time. Thanks to the Trust, by whom this lacuna is made up. This edition has all the features of the Vavilla's edition, and something more. The commentary, true to its name, is very lucid. Special commentaries on Slokas such as "*Iyam Sita mama sutaa*" "*Konvasim Saampratam loke*" bring out the significance of all words in the verses. An erroneous old commentary is corrected (P. 325). Encomiums showered on this epic by many great persons are recorded at the beginning. An appendix sums up the different views regarding the distribution of Payasam and gives the commentator's opinion also. All the requisites of a critical edition are there. This work will be of great use to learners of Samskrit also. Every home should own this book.

"KASYAP"

Vasantha Vijnaanam : By Vasantharao Venkata Rao : 453-B, MSM Colony, Visakhapatnam-4. Price : Rs. 10.

Men are regarded great sometimes by what they are and sometimes by what they do. Sri Vasantharao Venkata Rao remains great both in what he is and has been and in what he has done and is doing. A prolific writer and a distinguished scientist and compiler, he has pioneered a new genre in popular science poetry. His services to the muse have been as rich as they have been varied.

The purport of this present book of poems is unambiguous and succinct. The idea is to instil and propagate a humane scientific attitude of mind which alone would affect an apocalypse of the ultimate metaphysical reality behind the merely physical and materialistic. Of the twenty spring flowers in this bouquet of wisdom each with its function of spreading light and sweetness, the last is a plangent threnody for peace through victory over desire and its sequels, anger and loss of wisdom resulting in destruction. The atom bomb is not the fault of science, while atomic energy is the power of both knowledge and wisdom. The poems are little flowers of the spring inhering ideas and sentiments worthy of the humanists and scientists like Haldane, Bronowski, Russell, Einstein and Sir James Jeans. The melody of the poems lingers long in the reader's mind, if only one has an ear for music and an eye for beauty. Here is science at its simplest manifestation affected by a feeling poet.

DR. V. V. B. RAMA RAO

Vaastu Shastra Vaastavaalu : By Gauri Tirupathi Reddy. Vemana Sahiti Samiti, Proddutur-516361. Price : Rs. 28.

Between February 1987 and April 1988 this book was reprinted thrice and six thousand copies were sold. Experience based and practicable prescriptions, lucid presentation of the subject matter with graphic illustrations and tables form the key to the popularity of this book. *Vaastusastra* is a reliable and proved science, the author asserts, and adduces the cases of Tirupati, Srisailem, Puttaparti and Kalahasti, etc., as proofs. Some topics like the smell of the earth, position of *Vaastupurusha*, are, according to the author, of no significance. Important topics like the facing and shapes of houses, levels of ground and flow of water, location of kitchen, staircase, business room, well, latrine, doors and windows are dealt with in detail. Special hints for housewives are a novel and useful feature in this book. Many questions are answered and doubts cleared. Ordinary mistakes we commit are pointed out. A very useful and handy manual.

“SANDILYA”

Journalism : Charitra, Vyavasta : By Rapolu Ananda Bhaskar. Udyama Publications, 1-7-630/29/A Ramnagar, Hyderabad-48. Price : Rs. 22.

It is said that the press is one of the indispensable institutions of democracy. Even in this age of Radio and Television the newspaper remains perhaps the most important medium of mass communication. It has in fact become so integral a feature of our daily life that we take it for granted. Few of us perhaps

have an idea of the numerous complex processes and operations that go into its making or of how the newspaper evolved into its present form. The book under review begins with the chapter "Why this power?" The author profusely quotes the opinions, on the press, of great men, from Napoleon to Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhiji lent prestige and importance to the newspapers as the media of his message, as the vehicle of his inspiration and as the recorders of his operations in the field, as well as of his vital counsels in conference, cabinet and committee.

The author gives us the history of Telugu journalism. The beginnings of Telugu journalism go back to 1842 when the first Telugu weekly was launched at Madras. Since then journalism in Telugu progressed very well. It can now boast of at least 8 important Telugu dailies bringing out in all about 15 editions from different places, besides many local dailies catering mainly to the headquarters of the districts. There are also weeklies, fortnightlys, monthlies with a large total circulation.

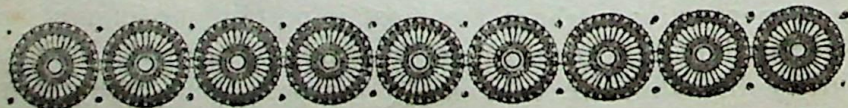
Mr. Ananda Bhaskar, the author of the book under review, is an experienced journalist and had already some books to his credit. This book is divided into two parts. The first part covers the history of journalism in Telugu. It also contains valuable information on the fourth estate in English and about renowned Andhra journalists.

The second part deals with the organisational methods like administration, advertisements, production, circulation, etc. He has devoted a separate chapter for journalism in which he defines the duties and responsibilities of reporters, sub-editors and editors. He has given all details pertaining to news-gathering, news-editing, composing and all the technical aspects that go into the production of newspapers in the modern era of photo-offset and facsimile.

Mr. Anand Bhaskar has taken care in using all popular words in English (like journalism, editor, machine, advertisements, etc.) by transliterating them in Telugu script. The language throughout is lucid and very readable.

The author deserves all praise for the rich information he has given in the book covering all aspects of journalism. The book serves very well the needs of students of journalism in our universities as a good text-book.

B. N.



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